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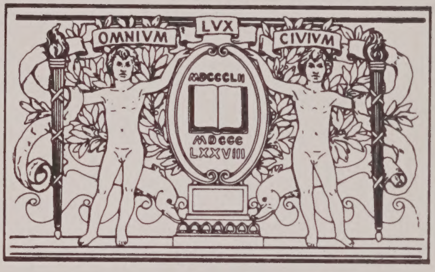

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VOL. XXXVI.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXVIII.

JANUARY, 1833.

Art. I.—*Prince Pückler Muscau and Mrs. Trollope.*

1. *Domestic Manners of the Americans.* By Mrs. Trollope. New York. 1832.
2. *Tour in Germany, Holland, and England in the Years* 1826, 1827, *and* 1828, *in a Series of Letters by a German Prince.* In 4 vols. London. 1832.

We presume that all our readers have become acquainted with the first named of these works, either by reading the book itself, or the reviews of it and extracts from it. The other work named may not be so well known. It is a series of anonymous letters, addressed apparently to a German princess, detailing the observations of the writer, who would seem to be her husband, on his tour through the countries enumerated in the title of the book, and particularly England and Ireland. Doubts existed at first as to the authenticity of the German Prince's tour. The admirable spirit, with which the English translation is executed, gave it the air of an original. It is now, however, admitted to be the work of Prince Pückler Muscau, a Prussian nobleman of ancient family and high rank, and, if we may judge from the display of six or seven stars and orders in his portrait, at the beginning of the third volume, a person of high consideration among the continental princes. His book, without having the least reference to America, is the best possible answer to Mrs. Trollope. In the words of Mr. Ouseley, whose own liberal and intelligent essay on the statistics of the United States is known to many of our readers, his work is 'a fulsome *éloge* of English usages compared with Mrs. Trollope's account of American manners.' What this eulogium, in itself considered, is, must be pretty well known to our readers from the English reviewers. His temper is wholly unlike that which is evinced in Mrs. Trollope's work ;—but he gives full scope to the spirit of fault-finding, and leaps from very slender premises to exceedingly disparaging conclusions, often, we are sure, with the widest possible departure, however unintentional, from truth and justice. In doing this, it is amusing to observe, that he frequently sets down England as peculiarly deficient in those very things, with regard to which Mrs. Trollope places the Americans in the most disadvantageous contrast with her countrymen. Thus our readers will bear in mind, how much is said in the work which bears this lady's name, of the insignificance of the women in America, the neglect of their education, and their depressed state in society. Precisely the same is said of the English ladies by the Prince, who certainly possessed vastly greater opportunities than Mrs. Trollope, of speaking advisedly of the subject. 'The English, like true Turks, (says he) keep the intellects of their wives and daughters in as narrow bounds as possible, with a view of securing their absolute and exclusive property in them as much as possible, *and in general their success is perfect.*' The London Quarterly reviewer quotes with great satisfaction what Mrs. Trollope says of the insignificance of the American women. But why may not her judgment on this point be as erroneous as the Prince's?

We intend, in the course of this article, occasionally to cite the Prince, as an offset to Mrs. Trollope; and when we say that we believe them, though erring under different influences, to be about equally entitled to credit, we have surely said enough to prevent our friends in England from supposing, that we adopt the noble traveller's libels. We read his book with alternate amusement and disgust; but his opportunities of approaching the *élite* of English society render it, in one respect, much more offensive than Mrs. Trollope,—we mean its *personality*. He has treated many English families, and English gentlemen and ladies, as Americans have often been treated; accepted their hospitality, and then paraded their names and the gossip he heard at their tables, in his book. Of this sin Mrs. Trollope is guiltless.

The Prince's summary of the English character, at the close of the volumes, is contained in the following pages.

'On the whole, fashionable Englishmen, however unable they may be to lay aside their native heaviness and pedantry, certainly betray the most intense desire to rival the dissolute frivolity and *jactance* of the old court of France, in their fullest extent; while, in exactly the same proportion, the French seek to exchange this character for the old English earnestness, and daily advance toward higher and more dignified purposes and views of existence.

'A London "Exclusive" of the present day is, in truth, nothing more than a bad, flat, dull impression of a *roué* of the Regency and a courtier of Louis XV.; both have in common selfishness, levity, boundless vanity, and an utter want of heart; both think they can set themselves above every thing, by means of contempt, derision, and insolence; both creep in the dust, before one idol alone,—the Frenchman of the last age before his king, —the Englishmen of this before any acknowledged ruler in the empire of fashion. But what a contrast if we look further! In France, the absence of all morality and honesty was at least in some degree atoned for by the most refined courtesy; the poverty of soul by wit and agreeableness; the impertinence of considering themselves as something better than other people, rendered bearable by finished elegance and politeness of manners; and egotistical vanity in some measure justified, or at least excused, by the brilliancy of an imposing court, a high-bred air and address, the perfect art of polished intercourse, winning *aisance*, and a conversation captivating by its wit and lightness. What of all this has the English "dandy" to offer?

'His highest triumph is to appear with the most wooden manners,—as little polished as will suffice to avoid castigation;—nay, to contrive even his civilities so, that they shall approach as near as may be to affronts. This indeed is the style of deportment, which confers on him the greatest celebrity. Instead of a noble high-bred ease, to have the courage to offend against every restraint of decorum; to invert the relation in which our sex stands to women, so that they may appear the attacking and he the passive or defensive party; to treat his best friends, if they cease to have the stamp and authority of fashion, as if he did not know them,—"to cut them," as the technical phrase is; to delight in the ineffably *fade* jargon and the affectation of his "set;" and always to know what is "the thing;"—these are pretty nearly the accomplishments which form a young "lion" of the world of fashion. If he has, moreover, a remarkably pretty mistress, and if it has also happened to him, to induce some foolish woman to sacrifice herself on the altar of fashion and desert husband and children for him, his reputation reaches its highest *nimbus*. If, added to this, he spends a great deal of money, if he is young, if his name is in the peerage, he can hardly fail to play a transient part; at any rate, he possesses, in full measure, all the ingredients that go to make a Richelieu of our days. That his conversation consists only of the most trivial local jests and scandal, which he whispers into the ear of a woman in a large party, without deigning to remark that there is any body in the room but himself and the object of his delicate attentions;—that with men he can talk only of gambling and sporting; that, except a few fashionable phrases, which the shallowest head can the most easily retain, he is deplorably ignorant; that his awkward *tournure* goes not beyond the *nonchalance* of a plough-boy, who stretches himself at his length on the ale-house settle; and that his grace is very like that of a bear who has been taught to dance,—all this does not rob his crown of a single jewel.

'Worse still is it, that notwithstanding all the high-bred rudeness of his exterior, the moral condition of his inward man must, to be fashionable, stand far lower. That cheating is prevalent in the various kinds of play which are here the order of the day, and that when long successfully practised it gives a sort of "relief," is notorious. But it is still more striking, that no attempt is made to conceal that *crasse* selfishness, which lies at the bottom of such transactions,—nay, that it is openly avowed as the only rational principle of action, and "good nature" is laughed at and despised as the height of vulgarity. This is the case in no other country: in all others people are ashamed of such modes of thinking, even if they are wretched enough to hold them.

'Here, however, people are so little ashamed of the most *crasse* self love, that an Englishman of rank once instructed me, that a good "fox-hunter" must let nothing stop him, or distract his attention when following the fox; and if his own father should be thrown in leaping a ditch and lie there, should, he said, "if he could n't help it," leap his horse over him, and trouble himself no more about him, till the end of the chase.

'Whoever reads the best of the recent English novels,—those by the author of Pelham,—may be able to abstract from them a tolerably just idea of English fashionable society, provided, *Nota Bene*, he does not forget to deduct qualities which national self love has claimed, though quite erroneously;—viz. grace for its *roués*,—seductive manners and amusing conversation for its "dandies." I mixed for a while with those who dwell on the very pinnacle of this fool's world of fashion; with those who inhabit its middle region, and with those who have pitched their tent at its foot, whence they turn longing lingering looks at its unattainable summit; but rarely did I ever find a vestige of that attractive art of social life, that perfect equipoise of all the social talents, which diffuses a feeling of complacency over all within its sphere; as far removed from stiffness and prudery as from rudeness and license, which speaks with equal charm to the heart and the head, and continually excites while it never wearies; an art of which the French remained so long the masters and models.

'Instead of this, I saw in the fashionable world, only too frequently and with few exceptions, a profound vulgarity of thought, an immorality little veiled or adorned, the most undisguised arrogance, and the coarsest neglect of all kindly feelings and attentions, haughtily assumed, for the sake of shining in a false and despicable "refinement," even more inane and intolerable to a healthy mind, than the awkward and ludicrous stiffness of the most declared Nobodies. It has been said that vice and poverty are the most revolting combination. Since I have been in England, vice and boorish rudeness seem to me to form a still more disgusting union.'

Such is the summing up of the German Prince; a good lesson, one would have thought, to the English critics, who were to undertake to review the work of Mrs. Trollope. We have been disposed to regard her work as to a certain extent pseudepigraphal. That this lady lived and travelled in America, and kept a journal of what she saw and fancied she saw, there is no doubt. But we have heard some pretty distinct rumors, that her papers have gone through the mill of a regular book-maker; and there are some things in the volume, as it stands, which we cannot think that she or any other lady, (not to say gentleman,) could have written.

It is curious, as we have already said, to notice the coincidence of the strictures of the Prince and Mrs. Trollope, in matters with respect to which the latter puts the Americans and the English in the most glaring contrast. We have given one example; their respective remarks on the theatre are another.

The following is Mrs. Trollope's account of the theatre at Cincinnati.

'It was really not a bad one, though the poor receipts rendered it impossible to keep it in high order. But an annoyance infinitely greater than decorations indifferently clean, was the style and manner of the audience. Men came into the lower tier of boxes without their coats; and I have seen shirt sleeves tucked up to the shoulder. The spitting was incessant, and the mixed smell of onions and whiskey was enough to make one feel even the Drake's acting dearly bought, by the obligation of enduring its accompaniments. The bearing and attitudes of the men are perfectly indescribable. The heels thrown higher than the head, the entire rear of the person presented to the audience, the whole length supported on the benches, are among the varieties that these exquisite posture-masters exhibit.'

To illustrate this, Mrs. Trollope has introduced, what our learned brother of the Edinburgh calls a 'pot-house caricature,' representing three gentlemen and two ladies at a box in the theatre. The ladies are dressed in the usual manner for that place; and so are two of the gentlemen; but one of them sits with his feet protruding over the box, and the other sits sidewise, on its front. The third gentleman is sitting without coat or neckcloth, and with what Mrs. Trollope discreetly denominates his 'entire rear' presented to the audience. This last gentleman, as our worthy colleague of the American Quarterly judiciously states, is evidently an Englishman; *such* an 'entire rear,' was never reared upon onions and whiskey, nor very far from the reach of Barclay, Perkins and Co's entire.

Now let us hear the German Prince.

'The most striking thing to a foreigner in English theatres is the unheard-of coarseness and brutality of the audiences. The consequence of this is, that the higher and more civilized classes go only to the Italian opera, and very rarely visit their national theatre. Whether this be unfavorable or otherwise to the stage, I leave others to determine.

'English freedom here degenerates into the rudest license, and it is not uncommon, in the midst of the most affecting parts of a tragedy, or the most charming *cadenza* of a singer, to hear some coarse expressions shouted from the gallery in a stentor voice. This is followed, according to the taste of the by-standers, either by loud laughter and approbation, or by the castigation and expulsion of the offender.

'Whichever turn the thing takes, you can hear no more of what is passing on the stage, where actors and singers, according to ancient usage, do not suffer themselves to be interrupted by such occurrences, but declaim or warble away, "*comme si de rien n'était.*" And such things happen not once, but twenty times in the course of the performance, and amuse many of the audience, more than that does. It is also no rarity for some one to throw the fragments of his *gouté*, which do not always consist of orange-peels alone, without the smallest ceremony, on the heads of the people in the pit, or to shail them (what kind of *ism* is that?) with singular dexterity into the boxes; *while others hang their coats and waistcoats over the railing of the gallery, and sit in shirt-sleeves.*'

One cannot but admire the equal hand, with which the colors are laid on in these two flattering pictures; and even when there would seem a shade of difference, an adroit compensation is sure to be slipped in. Thus at Cincinnati, it is the 'lower tier of boxes,' in which the men sit in their shirt-sleeves, with their 'entire rear' turned to the audience. In London, they sit in their shirt-sleeves in the gallery; but then they take off both coat and waistcoat, and sit pelting the actors and the lower tier with orange-peel. We must say that, in what follows, our brethren in Great Britain have most cause to complain of *their* Mrs. Trollope.

'Another cause,' pursues the German Prince, 'for the absence of respectable families from the theatre is the resort of hundreds of those unhappy women, with whom London swarms. They are to be seen of every degree, from the lady who spends a splendid income and has her own box, to the wretched beings, who wander houseless in the streets. Between the acts, they fill the large and handsome *foyers*, and exhibit their boundless effrontery in the most revolting manner.

'It is most strange, that in no country on earth is this afflicting spectacle so openly exhibited, as in the religious and decorous England. The evil goes to such an extent, that in the theatre it is often difficult to keep off these repulsive beings, especially when they are drunk, which is not seldom the case. They beg in the most shameless manner, and a pretty elegantly dressed girl does not disdain to take a shilling or a sixpence, which she instantly spends in a glass of rum, like the meanest beggar. And these are the scenes, I repeat, which are exhibited in the national theatre of England, where the highest dramatic talent of the country should be developed, where immortal artists like Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil have enraptured the public by their genius; and where actors such as Kean, Kemble, and Young still adorn the stage.

'Is not this,—to say nothing of the immorality,—in the highest degree low and undignified? It is wholly inconsistent with any real love of Art, or conception of its office and dignity. The turbulent scenes I have described above scarcely ever arise out of any thing connected with the performance; but have almost always some source quite foreign to it, and no way relating to the stage.'

If in the passage just cited the German Prince is rather more *piquant* on the British theatre, than Mrs. Trollope on that of Cincinnati, the difference is made up, in the elegant appendage of the caricature to which we have alluded. What would not the former have gained in spirit and effect, if the paragraph we have last quoted had been illustrated with a sketch, in M. Hervieu's best manner, of a pretty elegantly dressed girl, in the lobbies of the English boxes, begging her sixpence or expending it at the bar for rum! *Au reste*, the 'domestic manners' of the different nations in respect to their theatres are sometimes odd enough. Mrs. Trollope has instructed us as to the Americans, and the German Prince is full on the subject of the English. A want of taste, we suppose, is the root of the evil in both cases. But in Italy there is taste to satiety; but what do they do at the theatre? 'The magnificent theatres,' says our countryman, Mr. Lyman,[*] 'of La Scala at Milan, and San Carlo at Naples, resemble, in a double sense, both a Roman circus and a Turkish bath. In the third circle of La Scala, merchants may be seen every night holding a small exchange; *and people have been playing at cards in a stage box, while a tragedy of Alfieri was acting. There are others again, who come regularly, every night to eat their supper publicly in the boxes.*'

Being upon the subject of the theatre, we will dwell for a short time on what Mrs. Trollope says of the taste for the *ballet* at Cincinnati; although we intended to make a few more preliminary remarks before proceeding regularly to work. The following is her account of this matter.

'Two very indifferent *figurantes*, probably from the *Ambigu Comique* or *la Gaieté*, made their appearance at Cincinnati, while we were there; and had Mercury stepped down and danced a *pas seul* upon earth, his godship could not have produced a more violent sensation. But wonder and admiration were by no means the only feelings excited; horror and dismay were produced in at least an equal degree. No one, I believe, doubted their being admirable dancers; but every one agreed that the morals of the Western world would never recover the shock. When I was asked if I had ever seen any thing so dreadful before, I was embarrassed how to answer; for the young women had been exceedingly careful, both in their dress and in their dancing, to meet the taste of the people; but had it been *Virginie* in her most transparent attire, or Taglioni in her most remarkable *pirouette*, they could not have been more reprobated. The ladies altogether forsook the theatre; the gentlemen muttered under their breath, and turned their heads aside when the subject was mentioned. The clergy denounced them from the pulpit; and if they were named at the meetings of the saints, it was to show how deep the horror such a theme could produce. *I could not but ask myself if virtue were a plant thriving under one form in one country, and flourishing under a different one in another? If these Western Americans are right, then how dreadfully wrong are we! It is really a puzzling subject.*'

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[*] Political State of Italy, page 338.

We may, perhaps, expose ourselves also to derision for our simplicity, by taking Mrs. Trollope seriously here. In the first part of this extract, she evidently feels great compassion for the *rawness* of the Cincinnatians on the subject. It is true her account is not perfectly free from inconsistency with itself. If this exhibition were the subject of such universal reprobation, that the ladies fled the theatre and the men turned away when it was mentioned, it does not appear with whom it could have been the object of '*admiration*' as well as 'wonder.' But we pass over that, to come to the substance of the matter, which Mrs. Trollope seems to confess is one by no means of indifference, inasmuch as if the Western Americans are right, Europeans are 'dreadfully wrong,' and which she states to be really a very puzzling subject.

What then is this puzzle? What is 'the transparent attire of *Virginie*,' and the 'remarkable *pirouette* of Taglioni?' The attire of an opera dancer in Europe, which Mrs. Trollope judiciously designates as 'transparent,' appears to consist of flesh-colored pantaloons, fitted as tight to the limbs as the skin they are designed to imitate; and over these, one single covering of gauze or some other transparent material, stopping several inches *above* the knee. This is *the entire dress*, in which the opera dancers at London appear in public before mixed multitudes,—before crowds of men and women assembled in the theatre. This is the dress, in which the matrons and maidens of Great Britain behold, unblushing and delighted, the public appearance of persons of their own sex. So much for the dress. As for the dancing, particularly that part of it for which even Mrs. Trollope's lively and graphic pen could find no epithet more discriminative than 'remarkable,' it is remarkable indeed, and for two reasons;—first, that females, not lost to shame, should be found to perform it, on the stage; and second, that they should find men and women of character to countenance the exhibition in the boxes. The *pirouette*, in a word, is a movement, in which a woman, dressed as we have described, poising herself on one limb, extends the other to its full length, at right angles, and in this *graceful* attitude spins round, some eight or ten times, leaving her drapery, 'transparent' and short as it is at the best, to be carried up, by the centrifugal force imparted to it by the rapid revolution of the dancer, as far as it will go. This we believe is an unexaggerated description of that scene, which Mrs. Trollope sneers at the ladies of Cincinnati for regarding with horror. Is there a father or a mother, a husband or wife, a brother or sister in Christendom,

> 'If damned Custom had not brazed them so,'

who would view it with any thing but horror? True it is, and remarkable indeed, as true, that such is the effect of Custom, that decent people countenance this exhibition, wherever it is established; but no man or woman ever witnessed it, for the first time, without disgust, who was not

> 'Proof and bulwark against shame.'

The fact is, Mrs. Trollope has overshot the mark (and of this she seems to have had a misgiving,) of the public feeling in her own country. About the time her work was preparing for the press in England, appeared at London the novel of the Contrast, by the Earl of Mulgrave, in which an entire chapter is devoted to illustrating the disgust and horror, with which a young woman in fashionable life witnesses this exhibition for the first time. We commend the following extracts to Mrs. Trollope's attention.

'The curtain then rose for the ballet; at first, Lucy was delighted with the scenery and pageantry, for the spectacle was grand and imposing. But at length the resounding plaudits announced the *entrée* of the perfect Taglioni. Lucy was a little astonished at her costume upon her first appearance. She was attired as a goddess, and goddesses' gowns are somewhat of the shortest, and their legs rather *au naturel;* but when she came to elicit universal admiration by pointing her toe, and revolving in the slow *pirouette*, Lucy, from the situation in which she sat, was overpowered with shame at the effect; and whilst Lady Gayland, with her *lorgnette* fixed on the stage, ejaculated, " Beautiful! inimitable!" the unpractised Lucy could not help exclaiming, " O that is too bad! I cannot stay to see that!" and she turned her head away, blushing deeply.'

The modest young lady, with precisely that unheard-of kind of modesty which Mrs. Trollope sneers at, withdraws from the opera with her husband, and the following dialogue passes between them on their way home.

' " And how do you find yourself now, my dear Lucy?" tenderly inquired Castleton, as the carriage drove off.

" O I am quite well, I thank you."

" Quite well! are you? What was it then, that was the matter with you?"

" There was nothing the matter with me; it was that woman."

" What woman? what can you mean? Did you not say that you were ill; and was not that the reason that we hurried away?"

" No! YOU said I was ill; and I did not contradict you, because you tell me that in the world, as you call it, it is not always right to give the real reason for what we do; and therefore I thought, perhaps, that though of course you wished me to come away, you liked to put it upon my being ill."

" Of course I wished you to come away! I was never more unwilling to move in all my life: and nothing but consideration for your health would have induced me to stir. Why should I have wished you to come away?"

" Why, the naked woman," stammered Lucy.

" What can you mean?"

" You could n't surely wish me to sit by the side of those people, to see such a thing as that?"

" As to being by the side of those people, I must remind you, that it was Lady Gayland's box in which you were; and that whatever she, with her acknowledged taste and refinement, sanctions with her presence, can only be objected to by ignorance or prejudice. You have still a great deal to learn, my dear Lucy," added he, more kindly; " and nothing can be so fatal to your progress in that respect, as your attempting to lead, or to find fault, with what you do not understand."

" But surely I can understand that it is not right to do what I saw that woman do," interrupted Lucy, presuming a little more doggedly than she usually ventured to do on any subject with her husband; for this time she had been really shocked by what she had seen." '

Somewhat akin to this is another topic, which Mrs. Trollope has also thought sufficiently interesting to be illustrated with a print.

'Among other instances of that species of modesty,' says she, 'so often seen in America and so unknown to us, I *frequently* witnessed one, which, while it evinced the delicacy of the ladies, gave opportunity for many lively sallies from the gentlemen. I saw the same sort of thing repeated, on different occasions, at least a dozen times; *e. g.* A young lady is employed in making a shirt, (which it would be a symptom of absolute depravity to name,) a gentleman enters and presently begins the sprightly dialogue with

"What are you making, Miss Clarissa?"

"Only a frock for my sister's doll, Sir."

"A frock? *not possible.* Don't I see that it is not a frock? Come, Miss Clarissa, what is it?"

"'T is *just* an apron for one of our negroes, Mr. Smith."

"How can you, Miss Clarissa! Why is not the two sides joined together? I expect you *were* better tell me what it is."

"*My!* why then, Mr. Smith, it is just a pillow-case."

"Now that *passes*, Miss Clarissa! 'T is a pillow-case for a giant, then. Shall I guess, Miss?

"*Quit*, Mr. Smith; behave yourself, or I will certainly be affronted."

'Before the conversation arrives at this point, both gentleman and lady are in convulsions of laughter.'

This amusing scene is cited as a great treat by our learned brother of the London Quarterly Review, who quotes it as an instance of 'a strange sort of modesty, different from any thing he has ever heard of elsewhere,' prevailing among the American ladies.*

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* Is our learned brother quite sure, that this false modesty, (whether justly ascribed to the American ladies or not) is different from *any thing he ever heard of*, before? Did he not, in a preceding number of his journal, deal quite at length with the Tour of a certain German Prince; and does he remember any thing of an Editorial note on the twenty-first page of the first volume of that work, to the following effect:

'"*Inexpressibles*" is the name, which this article of dress has received in England; where, 'in good society,' a woman sometimes leaves her

Struck with the atrocity of this insinuation, he adds, to be sure, that it is not so much affectation as a misapprehension of what is due themselves; it being conceded (God save the mark) by every traveller in America, that female morals stand nowhere higher than in the United States. It is plain that when an English traveller and an English reviewer compliment the American ladies on a species of modesty, unknown in England, they mean something. There is but one species of female modesty; it is the same thing in the peeress as in her chamber-maid: the same on the banks of the Thames and the Mississippi. The poor girl, who gets her daily bread by daily labor, knows just as well what to resent and what to tolerate, as the lordly dame, who sweeps through halls of state, blazing with diamonds. We hope that the allegation, that the American ladies have a species of modesty elsewhere unknown, made in a work purporting to be written by a lady, intended to give to Europe a sketch of our domestic manners, and as such triumphantly endorsed by one of the leading Journals of Great Britain, will not be thought beneath refutation.

We observe then, in the first place, that the words and phrases which we have italicised are not, as there used, *Anglo-American.* We pretend not to say, what they are; but we think we know what they are not.

It seems, in the next place, to have escaped Mrs. Trollope and the amiable gentleman who reviews her book and cites this passage, that it starts with one thing and proves quite another. The thing to be proved was, that the American ladies had not a true sense of modesty; but Mrs. Trollope winds up her account of the scene, which she has seen a dozen times repeated, with saying 'at its close both the gentleman and the lady are in convulsions of laughter.' If that is the case, then it is merely a piece of caricatured pleasantry between a silly girl and an impertinent beau, and has nothing to do with false notions of modesty prevailing among ladies. But the person using Mrs. Trollope's name says he repeatedly witnessed these scenes, and heard at least a dozen

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husband and her children, and runs off with her lover, but is always too decorous to be able to endure the sound of the word *breeches.*'

Or has he forgotten the anecdote on the three hundred and eighty-eighth page of the fourth volume of the same author?

times the substance of the dialogue. We would ask then, in sober simplicity, whether the ladies in England converse freely with gentlemen on every article of male and female attire: whether it would really be a sort of modesty unknown to an English lady, to evince a little reserve on the topic of shirts and the corresponding garment of the other sex, in their conversations with men? Mrs. Trollope derides the scrupulousness of the American females on this head, by saying that to give a shirt its name would be thought 'a symptom of absolute depravity.' We suppose we are to understand by this, the authority of the German Prince to the contrary notwithstanding, that there is no hesitation on these points in England. If this be the case, unless the way of the world, that one thing leads to another, is altered in that country, and the Mr. Smiths of this age are very different from the Mr. Lovelaces of the last, we are greatly mistaken if the Miss Clarissas always get out of the scrape with a laugh.

We are aware that we are laboring this point a little too much; but as the writer of the book before us states, that what purport to be dialogues are not made up for effect, but actual conversations taken down at the time, we will add that this declaration is not among the least decisive reasons, that lead us to the opinion, that, in the work before us, Mrs. Trollope's pure and veracious page has been sadly interpolated. We have had some means of acquiring a knowledge of the peculiarities of the mode of speaking, which prevail in the different parts of the United States. They are strongly marked and easily discriminated, and if our brethren in Great Britain wish to see the real Yankee (New England) dialect, hit off to the life,—not more caricatured than every thing got up for effect must be, for the reason that it is a selection of peculiarities,—they may see it in Mr. Hacket's Solomon Swap. But if we know any thing of the Anglo-American dialects, the conversations in Mrs. Trollope *are*, what they are affirmed *not to be*, fabrications. She represents Americans as calling her countrymen 'Britishers.' It never occurred to us to hear that word in America; nor do we believe it was ever uttered by any person not fresh from England. 'The man *what* does so,' is a phrase repeatedly introduced by Mrs. Trollope into her dialogues. It is an English vulgarism, unknown, as we believe, in any part of the United States, except as occasionally caught in the cities by mimicry from the English farces acted on our stage. In one of her dialogues, Mrs. Trollope, to set off the accuracy of her own English, compared with the American *patois*, makes an unlucky ragamuffin, of whom she proposes to buy some chickens, use that word correctly in the plural number; while she herself *elegantly* makes it a collective noun;—Thus, 'have you chicken to sell, my boy?'—Again, she makes a milk-man, in a set dialogue, call England 'the Old Country.' That appellation is not American. The Irish in America often speak of their native land, as 'the Old Country.' The same milk-man is made to say, 'I expect your little place of an island do'nt grow such dreadful fine corn as you sees here.' But she had just made the same person say '*guess;*' and *guess* and *expect* are as wide apart as Land's End and Johnny Groat's house. No illiterate milk-man in America ever said 'grows corn.' That phrase is known only to reading persons, who have caught it from English agricultural writers of late years. No American, however illiterate, ever said 'You sees.' An ignorant Yankee will say, 'You seen' or 'seed.' The exclamation 'possible!' for 'is it possible,' which Mrs. Trollope repeatedly ascribes to us, is unknown to the illiterate in this country; and rarely heard from any one. In the same dialogue, in the phrase 'watching them there fellers *as* we gives offices to,' *as*, thus used, is wholly English, and the phrase, though expressing an American notion, altogether foreign. 'The men *what* we have been pleased to send *up* to Congress;' *what* and *up* are English vulgarisms unknown here. Mrs. Trollope represents the trades-people and others as constantly calling her the 'Old Woman.' She says,

> 'My general appellation among my neighbors was "the English old woman," but in mentioning each other they constantly employed the term "lady;" and they evidently had a pleasure in using it, for I repeatedly observed, that, in speaking of a neighbor, instead of saying Mrs. Such-a-one, they described her "as the lady over the way, what takes in washing," or as "that there lady, out by the gully, what is making dip candles." Mr. Trollope was as constantly called "the old man," while dray-men, butchers' boys, and the laborers on the canal were invariably denominated "them gentlemen," &c.'

Here again the unhappy book-wright, who is abusing the respectable name of Mrs. Trollope, proves too much. He had just made the milk-man call the Members of Congress 'them are fellers.' Had he now attempted to show that in the United States, petulant and froward boys in low life were apt to speak irreverently of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, nay, possibly of fathers and mothers, by the unbecoming name of 'the old man' or 'the old woman,' he would have said what was not without show of truth. But why bestow on Mrs. Trollope a name, which they did not give their other neighbors? They called, it seems, the washerwoman and the tallow chandleress 'ladies;' now, why, bestowing that name on them, should it be withheld from Mrs. Trollope?—Is it probable? Is any reason assigned?—There could be no reason, but the pure brutality of insulting a foreign lady. Mrs. Trollope does not assign or hint at this as the reason; but nothing short of it solves the phenomena of the case.—We infer that 'the old woman' is a phrase of the interpolator.—'I expect the sun may rise and set a hundred times, before I shall see another *human*, that does not belong to the family.' This use of *human* as a substantive, we believe to be entirely fictitious; and the remark, put into the mouth of a person in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, is about as judiciously *located*, as it would be, if ascribed to a shop-keeper in the Strand.

Although we are on the topic of Americanisms, we cannot forbear citing the passage which is immediately connected with the last quoted sentence, to show the terrible trash, which has been foisted upon the world, under the honored name of Mrs. Trollope.

> 'I have been minute in the description of this forest farm, as I think it the best specimen I saw of the backwoods' independence, [being, however, a good two hundred miles from any thing that can be called backwoods,] of which so much is said in America. Their people were indeed independent. Robinson Crusoe was hardly more so, and they ate and drank abundantly; but yet it seemed to me, that there was something awful and almost unnatural in their loneliness, [in the neighborhood, observe, of Cincinnati.] No village bell ever summoned them to prayer, where they might meet the friendly greeting of their fellow-men. When they die, no spot sacred by ancient reverence will receive their bones. Religion will not breathe her sweet and solemn farewell upon the grave. The husband or the father will dig the pit, that is to hold them, beneath the nearest tree. He will himself deposit them within it, and the wind that whis-

pers through the boughs will be the only requiem. [Oh!] But then they pay neither taxes nor tithes; are never expected to pull off a hat or make a courtesy, and will live and die without hearing or uttering the dreadful words "God save the king."'

We are not altogether strangers to this well-considered train of remark. It is as familiar to us, as Mr. Jenkinson's quotation from Sanchoniathon was to the vicar of Wakefield. It may be found substantially in the fifty-eighth number of the London Quarterly; and it is by no means impossible that the writer of the article on Faux's travels in that number, and the getter up of Mrs. Trollope's book are one and the same person.

For instance, apropos of the tomb of Washington, this reviewer observed as follows.

'The village church with its spiry steeple, its bells, its clock, its well-fenced church-yard, with its ancient yew tree, its numerous monumental records of the dead are here utterly unknown. Even the tomb of Washington is so totally neglected, that "it might be mistaken," Mr. Faux says, "for a dog-kennel, or a mound much resembling a potato grave in England, the door rotting away, such as would disgrace an English pig-sty." An American apologist for this neglect admitted, that among his countrymen, the corpse was no sooner laid in the earth, than it appeared to be forgotten; and that "the tear of sorrow and the hand of affection neither bedews nor decorates the sward, under which the friend, the parent, the relative reposes." "It is in vain to look into the burial-grounds of this country for the pensive cypress, or the melancholy willow, the virgin weeping over the urn of her departed lover, or the mother hanging over the grave of her darling child. No flower blooms bedewed with the tear of affection. All is waste and dreary, and dead as the sunken grave, over which you pass; and a few stones, on which are engraved the name and age of the deceased, are all that remains to manifest the affection of the living to those who have passed away."'

Our readers perceive, that this is the Pseudo-Trollope almost verbatim. The alterations are such only as he learned to make, from the lesson read to him in the Review of Mr. Faux in this Journal. Thus, he was taught that if it was a sin on the part of the Americans, that they did not plant the cypress in their grave-yards, it was to be remembered in mitigation of punishment, that this was a tree which the God of Nature had forbidden to grow in the greater part of the United

States. But of all that we have ever found *in situ*, or as exhibited to us in the cabinet of our friend Christopher North, Esq., the cockneyism of these people, on the subject of places of burial, is the most nauseating. Here are persons, we mean the men-editors of this farrago, born and brought up in some narrow court, leading out of a street that communicates with High Holborn or the Poultry, who think, that not only to live in, but to die in, London is the only place for a Christian. It seems, 'no village bells ever summoned the settlers in Ohio to church; and when they die, Religion will not breathe her sweet and solemn farewell on their graves!' that is, the sexton at St. Clement Dane's will not be hired to ring his bells half an hour at their funerals, a hired undertaker, with six hired mourning coaches, and twelve hired mourners, dressed in shabby black, will not come to place their bones in a spot 'sacred by ancient reverence,' that is, a crowded church-yard, where, if they escape the resurrection-man, their bones will lie a year or two, and then be dug up and shovelled away into the charnel-house. It is a notorious fact, that when, a few years ago, some persons in London, by way of protection against this horrible process, hit upon the plan of iron coffins, it was forbidden by the competent authorities. But 'the husband or the father will dig the pit, that is to hold them, beneath the nearest tree; he will himself deposit them within it, and the wind that whispers through the boughs will be the only requiem.' Were we wrong in averring, that Mrs. Trollope did not write this? She is a woman and a mother. Is it possible she should think it a calamity, for a wife or a child to be laid in the grave, prepared by the hands of a husband or a father, beneath 'the nearest tree?'—What! a mother prefer to have a hired undertaker come and take the precious dust, and lay it in a *pit*, (if she likes that word), which a hireling grave-digger or grave-digger's apprentice has dug;—'fellows, that have no feeling of their business, who sing at grave-making?' The 'father or the husband will deposit them in the pit.' And who should do it? Who buried Sarah the wife of Abraham, and Rebekah the wife of Isaac, and when Jacob, whose son was lord of all Egypt, came to die, did he desire to be laid up in ghastly embalment in the imperial vaults of Heliopolis, or covet a resting-place in the eternal pyramids? No, his heart was in the land of Canaan, in the cave in Macpelah, beneath the trees that were in the field. 'There,' said the dying patriarch, 'they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife, there they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife, and *there I buried Leah.*' Let us not be misunderstood. Heaven forbid, that we should lightly esteem the solemn rites of Christian sepulture. But this eternal taunting of the first settlers of new countries, that they live beyond the reach of the ordinary administration of Christian ordinances, as supported in large towns, and this villanous sentimentality about bells and requiems, on the part too not of gossipping travellers of either sex, but of journalists who set the tone of feeling for half the reading public of Great Britain, is insufferable. It is some consolation, however, that these revilers of America in this, as in a thousand other things, overshoot the mark of the enlightened public feeling in their own country; and the writer before us, to depict the *barbarity* of the settlers of the Western country, has unconsciously selected the very images with which Dr. Beattie represents his minstrel as adorning his own *Eutaphia*, if Mrs. Trollope will let us coin a word.

'Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown;—
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.'

But to return to Americanisms. Page 62 of the American edition, Mrs. Trollope's 'help' is represented as saying 'Well, I never seed such *grumpy* folks as you be.' This elegant word is wholly unheard of in America. Same paragraph, 'There is several young ladies of my acquaintance, *what* goes to live out now and then with the old women about the town.' Mrs. Trollope forgot, in making her 'help' call all the housekeepers in Cincinnati old women, that she says in another place, which we have quoted, that the American females of all classes call each other ladies, and that the English 'old woman' was her title, seemingly because she was a foreigner. It is *apropos* of this dialogue, that we are assured the conversations in Mrs. Trollope's book 'are not given *à loisir*, but written down immediately after they occurred.'

But we will let this go. It is amusing enough to trace the history of recent English criticism on the subject of Americanisms. Fifteen years ago, it was impossible to read an English *critique* on an American book, without seeing a score or two of words significantly italicised as Americanisms, with grave inferences, that we spoke a new jargon in this country. The subject was taken up, this side the water, and it was pretty soon proved to the conviction of our transatlantic brethren, that, when these said Americanisms were not the peculiarities of individual authors, for which America was no more accountable than England is for her Jeremy-Benthamisms, the words charged as being new-invented barbarities of ours were mostly drawn from the pure wells of English undefiled, and had happened to be preserved in America while they were lost in England. Then came Captain Hall, and was astonished to find but forty or fifty words of American coinage, and even this number subsequent research had reduced; and Mr. Vigne, the latest of the English travellers in this country, has at last hit the nail on the head, and told the simple truth of the matter, in the following terms;

> 'The meat of the canvass-back duck is dark, and should be sent to table underdone, or what in America is called "rare." The word *rare*, used in that sense, and which is given by Johnson, on the authority of Dryden, is no doubt one of many which have retained in America a meaning in which they are not now known in England, but which was doubtless carried over the Atlantic by the settlers of a hundred years ago. I confess that I was for some time in error. I heard every one around me giving orders that his meat should be "rare," and I thought it a mispronunciation of the word *raw*.'

But let us proceed with our book. Mrs. Trollope made her first stop at Cincinnati, where she spent the greater part of the time that she was in America. Of her object and pursuits there we have little to say. She has not brought them very distinctly before the public, and we will not. There are many perhaps who know them in England, as they are notorious in America; and we will only ask our readers, how much credit an American lady would be likely to get for impartiality, who should leave New York or Philadelphia, in company like Mrs. Trollope's; establish herself at Birmingham, Manchester, or Glasgow, on an errand like Mrs. Trollope's; and, failing to accomplish it, come back to America, and write a book on England as abusive as Mrs. Trollope's?

The following is her account of her first establishment at Cincinnati.

'We were soon settled in our new dwelling, which looked neat and comfortable enough; but we soon found that it was devoid of nearly all the accommodation *that Europeans* conceive necessary to decency and comfort. No pump, no cistern, no drain of any kind, no dustman's cart, or any other visible means of getting rid of the rubbish, which vanishes with such celerity in London, that one has no time to think of its existence; but which accumulated so rapidly at Cincinnati, that I sent for my landlord to know in what manner refuse of all kinds was to be disposed of. "Your help will just have to fix them all into the middle of the street, but you must mind, *Old Woman*,* that it is the middle. I expect you do'nt know *as* * we have got a law *what* * forbids throwing such things at the sides of the streets; they must just all be cast right into the middle, and the pigs soon takes them off.'

So much for Cincinnati and the troubles of English settlers, accustomed to European notions of decency and comfort. Let us now see, not from Mrs. Trollope's comparisons, but from authentic documents, what European, ay, and English notions of comfort and decency under some circumstances are. In the course of the last year, and under the operation of the terror inspired by the Cholera, a thorough inspection was undertaken of the condition of Manchester in England; one of the largest, richest and most prosperous towns in Great Britain, and, like Cincinnati, of recent growth. We have before us a very interesting pamphlet, written by James Phillips Kay, M. D., and published at London in the course of the last year, embodying some of the results of this inspection. We quote the following passages.

'The inspection, conducted by the district board of health, chiefly referred to the state of the streets and houses inhabited by the laboring population, to local nuisances, and more general evils. The greatest portion of these districts, especially of those situated beyond Great Ancoat's Street, are of very recent origin; and from the want of police regulations, are untraversed by common sewers. The houses are ill soughed, [?] often ill ventilated, unprovided with privies; and in consequence, the streets, which are narrow, unpaved, and worn into deep ruts, become the common receptacles of mud, refuse, and disgusting ordure.'

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* Not American.

The report of the condition of streets and houses is reduced to a tabular form, from which we abstract the following summary results. The number of streets inspected was six hundred and eighty-seven. Of these, two hundred and eighty-four were unpaved; fifty-three were partially paved; one hundred and twelve ill ventilated; that is, we suppose, too confined and narrow to admit the free circulation of air; and three hundred and fifty-two streets, containing heaps of refuse, stagnant pools, and ordure;—substances which, according to Mrs. Trollope's representations, are required by European notions of decency and comfort 'to vanish with such celerity, that one has no time to think of their existence.' Again, the inspection of houses gave the following results; houses inspected six thousand nine hundred and fifty-one;—sufficient no doubt for a population, (like that of Manchester) of fifty thousand persons. Of these, two thousand five hundred and sixty-five wanted white washing; nine hundred and sixty wanted repairs; in nine hundred and thirty-nine the soughs wanted repairs; one thousand four hundred and thirty-five were reported as damp; four hundred and fifty-two were ill ventilated; *and two thousand two hundred and twenty-one wanted privies.*

After a number of other facts, showing that these statements gave but an inadequate idea of the condition of the habitations in Manchester, Dr. Kay adds, 'often more than one family lived in a damp cellar, containing only one room, in whose pestilential atmosphere from twelve to sixteen persons were crowded. To these fertile sources of disease were sometimes added the keeping of pigs, (Mrs. Trollope's especial aversion,) and other animals in the house, with other nuisances of the most revolting character.' The reader, who may happen to have Dr. Kay's pamphlet, and will turn to pages 21, 22 and 23, will find we have omitted details more offensive than any which we have quoted, and throwing still more light on what Mrs. Trollope calls European notions of decency and comfort.

And is this state of things confined to Manchester? Why should it be? What reason is there to think it is a whit better in any of the large manufacturing towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland? On the contrary, Manchester, as a comparatively modern town, the creation of modern wealth, the residence of many distinguished and intelligent persons, stands a very good chance to be rather better built and taken care of, than the older cities, such as the old town of Edinburgh and many parts of London and Dublin.

We are tempted to show by a single specification, how much dependence is to be placed on the information contained in this volume. Under the head of the Cincinnati market we read;

> 'All the fruit I saw exposed for sale in Cincinnati was most miserable. I passed two summers there, but never tasted a peach worth eating. Of apricots and nectarines I saw none; strawberries very small, raspberries much worse, gooseberries very few, and quite uneatable; currants at about half the size of ours, and double the price; grapes too sour for tarts; apples abundant but very indifferent, none that could be thought good enough for an English table; pears, cherries, and plums most miserably bad.'

Now let us hear what Mr. Flint says, who is so highly and justly commended by Mrs. Trollope, as a man and an author. We quote his History of the Valley of the Mississippi, which Mrs. Trollope calls 'a work of great interest and information,' and which, she hopes, will in time find its way to England, 'where I think it is much more likely to be appreciated than in America.' Cincinnati, it will be observed, is the residence of Mr. Flint as well as Mrs. Trollope. Speaking of the market of Cincinnati, Mr. Flint observes in general terms, 'the meats, fowls, vegetables, flour, meal, and *fruits* are admirable, both for quality and abundance. Series of market wagons, half a mile in length, are seen in the streets. The fruits and vegetables are improving every year.' And under the head of the agricultural productions of Ohio, he gives us the following specifications.

> 'Fruits of all kinds are raised in this State, in the greatest profusion; and apples are as plenty in the cultivated parts of the State, as in any part of the Atlantic country. Cincinnati market is amply supplied with pears, peaches, plums, cherries, gooseber-

ries, strawberries, and cultivated grapes. From the fullness and richness of the clusters of cultivated grapes, it is clear this ought to be a country of vineyards. Apricots, nectarines and quinces succeed, and this State is the appropriate empire of Pomona.'

Mrs. Trollope's work, as it now stands, contains a highly colored, and, as we believe, a grossly exaggerated account of a camp-meeting. We have never attended an assemblage of that kind, and cannot therefore speak of them from personal observation. We suppose, that like all human things, they are liable to abuses ;—abuses perhaps of the nature intimated by Mrs. Trollope. But what then? Are there no abuses incident to the mode, in which religious instruction is imparted and received in other communions of Christians? Is the polite and icy indifference of preachers and hearers no evil? Is the polemic warfare waged in our churches no evil? Are theological metaphysics, and ethical common places, inflicted upon minds and hearts that are or that need to be aroused, fortified, alarmed, cheered, and elevated, no evil? Is the notorious divorce between the faith and practice of Christendom no evil? The declamation against camp-meetings is most likely to proceed, not from those who embrace and practise religion in its purity and fervor, and who, without being extravagant, are zealous; but we apprehend it is nine times out of ten, the self-righteous cant of arrogant persons, culpable in the opposite way. We believe the Methodists, by whom almost exclusively camp-meetings are held, to be quite as good men and Christians as their neighbors of other sects. We believe their religious heads to be men of characters as pure, and principles as elevated, as those of the instructers in any other church, and knowing that these camp-meetings continue to be held under their sanction, we are very slow to accredit, by wholesale, the scandals circulated concerning them. He has studied the history of the church, and the history of man to very little effect, who lends a ready ear to the tales told of one communion of Christians by the members of another. No sect, that can be named at the present day, more resembles the primitive church, than the Methodists; and the members of the primitive church were, as we know, accused of cementing their unhallowed confederacy, at their love-feasts, by the blood of a murdered infant. Mrs. Trollope has given one picture of a camp-meeting, disgusting and painful to be sure; bad enough in its details, and more so in its insinuations. But Mr. Flint, whom she regards, and justly, as a very high authority, and whose peculiar religious associations would not predispose him to any partiality on this head, gives a very different and in our belief a much more accurate view of them. We would cheerfully copy the passage, but it is too long for insertion here, and has been extracted by us in a former volume of our Journal.* In the conclusion he remarks;

> 'Notwithstanding all that has been said in derision of these spectacles, so common in this region, it cannot be denied, that the influence on the whole is salutary, and the general bearing upon the great interests of the community good.'

But what shall we say to our brother of the London Quarterly Review, who quotes with great relish all that is said in Mrs. Trollope's book to the disparagement of the state of religion in America, and who derives therefrom decisive illustration of the benefits of an established church, and a satisfactory explanation of much of our transatlantic barbarism? We do not know that we can answer him better, than by refreshing his recollection of what has, within less than a year, passed beneath his own eye,—in his own metropolis of the most orthodox of all kingdoms, and under the ministration of a pastor, not indeed of the English but of the Scottish church, established by law. The description we quote is by no means of one of the most extravagant of the scenes enacted at Mr. Irving's chapel; and is given by us merely as the only one, of which we happen to have the report at hand. We take it from the London Courier of Oct. 27, 1831.

> 'Mr. Irving's church, in Regent-square, was attended on Monday morning by great numbers of persons, who flocked thither from all parts of the metropolis, for the purpose of hearing those "manifestations of the Spirit," which formed the chief topic of the Rev. Gentleman's discourse on Sunday. The interest excited by these "manifestations" may be judged of by the fact, that although the service commenced as early as half-past six, and the morning was bleak and cold, the body of the church was filled with *respectable people of both sexes*, even before the appointed hour. Whilst Mr. Irving was engaged in reading a

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* North American Review, Vol. XXVIII. p. 97—99.

chapter from the Acts of the Apostles, the voice of a man was suddenly heard, who harangued the congregation in the unknown tongue, and concluded by interpreting the words he had uttered. Shortly afterwards a woman raised her voice, and gave another specimen of the "operation of the Spirit," which was also followed by an interpretation. The next part of the service was a very long prayer from a gentleman, who beseeched the Almighty to restrain the scoffers, whom he warned that whilst they imagined themselves mocking human creatures, they might, in fact, be mocking the Holy Spirit! At the conclusion of the prayer, a lady, whom we understand to be a Miss Carsden, or Carsdell, commenced an address or oration, and we were enabled to catch a few of the words:—"*O netention a honos kolo O do nomas kahelion Omano terdeos kalion.*" After a short pause we were favored with the interpretation, part of which was as follows:—"O resist not the love of Jesus,—O you doubt it!—O you doubt it! O it is grievous that you should doubt his love! He is love! He is love! O draw nigh to him,—draw nigh to him! Your Father's arms are open,—your Father's arms are open! He will receive you. He remembers the weakness of his creatures: he knows that they are but dust," &c. There was nothing unearthly in the tones in which this was spoken or sung, but the voice was powerful and sonorous, and, resounding through the church, was well calculated to inspire the hearers with a feeling of awe. The female part of the congregation were evidently much affected, every sound of the speaker's voice seeming to produce a thrill of horror among them. At one period an elderly woman cried out, "O save us!" and it was supposed by those who occupied seats in a remote part of the church that she had been suddenly endowed with the gift of speaking in the tongues, and had committed the mistake of beginning with the known before the unknown language; but it soon became evident, that the poor woman cried out from a feeling of sheer terror. The whole service was conducted with a solemnity well calculated to make a deep impression.

Yesterday morning, the church was again well filled at the same hour,—half-past six o'clock. In the course of the morning, Miss Carsden, or Carsdell, raised her voice,—"*Coartoma ruramur pooah chambele mentara tsaw.*" We add part of the interpretation:—"You need it,—you need it;—you need the word of the Lord to comfort you; for it is a time of perplexity. He is about to rise, *and He shall speak terribly to the nations;*—He shall arise,—He shall arise;—He shall do his strange work. The wicked shall not always prosper. *Rejoice! rejoice! for he* *cometh,—your King cometh.* Fear, ye that cannot bear the eye of your God! Be not deceived,—be not deceived. It is the Holy One that is coming! He cannot abide iniquity;—He stretches out his hand," &c. The whole of this was forcibly delivered, particularly the words which we have marked by *Italics*, which were given with great power, vehemence, and even dignity, and with electrical effect upon the auditors. Miss Hall then addressed the congregation, with an effect little inferior to that which was produced by Miss Carsdell. In her interpretation this lady exclaimed, "Oh, refuse not,—refuse not to listen to his voice! O beware, ye mockers! beware of despising the work of the Lord! O return unto the Lord! He will have mercy upon you!"'

Mrs. Trollope in the course of her work has occasion to speak of the total absence of amusements in America; and we perceive our respected colleague of the American Quarterly is inclined, in some degree, to admit the justice of her remarks on this head.—She makes the following remark:

'The theatre was closed when we arrived at Baltimore, but we were told it was very far from being a popular or fashionable amusement. We were indeed told this every where throughout the country, and the information was generally accompanied by the observation, that the opposition of the clergy was the cause of it. But I suspect that this is not the principal cause, especially among the men, who, if they were so implicit in their obedience to the clergy, would certainly be more constant in their attendance at the churches; nor would they, moreover, deem the theatre more righteous, because an English actor or a French dancer performed there; yet on such occasions the theatres overflow. The cause I think is in the character of the people. I never saw a population so totally divested of gayety; there is no trace of this feeling from one end of the Union to the other. They have no fêtes, no fairs, no merry-makings, no music in the streets, no punch, no puppet-shows. If they see a comedy or a farce, they may laugh at it; but they can do very well without it; and the consciousness of the number of cents that must be paid to enter a theatre, I am very sure, turns more steps from its door than any religious feeling. A distinguished publisher of Philadelphia told me that no comic publication had ever yet been found to answer in America.'

The American Quarterly Reviewer gives his sanction in some degree to these doctrines in the following passage.

'Mrs. Trollope might have traced to the influence of sectarianism the absence of all popular amusements in America—those excepted, which are brutal and which we have borrowed from her own country, where a like influence, though perhaps to a more limited extent, has been productive of similar results. As she has properly remarked, the working people must have some relaxation. They must have amusements of one kind or other; and being denied those which are innocent, they necessarily seek those which are vicious and of easy attainment.'

We rather think there is some mistake in all this.—In the first place as to the theatre. We were never able to discover, that the theatre is any where in the world a favorite standing amusement with the majority of the population, certainly not of the well-informed sound part of society, rich or poor. Wherever we have had the opportunity of observing upon the subject in England and on the continent of Europe, the theatre is resorted to chiefly by strangers, not by the better part of the stationary population. It may be, though we doubt it, that a considerable part of the population of London and Paris go, once a year, to some one of the minor theatres.—Any one, who will make a calculation of the number of theatres, and the size of the usual audiences, compared with the population of the great cities, may form a conjecture on that head. The theatre is most frequented by travellers, persons from the country, and sailors returned from sea. It is chiefly for the *Provinces ébahies,* that the drama now displays her specious wonders. A few dissipated young men only of the stationary population make it an habitual resort. Occasionally, when a star arises, every body goes once or twice; and a majority of people at their ease probably, in the course of eight or ten years, see a favorite actor in eight or ten of his chief characters, and this is the end of their play-going. This is the result of our own observation in Europe, and with respect to England, the German Prince bears us out fully. We have already quoted one passage from him;—here is another.

'It strikes one as very singular that in appearance, and to a great extent in reality, the public, before whom these distinguished artists have to present themselves, is so rude, ignorant, and unmannerly.'

In another place, after commenting on a single inattention to strict propriety, in an otherwise admirable representation of Macbeth, he adds,

'I did not observe that this struck any body. Indeed, the interest was generally so slight, the noise and mischief so incessant, that it is difficult to understand, how such distinguished artists can form themselves with so brutal, indifferent, and ignorant an audience, as they almost always have before them. As I told you, the English theatre is not fashionable, and is scarcely ever visited by what is called good society.'

Such is the London audience. What that of Dublin is, may be judged by the following painful anecdote, which the Prince relates of Miss O'Neil, on the authority of Lady Morgan.

'Lady M. said that this extraordinary young woman, who, from the very commencement of her career, had given evidence of the highest genius, remained utterly neglected at the theatre in Dublin, where she performed some years. She was at that time so poor, that when she returned home at night, after the greatest exertions, she found no other refreshment than a plate of potatoes, and a bed, which she shared with three sisters. Lady Morgan once visited her, and found the poor girl mending her two pair of old stockings, which she was obliged to wash daily, for her appearance on the stage. Lady M. now procured for her various articles of dress, and took upon herself in some degree the care of her toilet, which had been extremely neglected. She obtained more applause after this, though still but little.'

The following is the Prince's experience at the *Théatre Français*, the temple where, if any where on earth, the muse of the drama is worshipped.

'I saw two acts of the new and most miserable tragedy, Isabelle de Bavière, at the Théatre Français. My previous impressions were confirmed; and not only were the performers, (with the exception of Joanny, who acted the part of Charles the sixth pretty well) mediocrity itself, but the costumes, scenery, and all the appointments were below those of the smallest theatre of the Boulevards. The populace of Paris was represented by seven men and two women; the "Pairs de France" by three or four wretched sticks, literally in rags, with gold paper crowns on their heads, like those in a puppet-show. The house was empty, and the cold insufferable.'

Such is the attendance on the European theatre. Who does not perceive, that the case with our own is in this respect the exact counterpart? But as our largest cities are yet small compared with London, and as the crowd of strangers and travellers is much greater in the French and British capitals, than it is in any part of this country, the theatre is proportionably better supported there than here; but not in a way implying a greater resort to it, as one of the regular amusements of the stationary population. So far is this, however, from arguing a want of taste for amusement, that one of the great causes why the theatre is not more patronized, is universally admitted to be the interminable succession of private parties.

So much for the absence of a taste for theatrical amusement in this country, which Mrs. Trollope is disposed at first to ascribe to the influence of the clergy. But as *cessante causa cessat effectus*, we suppose *cessante effectu cessat causa.*—If, as we hold, the same class of persons frequent the theatre in this country, and to the same degree as in Europe, all supposed cause for the contrary state of things falls to the ground. We admit, however, that there is a severity of manners somewhat greater in this country than in England, in that respect; or rather perhaps the fact is, that while there is one portion of the clergy who themselves frequent the theatre in England, and do not consequently object to its being visited by others, it is here wholly discountenanced for ministers of the gospel, and, generally speaking, for persons of what is called orthodox faith. Taking the theatre as it is, are they much in the wrong? Is not the morality of the stage, in its present condition as to the character of the entertainment, of many of the actors, and of the composition and deportment of the audience, such as to deprive it of all title to countenance? We are not foes to the stage; we believe it might be made a school of virtue. We do all justice to the exemplary characters of many of the dramatic profession in all countries; and honor them the more for their freedom from the vices, to which their calling exposes them. That there are not more such, we believe is the fault less of actors than the public; in whom the spring of the corruption resides. But, taking the entertainment of the evening from beginning to end,—play, interlude, and farce,—combined with what must be heard and seen in the lobbies and galleries, does it happen, one time in a hundred, that a father of a family would not regret having taken his children to the play?

The other amusements which Mrs. Trollope says we want are '*fêtes*, fairs, merry-makings, music in the streets, puppet shows.' The very enumeration shows that there is nothing in this notion of a want of amusement. What precise kind of amusement Mrs. Trollope would have us understand is known in England as a *fête*, and which we Americans languish for the want of, we are at a loss to imagine. The circumstance, that the English language affords no name for it, leads us to think that Mrs. Trollope herself was at some loss for the specification. We remember to have heard of a Frenchman, who landed at Dover, in England, at the height of a general election, and having witnessed the usual quantity of tumult, dissipation, mobbing and fighting of such a scene, exclaimed '*quelle fête!*' *Fêtes* of this kind are not unknown in some portions of this country, but are, upon the whole, less lively here than in England. The most animated electioneering contests, in almost every part of the United States, pass off without personal violence. Another of Mrs. Trollope's specifications is 'merry-makings;' but this is a term of exceedingly vague and comprehensive import, without any definite signification that we are acquainted with. There remain then fairs, music in the streets, punch, and puppet-shows, as the amusements which are unknown in America, and for lack of which the people are *triste*. Our American gravity, with all a reviewer's official dulness superinduced, will scarce suffice us to pursue this analysis.

To treat this subject, however, seriously; and since we have no fairs, to give the American reader an idea of what a fair is, we do not know that we can do better, than quote the German Prince's account of Donnybrook fair in Ireland, as presenting a picture of this kind of festival in one part of Great Britain, and by the comparison, which the Prince institutes, in the others.

'I rode out again to-day for the first time, to see the fair at Donnybrook, near Dublin, which is a kind of popular festival. Nothing indeed can be more national! The poverty, the dirt, and the wild tumult were as great, as the glee and merriment with which the cheapest pleasures were enjoyed. I saw things eaten and drunk with delight, which forced me to turn my head away quickly, to remain master of my disgust. Heat, and dust, crowd, and stench, (*il faut le dire*,) made it impossible to stay long; but these do not annoy the natives. There were many hundred tents all ragged like the people, and adorned with tawdry rags, instead of flags; many contented themselves with a cross on a hoop; one had hoisted a dead and half-putrid cat as a sign! The lowest sort of rope-dancers and posture-masters exercised their toilsome vocation on stages and planks, and dressed in shabby finery, dancing and grimacing in the dreadful heat, till they were completely exhausted. A third part of the public lay or rather rolled about drunk; others ate, screamed, shouted, and fought. The women rode about, sitting two and three on an ass, pushed their way through the crowd, smoked with great delight, and coquetted with their sweethearts. The most ridiculous group was one, which I should have thought indigenous to Rio de la Plata; two beggars were seated on a horse, who by his wretched plight seemed to supplicate for them; they had no saddle, and a piece of twine served as reins.'

After describing a scene of a loving couple, both intoxicated, the Prince adds the following encouraging comparison, which may enable us to estimate, from the standard of Donnybrook, the state of refinement that reigns at the English fairs.

'My reverence for truth compels me to add, that not the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived. They were more like French people, though their gayety was mingled with more humor and genuine good nature; both of which are national traits of the Irish, and are always doubled by potheen, (the best sort of whisky illicitly distilled.)'

Now we will make any reasonable allowance for exaggeration, and repudiate altogether the comparison instituted to the disparagement of the English populace. Appealing only to the known character of the population in every part of Great Britain, and we will add, Europe, is it not a matter of necessity, that a fair, that is, a vast assemblage of people, of whom the majority come to amuse themselves, must necessarily be a scene of tumult, excess, riot, and vice, without any one assignable result, but that of impoverishing and brutalizing a large portion of those who attend it? The remark is universal, that even the blessed repose of the Lord's day is abused by large numbers of the operatives in England, to the purposes of criminal indulgence. It is a familiar observation, that the number of cases of Cholera was greater on Mondays and the days following holidays, than on any other days. It is not true that we have no fairs in America. In the sense intended by Mrs. Trollope, there are many festivals, which might bear that name. Our great military reviews; cattle shows; commencement days, and political festivals, come up precisely to that character; and it is notorious that, as far as the effect on the conduct and morals of young and inconsiderate persons goes, they are pernicious. They are invariably, out-doors, the occasion of gambling and drunkenness. Nor do we believe there was ever *a fair*, in any country, that was not.

Indeed we greatly doubt the practicability of applying the social principle, *on a large scale*, to amusement. Men in crowds, (we mean, of course, where all are to take a part, not a mute and admiring audience), can, in the way of amusement, do scarce any thing but lash each other on to excess. Lively conversation in a small circle is exhilarating. A great room full of people, all talking at once, is a senseless dreary Babel. Half a dozen friends around the festive board enjoy the social glass; but if two hundred and fifty meet together to feast, it is apt to degenerate into carousal and debauch. Domestic sports, checked by the decorum of the family circle, exhilarate those who join in them, old and young; but public out-door festivals are too often the devil's *levée:* man there lets out his half tiger, half monkey character; drinks, and as the necessary consequence, swears and fights; and homicide or murder generally ends the day.

But that Americans have not a taste for every thing that can be fairly called amusement, and do not indulge in it more than any other people on earth, is we believe a huge mistake. For the very reason, that where there are, in any given number of our inhabitants, more men who feel themselves somewhat at their ease, there is also a larger number who indulge themselves in the amusements adapted to their means and pursuits. Throughout the United States, there is, in town and country, summer and winter, a succession of social meetings of one kind or another. No people on earth are so locomotive; and unquestionably there are more vehicles kept wholly or used frequently for amusement and pleasure in this country, than in any other part of the world. We have no manner of doubt that on any given pleasant day, in the proper season of the year, there shall be twice as many persons in any part of the United States driving out for pleasure, or making excursions of pleasure in the steamboats, as in any population of equal size in the world. Is not this amusement? Is it absolutely necessary, in Mrs. Trollope's notion of amusement, that there should be a great mass of rioting, bullying, fighting ruffians, collected together, one third drunk, and the other two hastening to the same consummation? This was not Dr. Johnson's notion of amusement. The stern old moralist declared, that, leaving considerations of the other world out of view, the greatest pleasure man could enjoy, was to drive in a post chaise on a good road, with a pretty woman by his side; and we greatly mistake if there is any country on earth, where the Doctor would have found more abundant materials for his happiness. Then how shall we enumerate the fishing parties all along a coast of two thousand miles, or upon the innumerable lakes and ponds in the interior; visits to beautiful points of rocky scenery on the shore; inland excursions to favorite rural resorts; our innumerable academic and literary festivals, with their appropriate exhibitions; our meetings saltatory, cantatory, and colloquial; balls, assemblies, concerts, and oratorios; sleighing parties, skating parties, husking parties, horse-races, and barbacues; the sporting of all kinds, from his who follows the sheldrake through the morasses of Martha's Vineyard, or spears the salmon, by the light of a pine knot in the Penobscot, to his who pursues the wild wolf at full career, on horseback on the frozen Mississippi;—and lastly, those assemblies, which, mingling amusement with instruction, have multiplied so rapidly throughout our country, and are providing for both sexes, as we humbly conceive, a relaxation vastly more rational, than the most innocent of the amusements, exclusively such, which have hitherto been the great resource?

Before we quite leave this subject, we cannot but quote a passage or two from the Prince, to show what a mockery of amusement it is, which passes as such, in the most elegant circles in London. They furnish the best commentary on Mrs. Trollope's description of the society, which she saw in America; the rather as, *arbiter elegantiarum* as she is for us, they refer to a circle of society to which her golden dreams in this country, had they been realized to her heart's content, would not have procured her admission in her own.

'The first Almack's ball took place this evening, and, from all I had heard of this celebrated assembly, I was really curious to see it; but never were my expectations so disappointed. It was not much better than at Brighton. A large bare room, with a bare floor, and ropes around it, like the space in an Arab camp, parted off for horses; two or three small naked rooms at the sides, in which were served the most wretched refreshments, and a company into which, spite of the immense difficulty of getting tickets, a great many "nobodies" had wriggled; in which the dress was generally as tasteless as the *tournure* was bad—this was all. In a word, a sort of inn-entertainment;—the music and the lighting the only good thing; and yet Almack's is the culminating point of the English world of fashion.

'This overstrained simplicity had, however, originally a motive. People of real fashion wished to oppose something extremely cheap to the monstrous *faste* of the rich *parvenus;* while the institution of lady patronesses, without whose approbation no one could be admitted, would render it inaccessible to them. Money and bad company, (in the aristocratical sense of the word) have, however, forced their way; and the only characteristic which has been retained is, the unseemly place, which is not unlike the *locale* of a shooting ball, in our large towns, and forms a most ludicrous contrast with the general splendor and luxury of England.'

It may not be amiss to couple with this glance at the interior, the following sketch of the agreeable circumstances of approach to this envied elysium of fashion.

'All sorts of equipages fare worse here than any where. At last night's Almack's, there was such a *bagarre* among them, that several ladies were obliged to wait for hours, before the chaos was reduced to any kind of order. The coachmen, on these occasions, behave like madmen, trying to force their way; and the English police does not trouble itself much about such matters. As soon as these heroic chariot-drivers espy the least opening, they whip their horses in, as if horses and carriage were an iron wedge; and the preservation of either seems totally disregarded. In this manner, one of lady Sligo's horses had its two hind legs entangled in such a manner, in the forewheel of a carriage, that it was quite impossible to release them, and one turn of the wheel would infallibly have broken both. Notwithstanding this, the other coachman could hardly be prevailed upon to stand still. When the crowd dispersed a little, they were forced to take out both horses; and even then it was with some difficulty they extricated the entangled one. All this time the poor animal roared like the lions in Exeter Change. At the same time, a cabriolet was crushed to pieces, and *en revanche* drove both its shafts through the window of the coach, from which the screams of several female voices proved, that it was already full. Many other carriages were damaged.'

The following description of a party at the present king's, shall finish this topic.

'I drove to a party at the duke of Clarence's, where there was this time such a genuine English squeeze, that I and several others could by no means get in; and went away after waiting half an hour *re infectâ*, to console ourselves at another ball. The mass, in the first room, was so jammed together, that several men put on their hats, that they might have their arms more at liberty, *for active service*. Ladies covered with jewels were regularly "milled," and fell or rather stood fainting: cries, groans, curses, and sighs were the only sounds to be heard. Some only laughed, and inhuman as it was, I must accuse myself of having been among these latter; for really it was too droll to hear this called *society*. To say truth, I never saw anything equal to it before.'

These passages will enable us to understand Mrs. Trollope, when she lectures us in the following terms.

'I have read much of "the few and simple wants of rational man," and I used to give a sort of dreamy acquiescence to the reasoning, which went to prove each added want a wo. Those who reason in a *comfortable* London drawing-room, [Qu. Where ladies covered with jewels are regularly "milled?"] know little about the matter. Were the aliments which sustain life all that we wanted, the faculties of the hog [polite,] might suffice us. But if we analyze an hour of enjoyment, we shall find that it is made up of agreeable sensations, occasioned by a thousand delicate impressions on almost as many nerves. When these nerves are sluggish from never having been awakened, external objects are less important, from never having been perceived. But when the whole machine of the human frame is in full activity, [as it was at the duke of Clarence's, where the nobility and gentry put on their hats, that they might have their arms more at liberty for active service, in "milling" the ladies,] where every sense brings home to consciousness its touch of pleasure or pain, there every object that meets the senses is important, as a vehicle of happiness or misery. But let no frames so tempered visit the United States; or if they do, let it be with no longer pausing than will store the memory with images, which, by the force of contrast, shall sweeten the future,

"Guarda e passa (e poi) ragiam di lor."'

And further on, in the same strain of philosophical and lucid disquisition:

'Captain Hall, when asked what appeared to him to constitute the greatest difference between England and America, replied, like a gallant sailor, "loyalty." Were the same question put to me, I should answer "the want of *refinement!*"'

This is capital. We make no comment on it ourselves, but refer the reader to the extract made at the beginning of our article from the German Prince's account of English refinement. At present, we have game still smaller in view.

In her chapter on American literature Mrs. Trollope, among other complimentary remarks, observes that,

'What the Americans class as modern literature, seems to include little beyond the English publications of the day. To speak of Chaucer or even Spenser as a modern, appears to them inexpressibly ridiculous; and all the rich and varied eloquence of Italy from Dante to Monti is about as much known to them, as the Welsh effusions of Urien and Modred are to us.'

Pro-di-gi-ous! But Mrs. Trollope knows all about this rich and varied eloquence, and our brother of the London Quarterly knows all about it too. Mrs. Trollope even favors us with a taste of her knowledge in the citation of a line of Dante.

Guarda e passa (e poi) ragiam di lor,

and our colleague, the London Quarterly Reviewer, quoting the paragraph, repeats verbatim this exquisite

Guarda e passa (e poi) ragiam di lor,

retaining even the blunder of the absurd parenthesis, which, if inserted at all, and there were any glimmer of meaning in the minds of these amiable censors, should have been confined to the word *poi*. But we should like to have Mrs. Trollope, who rates us poor Yankees for not knowing Dante, parse *ragiam*.

Guarda e *parsa* ragiam; that is, *let her look at 'ragiam' and parse it*, if she can. We had been used in our backwoods copy of Dante, to reading

> Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda, e passa.

Mrs. Trollope has treated the poor verse, as she does the Cincinnati gentlemen,—put 'the rear' foremost; but instead of giving us 'the entire rear' in this case, as she did in that, she has most arbitrarily *cur-tailed* it of a whole syllable;—justly denominating the *Kauderwälsch*, (there's modern literature for you; qu. Cauda-wälsch?) which she has fabricated in its stead, Dante's *varied* eloquence. Her success is so signal in this line, that we invite her to give us the whole Divina Commedia *with variations*. It might however be expedient, if, in the second edition of her 'Domestic Manners,' she retains the charge upon the Americans of ignorance of Dante in particular and the Italian literature in general, that she should 'vary' the passages she cites in such a way, as not to show that she is herself wholly ignorant of the grammar and prosody of the Italian language.

We had noted, in reading her book, a great number of passages for comment; but we believe enough has been said to give our readers an idea of its spirit. Some of Mrs. Trollope's strictures are well merited; and would perhaps have done good, and entitled her to our gratitude, had they carried with them the appearance of being well meant. The great defect of the work is, that it is throughout conceived in bitterness and ill-nature, evidently indicative of personal disappointment. We see in almost every page a soured and discouraged woman. Hence what is truly said is ungraciously said; much is said on hearsay, which is not true; much is caricatured and exaggerated. She speaks, for instance, of the want of amusements 'from one end of the Union to the other.' What could she know of that which abounded or was wanting from one end of the Union to another? She passed three days in Louisiana, made a flying visit in Tennessee, (the unsettled part of it,) passed perhaps a day or two in Kentucky at Louisville, a couple of years in Ohio, passed, in a stage coach, through a small part of Virginia and Maryland, resided a short time near the Potomac, travelled northeasterly through Baltimore and Philadelphia to New York, and made a visit to Niagara. It does not appear, that she set foot either in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, (except to drive thirty miles across it,) Delaware, (with the same exception,) Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Arkansaw or Florida; and yet she affects to make observations 'from one end of the Union to the other.' There are, at least, four pretty strongly discriminated sections of the Union, New England, the Middle States, the Southern States, and the North Western. The latter is the only one which Mrs. Trollope can make any pretensions to have observed; and from the very peculiarity of that section, as the newest settled portion of the country, or rather that, in which the process of settlement is going on most rapidly, it is that which could with least justice be taken as a sample of the whole. At best, the personal experience of single travellers, (with the exception of the impartial and gifted few, who are capable of philosophical generalization,) furnish about as good a specimen of a country, as the single brick which was carried about by the simpleton afforded of the house. But if any person will be at the trouble to look at the map of the United States, and compare the extent of those parts of it which this lady traveller did visit, with those she did not, he will perceive at a glance, how limited were her opportunities of observation.

Thus, for instance, New England, which she did not enter. Not only does she make divers general remarks, throughout her book, which of necessity apply to this, as well as to every other portion of the United States, but she undertakes expressly to characterize the people of that part of the country, which she does in the following terms.

> 'I know not a more striking evidence of the low tone of morality, which is generated by this universal pursuit of money, than the manner in which the New England States are described by Americans. All agree in saying, that they present a spectacle of industry and prosperity delightful to behold; and this is the district and the population most constantly quoted, as the finest specimen of their admirable country. Yet I never met a single individual in any part of the Union, who did not paint these New Englanders as sly, grinding, selfish, and tricking. The Yankees (as the New Englanders are called) will avow these qualities themselves with a complacent smile, and boast that no people on

the earth can match them at over-reaching in a bargain. I have heard them unblushingly relate stories of their crimes and frauds which, if believed among us, would banish the tellers from the fellowship of honest men forever; and all this is uttered with a simplicity which sometimes led me to doubt if the speakers knew what honor and honesty meant.'

Mrs. Trollope, never having been in New England, could of course have derived the foregoing facts only from the New Englanders, whom she encountered in other parts of the country. Consequently she had vastly less opportunity to judge of the New England character for probity, than half the population of Liverpool, who are in regular commercial intercourse with the traders of that part of America. We are greatly mistaken, if the merchants of Boston and Salem are in worse odor at Liverpool, than those either of any other part of America, or any other part of the world. And yet who that should hear a Liverpool merchant, on the strength of a couple of years' experience in the American trade, in which he should have fallen in with dishonest people, undertaking to deny the New Englanders as a people any sense of honor and honesty, would not set him down for an uncandid censor, who had allowed some private resentment, at an individual fraud, to prejudice him against a whole people?

There is an air of bitter caricature in the passage we have just quoted, as broad and extravagant (without the excuse of pleasantry) as that of many others of Mrs. Trollope's sketches; and it is therefore idle of course to attempt to sift the kernel of truth and justice out of the bushel of ill-natured chaff in which it lies hid. We can perceive the temper in which her remark is made, from her converting into a serious opinion, to the prejudice of the mass of New Englanders, the sarcasms bestowed in other parts of the Union, on the land of wooden nutmegs and tin pedlers. And the more immediate provocation of it all may possibly have been, that Mrs. Trollope was over-reached in some bargain, relative to the building of her bazaar, by an itinerant Yankee mechanic.

To show Mrs. Trollope and those who pin their faith on her sleeve, how easy it is to form judgments of this kind, and on premises how slender opinions the most injurious can be built, we resort again to the German Prince. In travelling in Ireland, he says the following incident occurred to him.

"Scarcely had I seated myself at table (at Avoca,) when I was told that some one wished to speak to me. A young man, whom I had never seen, was shown in, and presented to me a pocket-book, which, to my no small astonishment, I recognised as my own, containing, besides other important papers which I always carry about me, all the money I had taken for my journey. I had, Lord knows how, dropped it out of my breast-pocket in the summer-house; and had therefore no small reason to congratulate myself on so honorable and obliging a finder. In England, I should hardly have had the good fortune of seeing my pocket-book again, even if a gentleman had found it; he would probably have let it lie in peace,—or kept it."

In the passage cited at the beginning of this article, our readers recollect that there is an insinuation that English gentlemen habitually cheat at cards.

As for the *peculiar opportunities* of seeing American manners, for which the London Quarterly Reviewer very disingenuously gives her credit, we cannot discover that she had any opportunities at all. We can perceive no proof throughout her work, that she obtained any foothold in society. Very probably she did not condescend to seek it; but with the exception of one American family in Cincinnati, one in the city of New York, and one on the North River, in which she passed a day,—and of all of which she speaks in complimentary terms,—her observations on society appear to have been confined to what she saw in stage-coaches, steam-boats, and taverns. What insight this would give her into domestic manners need not be said.

We had proceeded thus far in our article, when the hundred and tenth number of the Edinburgh Review fell into our hands, and we are half tempted to suppress what we have written. The Reviewer of Mrs. Trollope has there done her and his country justice, and has furnished an effectual antidote to the venom of many of the pages in the work which bears her name. There is, however, one matter of some interest, in this controversy, which, judicious as he is, he has as we think misconceived. We refer to the excessive irritability, which he ascribes to the Americans, on the subject of abuse by foreign tourists, and their imputed soreness under the ridicule of their ridiculous peculiarities. Now, we have been close observers of this business for at least fifteen years, and our pages have frequently been the vehicles, in which the feelings excited among us by the abuse of foreign tourists, have been expressed. We aver, upon our consciences, that we do not remember an occasion, on which a good-natured joke, from any quarter, on any part of America, has been taken amiss. By whom has Mr. Irving's Knickerbocker, two entire volumes of satire on the Dutch of New-York, been more keenly relished, than by his countrymen; and where is Mr. Hacket more warmly greeted than at Boston? But we go farther than this. Not only has no offence, that we know of, been taken at well meant pleasantry; but that which was not well meant,—the ribaldry, the exaggerations, the falsehoods of the score of tourists in this country, who have published their journals, seasoned to the taste for detraction prevailing in England, and in order to find reimbursement in the sale for the expense of the tour,—we say the abuse of this race of travellers has never, that we recollect, in itself, moved the ire of the Public Press in this country. Not one of these travellers has been noticed, till his libels had been endorsed by the Quarterly, and we are grieved to add, sometimes by the Edinburgh Review, or by some other responsible English authority. Then, when the leading journals in Europe had done their best to authenticate the slander, we have thought it sometimes deserving refutation. After the lowest libeller had procured the editors of the most respectable journals to bear his challenge, it was out of our power to plead that he was no gentleman. We must ask leave to repeat what we said on this topic, some eleven years ago, in an article, of which the substantial justice was admitted by the amiable and liberal gentleman, with whom we fell, for a moment, into editorial collision, Mr. Thomas Campbell, then the editor of the New Monthly Magazine. A correspondent of that journal had alluded to this imputed American sensitiveness. We replied to him in the following manner;

'The author of this essay would persuade us, that the abuse on the part of England, of which the Americans complain, is only a little harmless pleasantry. "Did they never (says he) pass by one of our caricature shops, where kings and queens, ministers and oppositionists, judges and bishops, and every man, woman, and child, who has had the good fortune to be of sufficient celebrity for the purpose, are regularly gibbeted for the entertainment of the people, who consider one of their most glorious privileges to be that of laughing at their superiors?" Here we are almost afraid to expose ourselves to ridicule, in making a reply. We are afraid that our brethren of the English nation,—known in either hemisphere for their diffidence,—are making game of us vain Americans. It cannot be with any other design, than that of extorting amusement from our credulous self-conceit, that we are bid to put the Edinburgh Review and the Quarterly Review, and Lord Grey and Mr. Canning on a level with the makers and venders of caricatures; and honest brother Jonathan on the height of kings and queens, and judges and bishops; and told that amidst all the changes rung upon us

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

we must remember it is only a rude boisterous populace laughing at their superiors.'

The Edinburgh Reviewer of Mrs. Trollope puts rather a different face on the matter, but one which comes substantially to the same thing. He says,

'These things (the provocations of the English press) must not be taken so seriously at heart. While the license of remark on his comings in and goings out are confined within the proper limits of pleasantry and good feeling, should our run-away child pet and sulk upon it, we shall always be ready to join in chiding the childishness of such behavior. He is too big a fellow now, and ought to be too much of a man to mind such trifles. A provincial soreness of this kind is unworthy of his present greatness.'

Did the really candid author of the article from which this is quoted, ever see in any American publication, or hear from any American, any thing that savored of incapacity to take a joke? And has the remark just quoted the least pertinence, in reference to a work like Mrs. Trollope's, which, so far from being within the limits of 'pleasantry and good feeling,' is in his own words 'spiteful, ill considered, and mischief making?' —Again, is it in the way of pleasantry and good feeling, that the Quarterly Review gives the *accolade* to this fair fellow-laborer in the field of American detraction; blesses his stars for the very title of the book; rejoices that the subject it pretends to treat has fallen into the hands of an English lady 'of sense and acuteness, of very considerable power of expression, and unusually favorable opportunities,' and declares that he has read it with interest and instruction? Is it in the way of pleasantry and good feeling that he proceeds, after eight or ten pages of remarks on the points of difference between America and England, (the accuracy of which may be estimated by his saying, that in fully four-fifths of the settled portion of the United States the laboring population consists of slaves, and that every mortal in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, who can afford it, travels into Canada or the northern corners of the Union, every summer, for fear of the yellow fever,) to quote its most offensive parts? Is it in 'pleasantry and good feeling,' that he pursues this course with her, instead of flying at her throat, as he did at her companion's, Miss Wright, who published a favorable account of America, and as he does at the German Prince, for his abuse of England?

The Edinburgh Reviewer admits, that the English were restless under the discipline of the German Prince; and Mr. Ouseley, as we have already seen, tells us that 'the late publication of the tour of Prince Pückler Muscau is a *fulsome éloge* of English usages, compared with Mrs. Trollope's account of American manners.'—The Quarterly Reviewer is 'interested' (gentle soul) and instructed and delighted at Mrs. Trollope, but he treats Prince Pückler Muscau, (a nobleman of high rank, connected by marriage, it would seem, with the queen of England, an invited guest at the private dinners of the king, before whose titles and orders all doors flew open,) as an impostor, beggar, and liar; although he knew him well to be what he purported to be, and although an authority not to be gainsaid had vouched for his literary respectability in his own country. Did it never occur to him that if a prince of no mean literary attainments,—an officer covered with the orders of half the courts of the continent, and who had penetrated to the very *adyta* of English society,—could so misconceive and misrepresent, (and yet with such plausibility of execution and such credit for good faith at home, as to receive the warm compliments of Goethe, on his talent for observation and description,) it was barely possible that this lady, without one of the prince's qualifications or opportunities, and confessedly returning from an unfortunate pecuniary speculation, might also see things with a jaundiced eye?

The truth is, there is no good feeling or pleasantry in this business, on the part of those whose opinions alone are of any consequence,—the 'detractors' who sanction these calumnies; a race so numerous and well ascertained, that our colleague of the Edinburgh, in administering to them the wholesome discipline of his lash, is obliged to coin a word to designate them.

Were they possessed by nothing worse than an uncharitable spirit toward us, it would be less offensive; but we are vilified, that the cause of free political institutions at large may be discredited. Would it be believed that any honest man in England, who pretended to any reading about foreign countries, would talk of 'the wild, unintelligible and incoherent administration of justice, in America? But the secret comes out at the end of the article. The object is to make converts to a certain political school in England, which, being run down in the doctrines and practices of its pupils at home, is to be recruited, by vilifying the believers of an opposite creed in America.

> 'It is a remarkable fact that almost every English liberal, accustomed to the social habits of the upper classes in this country, who has recently travelled in the United States, appears to have come back a convert to the old-fashioned doctrines of toryism. Captain Hall went out with his head quite exalted, as to the ineffable advantages of republican institutions,—an ultra whig in church and state. We all know the result of his experiences.'

We believe captain Hall, who declares a feeling of loyalty to the person of the sovereign, independent of respect for his office, to be the characteristic of a true Englishman, will not thank this Reviewer for setting him down, at any period of his life, as an ultra whig in state or in church; and inasmuch as the change was wrought in him by the forty-fifth day after his arrival, (as was proved in our article on his book) he may be thought to have travelled over more ground in the field of church and state, in less time than becomes a philosopher. From ultra whiggism to old-fashioned toryism, strikes our yankee imagination as a pretty considerable of a stretch;—and one we should not covet the credit of making in six weeks, and that too in virtue of a journey through New York to Upper Canada.

The Quarterly Reviewer is at infinite pains, by extracts aptly culled and italics discreetly interposed, to give all possible effect to the lesson inculcated by Mrs. Trollope, that the political equality of the Americans tends to coarseness of manners, the discomfort and barbarity of private life, and the depravity of morals;—and this, as we have said, by way of producing effect at home. It is an ill chosen period for a language and a doctrine like this. Those who hold it would be much more wisely employed, in propagating a very different theory, and nourishing a very different feeling. The liberal writer in the Edinburgh Review has said enough on one point, upon which, in this connexion, we should otherwise have dilated,—the effect of this literary warfare on the political relations of the two countries. We assent entirely to the remark of Mr. Hodgson, that the war of 1812 might have been prevented, by a reasonable manifestation, on the part of the English government, of kind feelings towards this country. Mr. Canning's sneers did more than the orders in council to provoke the war. Of this we say nothing, and pray only that no man or body of men may be able to provoke another. But the time is singularly ill chosen for England herself to rail at political equality, and to insist that republicanism and barbarity are convertible terms. An Englishman, looking a little forward, we should apprehend, would do better to begin to inquire, if there be no precious jewel in the head of this ugly and venomous toad. It is not for those who are passing through the very crisis of a revolution, who have seen the aristocracy of the kingdom shaken to its centre, to be over caustic upon our frequent political changes, (what are they?*) or upon the effect of a popular system on the manners and morals of a country. The reform bill is passed. If the tithe is true which was said of it by the statesmen of the Quarterly and by the party of which it was the organ; if it is the ruin of the aristocracy of the realm; if it threatens the crown and the church,—and opens the doors of the government to the people, (and we most firmly believe that it does all this,) it would then become our 'detractors' to set *their* house in order, and to see if no way can be contrived, by which manners, and arts, and letters, and morals can be kept alive under a popular government. To this complexion they must come at last. If what is said of America is true, the doom of England is sealed;—and Mrs. Trollope has but shadowed out, with Sibylline foresight, the domestic manners, not of the Americans, but of the English. The monarchcal form of the executive government will very possibly survive; but when that battering-ram, which levelled old Sarum, shall beat upon the House of Lords and the church, how long will they stand? Nobody hated old Sarum; nobody envied old Sarum; nobody paid tithes to old Sarum:—it was a lifeless, soulless, metaphysical thing:—a mere innocent franchise. But it has been assaulted, and it has fallen. Is the permanence of those institutions to be trusted, which daily wound the self-love, mortify the pride, burden the consciences, and, more than all, empty the purses of the people?

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* A year ago the Quarterly Review spoke of the want in the British Constitution of 'that powerful conservative principle, so wisely embodied in the original frame of the American Constitution.' In the review of Mrs. Trollope, we are accused of constantly changing our institutions.

But we rejoice to have it in our power to assure the friends of liberty in England, that they have nothing to fear for the charities and ornaments of life, in the progress of reform. Improvement was never in any country or age more active,—more visibly diffusing itself, than in the United States at this time. Schools of all kinds are multiplying, sound learning in all its branches is more and more cultivated, the polite arts are in a state of creditable progress, and all these good influences are producing their natural good effects. Our political institutions, mutable as they are represented, have yet undergone no change; property is as secure as in any country on earth,—industry is amply rewarded,—and the chief social evils of Europe are wholly unknown. It is frequently said, that these blessings are not to be ascribed exclusively to our republican institutions. Be it so. Neither are those institutions the cause of the imperfections and evils, which travellers complain of in this country. Would a different form of government change the essential conditions, under which a new country must be settled? Is there any magic in monarchy, for instance, that could establish in the wood-yards on the Mississippi, five hundred miles in advance of compact settlements, a different kind of population from that which is found there?

In conclusion then, we recommend to all persons in England, who have been 'un-whigged' by reading books like that before us, to get whigged again, as soon as possible. They will be greatly out of fashion even in their own country, with their newly imbibed 'old-fashioned toryism.' Of all the unlucky periods to forswear liberal opinions, this is about the most unlucky that could be hit upon. It is like the man of tardy apprehension in the stage coach, who could not catch a joke, till the conversation had taken a turn and a case of murder was under discussion, and who then interrupted the lugubrious exclamations of the company, by his unseasonable laugh at the jest which every body else had forgotten. Old-fashioned toryism was, in the day of it, excellent sport; that is, for those who did not pay the piper. But it has gone by; the jest has evaporated. An awful seriousness has come on. We are getting too earnest for the old-fashioned 'mummery;' and Europe, if we mistake not, will before long look over to our American gravity, as a mighty cheerful, encouraging, desirable frame of mind.

Art. II.—*Caillié's Travels in Africa.*

Journal d'un Voyage à Temboctou et à Jenné dans l'Afrique Centrale, pendant les années, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828: *Par* René Caillié. Paris, 1830.

This work has not been republished among us; and that circumstance, together with the air of imposition which some foreign critical authorities have elaborately endeavored to throw upon it, is sufficient to explain the comparatively little attention which it has hitherto excited in this country. Its unpopularity, or rather its want of notoriety, appears to us quite undeserved. We consider it not only the production of an extraordinary man in his way,—a traveller more illiterate and simple, indeed, than even Richard Lander, but yet of an energy and perseverance unsurpassed in modern times,—but also as the *bona fide* relation of the only Christian who, for centuries, has penetrated the African Continent as far as Timbuctoo, and lived and returned to make an intelligible and credible report of his visit.

As for the narrative of our most worthy countryman Rose, *alias* 'Adams,'—who, excepting the author of the three volumes before us, and the Englishman, Laing, who reached Timbuctoo in 1826, is the only person recently allowed the credit of having seen that celebrated place,—we may properly take the present occasion to observe that a doubt no longer exists in any quarter respecting the real character of *his* fabrication. More than fifteen years since, an opinion was expressed to that effect by this Journal,* and the numerous considerations which led to it at the same time distinctly declared. Our protest might then be considered somewhat hazardous.

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* Volume V. No. XIII. Art. 9.

'The story,' as the learned Editor of the first London edition calls it, 'had come to the knowledge of the Right Honorable the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Major General Sir Willoughby Gordon, the Right Honorable Sir Joseph Banks, other members of the government,' &c. ; and these distinguished *savans*, after a patient investigation, hesitated not to accredit the traveller to the full extent of his demands. Subsequently, the reputation of the narrative was confirmed by the first scientific periodical authorities of England, and it is but two years, indeed, since the Quarterly, uniformly the most watchful guardian of the fame of this motley concoction, has thought proper to speak of it in the terms of contempt which it clearly deserves. But of this hereafter;—let us meanwhile know something of the work before us, and something of its author.

René Caillié is by four years the senior of Richard Lander, being now thirty-two years of age. His native place was Mauzé, in the department of the Deux-Sèvres. Like his English contemporary, his parents were in humble circumstances, and he lost them both during infancy. He was taught writing and reading at a charity school, and then put to learn a trade. With this he admits he was soon disgusted, 'thanks to the reading of travels, which occupied all his spare moments.' Robinson Crusoe, which has turned so many young heads before René's, completed the passion for adventure already kindling in his bosom. He borrowed geographies and charts, and at length cast his eyes over a map of Africa. He saw the word *unknown* upon it in some places. and vast *deserts* marked out in others. From this moment, he thought of nothing else. His games and sports were forgotten, and he passed all his Sundays, and his nights, in poring over books of travels, and panting for some discovery and glory of his own. At length he persuaded his uncle to permit him to go to sea. He left Mauzé with a leaner purse than that of the traveller of Santillaña himself, made his way to Rochefort, and went on board *La Loire*, tender to the unfortunate *Méduse*. Fortunately for Caillié, the two vessels did not continue their voyage together, and he reached the French settlements at Cape Verd. In this vicinity he passed some months, and then went to St. Louis, but hearing there of Major Gray's proposed expedition, travelled back toward the Gambia. He started on foot, in company with two stout guides whom he could not keep up with without running,—a large part of the way over burning sands; and the fatigue, famine and thirst which he endured before reaching Goree, proved sufficient, with the advice of some friends at that place, to dissuade him from his project of joining Major Gray. He now took passage to Guadaloupe, but still was restless. He read Mungo Park's Travels, returned to France, and before the end of 1818 found himself again at St. Louis. Here he met one of Gray's men, who had left the expedition to procure certain goods for its use. He offered him his services, joined his caravan, left the coast for the interior in February, 1819, and soon entered the country of the Jaloffs and the pastoral Foulahs.

At one of the beautiful villages of the latter, which Caillié calls a 'paradise,' the caravan having encamped at some distance on the plains, a Foulah came out and importuned our traveller for a *grigri* or charm. Caillié wrote one, and received a drink of milk for his fee. But, he adds,—'I was nevertheless his dupe; for he had scarcely left me, when I ascertained *that he had robbed me of a black silk cravat.*'

The troubles which Major Gray met with at the hands of the Sheik of Bondou were such as to occasion the remark of Caillié, that 'in Africa it is easier to take a place by thirst than by famine.' The expedition mustered over sixty men, and yet were completely in the power of the natives. In Fouta-Toro, water was sold them at more than a dollar a bottle,—in one instance at ten francs. When, some time after this, Mr. Gray was detained a prisoner by a party of Foulahs, M. Partarrieu, Caillié's patron, took command of the caravan. At Adjar, between one and two days' journey from Bakel, that gentleman finding himself about to be stopped by the village-chief, hit upon the following expedient. He gave the man to understand, with an air of mysterious importance, that not having animals enough to carry all his baggage, he wished to leave a valuable part of it in *his* care. The proposal being eagerly accepted, the Frenchman had a number of his travelling boxes filled with *stones*, carefully fastened, and deposited with the chief for safe keeping. He then raised his tents, and marched off, in the darkness of night, leaving his fires burning, and having already guarded against the suspicion which might arise from the cries of the camels at starting, by drilling them beforehand to make the same noise at various hours of day and night. The description of the flight which ensued, until the party arrived at the banks of the Senegal, is one of the most picturesque to be met with even in the African books of travels. They had scarcely crossed it, when crowds of their Adjar friends were seen on the other shore, armed to the teeth, and furious with the deception practised upon the chief; but they dared not enter the stream. At Bakel, Caillié was taken ill with the fever of the season, and obliged to descend the river to St. Louis, whence he returned once more to France.

Still undiscouraged, in 1824 he went back again to the Senegal. He applied to the Governor of the French colony there, for permission to explore the interior under French auspices; but that gentleman regarded the project as visionary, and would go no farther than to furnish him with goods to enable him to pass some time among the Bracknas, a native Mahometan tribe, for the purpose of learning Arabic in the guise of a Moslem. Both the knowledge and the stratagem proved of critical service to him on subsequent occasions; and even during his stay with the Bracknas, several amusing instances occurred to illustrate the benefit of his new religion. At one time, while he was still a little suspected of Christianity, he was near starving. He cried out lustily for something to eat, and a neighbor, who heard him, ran and informed the king. The latter had him introduced to his presence for the second time, and having listened to the recitation of a prayer or two, graciously ordered one of his slaves to milk a cow for the poor pilgrim on the spot. The following singular account is given of the females of this region:

'Beauty among the female Moors consists in extreme *embonpoint:* the young girls are forced to drink milk to excess: they who are somewhat grown up voluntarily drink an enormous quantity of it, but the children are compelled to do so by their parents, and frequently by a slave, whose duty is to make them swallow their allowance. This slave avails herself of the brief authority allowed her over these weak creatures to revenge herself with a sort of cruelty for the tyranny of her masters. I have seen these unhappy little girls cry, roll themselves on the ground, even eject from their stomachs the milk they had just taken; neither their cries nor their sufferings stopped the cruel slave, who beat them, pinched them till the blood came, and tormented them in a thousand ways to oblige them to swallow the quantity of milk she thought proper to give them. If their diet were more substantial, such a system might have the most injurious effects, but far from impairing the health of the children, they become sensibly stronger and fatter. At the age of twelve years they are of an enormous bulk, but at twenty or twenty-two they lose much of their *embonpoint*, and I did not see one woman of that age remarkably corpulent. The women of the greatest size are considered the most beautiful. The Moors are attached neither by personal nor mental charms; on the contrary, what we esteem a capital defect is regarded by them in an opposite light: they like their women to have the two incisor teeth of their upper jaw projecting beyond the mouth; hence intriguing mothers employ all possible means to force the teeth of their daughters to take this direction.'—Vol. I. p. 100.

But Caillié could not content himself to stay long among these people; and his applications tohis countrymen for means to enable him to travel to Timbuctoo still failing of success, he visited the English colony at Sierra Leone. An appointment worth some fifty francs a month, given him by Governor Campbell, was sufficient at the end of a year or two, to procure him the stores most indispensable to his purpose; and so, having made the acquaintance of some Mandingo and Saracolet travelling merchants, he at length left the colony for the Rio Nuñez on the 22d of March, 1827. On the 19th of the next month, he left Kakondy for the interior. At Courouassa, a village of no great size, he first came up with and crossed the Niger, slowly flowing east-north-east for some miles, and then east, with a breadth of about a quarter of a mile, and a depth of eight or nine feet.

At Timé, where the first of our traveller's volumes leaves him, he was detained several months by an attack of the scurvy,—protected by his disguise, but rather annoyed and ridiculed on the score of his ignorance of customs and the awkwardness of his imitations. He left that place on the 9th of January, 1828, and on the 10th of March arrived at Jenné,* a large commercial city on the banks of the Niger, which he here found running to the north-east. The circumference of Jenné is said to be two and a half miles; the walls, badly built of earth, ten feet high and fifteen inches thick; the population eight or ten thousand; the houses mostly of one story, made of sun-dried bricks, with terraced roofs, and court-yards adjoining. English goods are found in the shops, in considerable quantities. Caillié was once served after dinner with tea in a set of small porcelain; and, what he seems to value still more as a sign of growing civilization,—'I say with pleasure, that in this country *a pocket handkerchief might be carried without exciting ridicule:* along the whole route I had traversed, it would have been dangerous to use it!'

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* The JINNIE of Mr. Jackson, and apparently the GHINEA of Leo. Our author adopts the orthography of Park.

The intercourse between Jenné and Timbuctoo is carried on by vessels made of planks, of fifteen or more tons burthen, and navigated by about as many sailors. On the 20th of April he reached this celebrated city, so long the object of his search,—his description of which will be presently noticed. He left it on the 4th of May, having joined a caravan bound for Northern Africa by the way of the desert of Sahara. Without detailing his sufferings, adventures or observations upon this long and most laborious and hazardous journey, we shall for the present content ourselves with bringing him safely to Fez, which he reached on the 12th of August. He was of course not very slow in finding his way to his native country. Not long afterwards, he was examined by the Geographical Society of the metropolis, honored with their annual premium, (the two immediate predecessors of which had been awarded to the Englishmen Laing and Franklin,) and upon their recommendation subsequently presented with the Royal Cross of the Legion of Honor.

As might be expected from an intelligent, honest and enthusiastic traveller, like the one whose career we have thus cursorily described, there is a great deal of most amusing and curious matter to be found in the Journal; and not the less so that a considerable part of the territory which he passed over has never before been traversed,—certainly never before reported upon,—by any European. Caillié is indeed a man of more sense than science; but his consequent simplicity of observation is one of the pleasantest recommendations of his work, and we may add,—so far at least as the strictly personal narrative is concerned,—not the least valuable. He suppresses little or nothing which he sees or hears, *coûte qui coûte*, as to his own dignity,—and no hankering for tawdry ornaments of style ever disturbs his recollection or his relation of the truth. The reader will smile occasionally at his expense, but never distrust his fidelity, and never be displeased with his frankness.

Passing over all the anecdote and adventure of the first volume and half the second, we shall confine our attention chiefly to the information given us respecting the celebrated City of the Desert, towards which the curiosity of all Christendom has so long been directed in vain. This part of Caillié's work is the more worthy of a careful notice, inasmuch as particular attempts have been made in this quarter to undermine the authenticity of his whole narrative.

It may be proper to introduce his statements with a sketch of the accounts of the city which have heretofore been relied on as authentic.

Considerable interest was felt in certain sections of the civilized world respecting Timbuctoo, for a long time previous to the publication of any definite information, whereby that interest might be gratified; nor was it before the commencement of the sixteenth century, that the deficiency could be said in any degree to be supplied. At this period, a work on Africa was written by a Spaniard, named Leo, who has generally received the addition of Africanus. He travelled in various parts of Africa, and resided for some time at Timbuctoo. It was then, according to his description, a place of great commercial importance, and the capital of a flourishing and powerful kingdom, the king himself living there in a style of extraordinary magnificence. The royal palace, and a splendid mosque, the principal architectural ornaments of the city, are described as built of stone by a Spanish workman. Leo states that an extensive trade was carried on, by wealthy merchants residing in the city and elsewhere, to Northern Africa by means of caravans, and to many other sections of the continent through the port of Kabra [Cabra.]

Half a century after this publication, Marmol, also a Spaniard, was taken captive near the coast and carried into the interior of Africa. He gives incidental and indefinite notices of Timbuctoo, but nothing which added much to either its geography or history as known to the Europeans. He was told, among other things which bear an air of great exaggeration,—though his *honesty* is not generally questioned,—that the king of the city, which he calls Tombut, went to battle on one occasion at the head of several hundred thousand warriors.

Such, with the exception of some similar accounts gathered by the French settlers on the Senegal from Mandingo merchants, was the amount of the knowledge of this celebrated emporium which reached the learned men of Christendom during the last three centuries. The most important addition made to this knowledge in modern times is derived from a work on Morocco, Suse and Timbuctoo by Mr. Jackson, an intelligent Englishman, who resided in the Barbary States some fifteen years, and whose descriptions, though to a considerable extent founded on reports of travelling merchants, have been commonly cited as quite faithful and correct. We shall probably have occasion to refer to all these works hereafter. But it is time to return to Caillié. The traveller's first impressions, on coming in sight of the city, we shall give in his own language. He says he was at first transported with inexpressible delight, but,

> 'Recovered from my enthusiasm, I found that the spectacle before me did not come up to my expectations; I had formed an entirely different conception of the size and splendor of the place. It shows, to the first glance of the approaching traveller, nothing but a medley of ill-constructed houses of earth, with boundless environs of moving sand, of a color between yellow and white, and of exceeding dryness. The sky, at the horizon, is of a pale red; every thing in nature is gloomy; silence reigns supreme; not the voice of a single bird breaks it for a moment. Yet is there something indescribably imposing in the sight of a great city thus erected in the heart of the desert, nor can we help admiring the enterprise of its founders.'—Vol. II. p. 301.

We will not stay to remark at length in this place upon the extravagant notions which have been cherished of the magnificence of the city thus unceremoniously reduced to its true proportions; nor upon the tendency which the very honesty of Caillié has had to bring him into ill favor with those fond supporters of the ancient theory that even to this time prefer the authority of the Arab writer 'of unassailed veracity,' who calls it 'the largest city which God ever created.' Caillié says,—upon going out to reconnoitre, the morning after his arrival,—

> 'I found it neither so large nor so populous as I expected. Its commerce is much less considerable than has been believed; nor is there to be seen there, as at Jenné, an immense concourse of strangers from all parts of Soudan. I met, in the streets of Timbuctoo, only camels from Cabra, laden with goods brought down the river,—here and there groups of the inhabitants seated on mats and conversing together,—and a large number of Moors sleeping in the sunshine before the doors of their own houses. In a word, everything was full of the deepest sadness.—Vol. II. pp. 302, 303.

The goods exposed for sale at Timbuctoo are chiefly such as are brought in from Jenné, and by the caravans from the north. Among them are coral, amber, tobacco, paper, cloths, muskets and elephants' teeth. The Moors, who constitute the transient part of the population, engage actively in commerce, and soon get rich, when most of them return to their own countries. Those who remain generally occupy the best houses in the city. They act as consignees for the merchants of the Barbary States, and as consignors for those of Jenné, and various other parts of the interior beyond. All the salt of the mines of Toudeyni,—two or three days' journey north-east of the city,—is also brought hither on the backs of camels. Those Moors who pass through Timbuctoo for places farther south, generally tarry here some six or eight months. Slaves are another article of merchandise, and are not unfrequently sent off to Tripoli, Morocco, and other parts of the coast, though never with their own consent; for at Timbuctoo they are remarkably well fed and clothed, and but rarely abused. 'They are obliged,' says Caillié, 'to practise religious ceremonies,'—meaning Mahometan, no doubt,—'ce qu'ils font trés-exactement.' From the Moors, our traveller, still wearing his disguise, received many very gratifying attentions.

'Being at the mosque, a Moor approached me with a grave air, and, without addressing me, put into the pocket of my *coussabe*, a handful of cowries, the money of the country. He then retreated so hastily as to allow me no time to thank him. I was much surprised by this delicate mode of bestowing alms.' Vol. II. p. 311.

These people of course treated him as an Arab; and as Arabs are constantly visiting the city with almost every caravan, instead of being scrutinized as a curiosity, he was rather regarded with especial indulgence, as a fellow believer, wandering in pursuit of his native land.

The surrounding territory furnishes no article of importance for the use of the city, excepting salt. Not even fire-wood can be found nearer than Cabra, from five to eight miles distant, on the Niger; and water is regularly sold in the market. All the provisions, including millet, rice, vegetable butter (of the butter-tree), honey, pimento, onions, nuts, dried fish, confections, &c., are supplied by the merchants of Jenné, in exchange for the foreign staples and the salt of Timbuctoo.

About fifty pages of the second volume of Caillié are appropriated to an account of Timbuctoo, the environs and the neighboring natives; and as he was able to pass but a fortnight at the place, we feel disposed to give him credit for something more than what the Foreign Review calls a 'meagre account' of the city, *such as the city is.* His drawings and observations were both attended with some difficulty, even in his Arab disguise. In sketching the great mosque, of which he has given a fine description, he says,—

> I seated myself in front of it, in the street, and wrapped myself in my wide outer garment, doubled over my knees. I held in my hand a sheet of white paper, connected with a leaf of the Koran; and when I saw any person approaching me, I concealed my sketch under my cloak, and held up my Koran-leaf as if I were studying a prayer. The passers-by, instead of suspecting me, regarded me as a devotee, and spoke in high terms of my zeal.'—Vol. II. p. 338.

Even the Moors, when he made inquiries about the city,—

> 'Far from answering me, pretended not to hear me, and turned aside to address some other person. Unluckily I did not possess funds enough to furnish them with presents, and so they called me the *Meskine* (or poor man.) The little information which I gathered at Timbuctoo, was communicated through my host, Sidi-Abadallah Chebir, and some Kissour negroes, who had the complaisance to answer such queries as I proposed to them.'—Vol. II. p. 341.

Of the course of the Niger they knew but little, and cared less. The common opinion was, however, that it went on to Haoussa, and poured itself somewhere indefinitely beyond into the Nile,—using the latter, says Caillié, (we are inclined to believe improperly,) as a general term. Farther than this, says the traveller,—little expecting that his English rival had already solved 'la question du grand problème,'—'I was never able to obtain information.' He adds, that the issue must belong to some more fortunate adventurer; 'but meanwhile, if I may offer an opinion on the course of the river, I am disposed to believe *that it flows into the Gulf of Benin by several mouths.*'

But we must apologize, perhaps, for endeavoring to communicate to our readers a portion of the interest which these volumes have inspired in ourselves,—there is a question about their *authenticity*, it would seem. That question we shall now discuss, as briefly as may be,—*as* a question,—and without any conjecture respecting the feelings in which, judging from the mere manner of the argument, it might naturally enough be supposed to originate.

The writer of the same article* which declares that the ‘ very respectable quarto volume ’ to which the name of Adams was attached, was ‘ produced for him and from him,’—he being unable either to read or write,—by one Mr. Simon Cocke, declares also that M. Jomard, the highly-esteemed and erudite Editor of Caillié, has apparently acted over Simon's part for the benefit of the latter. The implication is,—and it is much more distinctly expressed in several other instances,—that Caillié's work is a fabrication. ‘ His readers ought to be on their guard, how far they may feel disposed to take the statements in his book as entitled to credit.’ ‘ *He would persuade us* ’ that he passed through Central Africa. ‘ We can scarcely believe that Caillié could have heard from him.’ These and many similar intimations are concluded, at the close of the notice, with the Reviewer's declining to ‘ offer an opinion whether M. Caillié did or did not reach Timbuctoo.’

The first peccadillo in the career of the ‘ poor man,’ as the Quarterly calls our traveller, was the route of return which he marked out for himself. Having reached Timbuctoo from Sierra Leone and the French establishments on the Gambia, he says he concluded, that if he should retrace his path back to those settlements again, it would give to all such as might be disposed to deny him the honor of his discoveries, an opportunity of doing it with some apparent reason ; whereas, if he returned through the *Barbary States*, ‘the mere mention of the point at which he had arrived would reduce the most envious to silence.’ ‘ What the poor man means by envy, and enemies,’ the Quarterly cannot comprehend ; and this is a matter of no moment for *us* to explain or excuse, as the irritation of which expressions of this kind seem to have been both the cause and the effect, evidently has but little connexion with the statements or the arguments of the traveller in other respects. ‘ But it strikes us,’ adds the Reviewer, ‘ that *to have returned to the very spot from which he set out* ’ would have been the most likely mode of approving the truth of his story. We think otherwise, most decidedly ; and we think it must strike other reasonable minds, as it did Caillié's, that,—independently of any peculiar disposition among the English, or elsewhere, to examine his claims very narrowly,—no *proof* of them at all, to say the least, would have been admitted in the circumstance of his having left Sierra Leone, or Galam, with the pretext of visiting Timbuctoo, and after a disappearance of a few months, returned into either of those places again with the pretext of having accomplished his purpose. On the other hand, to enter the continent at the western extremity and come out at the northern, would be, and was, alone, an almost irrefragable corroboration of his narrative; and much more in case of that continent and that section of it,—considering its well known aspect and the character of the established modes of communication between its different parts,—than in that of any other. The traveller frankly confesses, indeed,—and his gratuitous frankness itself is his best recommendation,—that when he reached Tangiers, M. Delaporte, the French Vice-Consul, said to him '*These accounts are not sufficient; you know how many impostors may deceive us.*' 'And no wonder,' we add with the Quarterly; for thus far the traveller could refer only to himself and his notes. There was no extrinsic testimony presented. But it appears to be forgotten, that,—whatever Delaporte, or any other conscientious or cautious person (although a *Frenchman*) might reasonably say or think of the stranger upon the mere strength of his own story,—the *facts*, his arrival, and his identification, were the almost sole objects of his route. To these M. Delaporte could not forbear testifying, any more than could the Governor of Sierra Leone on the other hand. As to the latter, particularly, as single-minded and artless as Caillié shows himself, rather to his cost, on most occasions, we can hardly help suspecting, that his negotiations with that gentleman at the English Colony were carried on much less for their ostensible purpose, than with the simple view of making himself undeniably known and remembered.

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* London Quarterly Review, No. 84.

Another objection to Caillié's book, in the Reviewer's mind, is, that, although embracing a period of fifteen or sixteen months, it was 'written from memory.' The traveller does not justify this statement. He only mentions, with his usual ingenuousness, that his pencil-notes, when he reached Tangiers, were found to be '*tellement* fatigués, *tellement* effacées par le temps,' that he was under the necessity of looking them over with some considerable care; and this care, accordingly, he did not hesitate to bestow upon them while his memory was yet fresh. On the whole, the getting up of the book,—the *production*, as the Quarterly says of the Simon Cocke,—was not precisely what it would have been if the 'poor man' had only been keeping a Journal between London and Edinburgh. And how rarely has it been so with an African traveller; how impossible that it should be. Not to enlarge on the credit heretofore given to the extraordinary mode of concoction adopted by the Editor of Adams, Riley's narrative, according to his own account, was 'up to the time of his redemption [at Mogadore] written *entirely* from memory, *unaided by notes of any kind.*' Even Park, in drawing up the Journal of his first expedition, not only availed himself of the same kind of supervisory assistance from Bryan Edwards, which Dr. Hawkesworth is said to have rendered in the preparation of Captain Cook's 'Voyages,'—nay, actually incorporated into his work the whole of his friend's account of the expedition, so that to this day the ordinary reader cannot distinguish his own composition from that of Mr. Edwards,—but this too when the latter had written in a great measure on the strength of what Park himself calls 'oral communications.'* His materials for his Journal, exclusive of the incorporated part, are described by the best authority as consisting of '*short notes or memoranda written on separate pieces of paper, forming an imperfect journal of his proceedings;*' and '*when these were wanting, he supplied the deficiency from his memory.*' † We do not expect, by recalling these facts, to impugn the fame of the dead, but simply to defend the living from partial strictures. The only just inference, as we conceive, to be drawn from the honest confession of Caillié, as of Riley and Park, touches, not the authenticity of the work at large, but the accuracy of some of its details. Indeed, it furnishes an explanation of such discrepancies,—generally quite too trifling for notice,—as are to be found in this narrative, so obvious and so sufficient, as altogether to do away in our mind the necessity of requiring any other. Its reputation ought therefore to stand better with these discrepancies than without them, and such we apprehend to be actually the case. A critical authority, of the first rank, has indeed admitted that they are just such as might be expected from the manner in which the notes were ostensibly made and collected.‡

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* See Preface to his first Journal.

† Memoir of Park, by the Editor of his Second Journal. London: 1825.

‡ Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XI. 1830.

Our remarks on the notes might do away the necessity of examining the alleged incongruities alluded to, one by one; but to admit that there are such things, without showing to some extent what they are, would be doing justice to neither of the parties concerned. For one example, then:—'As to the natural history of the animal kingdom, in this most prolific of all the regions of the world in various kinds of wild animals, he never had the luck to encounter *one!*' Nor do we recollect that Riley,—or even Lander, who was rather more in duty bound to hear and see every thing according to formula,—ever had the good fortune to be encountered by a wild animal of any description, save the hippopotami of the Niger. Had poor Caillié consulted popularity with as much shrewdness as that 'second Psalmanazar,' the scrupulous Mr. Adams, (who said that the King of Timbuctoo was the only merchant in the city,) he would perhaps have inserted in his Journal, at leisure, the famous four tusks, all growing out of the under jaw of an elephant twenty feet high,—or peradventure of that other truly remarkable wild beast which had 'a hollow in its back like a pocket.'* Caillié has at least the merit of forging no natural history, and of making no claims in this department on his reader's credulity. 'I shall leave behind me,' he modestly observes, 'immense discoveries to be made, especially in geography and natural history; what I have suffered ought by no means to discourage future adventurers.' As magnanimous as it is true!

But Caillié practised a deception on his conductors and the natives among whom he travelled. He assumed a Mahometan garb and air; carried half of an old Koran about with him, and studied the same most devoutly,—in public; and told a story about his having been born of Arabian parents in Egypt, taken to France in his infancy, and brought to Senegal and emancipated by his master. The Quarterly intimates that this deception ought to prejudice the reader against the whole narrative of Caillié. The Foreign Review, much more charitably, if not reasonably, condescends to make it a question, whether the policy he adopted was on the whole a better one than it would have been to 'boldly confront' the admitted 'perils of his undertaking,' like Denham, Clapperton, and Laing; but decides in favor of the Englishmen. Theirs, clearly, was the more dignified course, and for *them* perhaps the most politic; but the comparison is far from doing justice to Caillié's good sense,—which appears to be the only matter in question. The English travellers have generally gone under the auspices of Government,—well equipped, and often with considerable force,—in fact actually 'prepared to act with resolution' in practice, as well in the theory of the Review. As to Denham and Clapperton, for example;—those enterprising gentlemen began their journey at Tripoli, where, as Professor Jamieson expresses it,* the Bashaw was 'disposed to renew his protection to any mission which Britain might send.' Nor could any protection have been more efficient; for 'the influence of this petty prince and the terror of his name are almost unbounded in the greatest kingdom of Central Africa.'—'It is a matter of surprise among them, that he has not ere now compelled all Europe to embrace the Mahometan faith.'—And again, 'he could assure the English, that for any but physical obstacles, they might travel as safely from Tripoli to Bornou, as from Edinburgh to London.' Naturally enough, 'under the confidence inspired by these circumstances,' Government prepared another expedition, 'and without difficulty procured a fresh band of adventurers who undertook to brave all its perils,' of course in that capacity of Englishmen and Christians, which, under the circumstances, constituted their whole security. Little need of subterfuge, indeed, had a party which, leaving the coast with such auspices, began their journey from Mourzouk through the Desert with a travelling force of two hundred and ten mounted Arabs, beside the English, and to say nothing of their being escorted out of that large city 'by nearly every inhabitant who could muster a horse.' Now, Caillié, we venture to presume, would have considered the company of this caravan, and perhaps the Bashaw's favor, or even the authority of his own Government, quite equivalent to the leaves of the old Koran.

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* Adams's Narrative.

As it was,—without retinue, without arms, without even a beast of burden, and without authority or security of any kind from any source,—he was about to traverse a vast territory, inhabited by those wild wandering tribes of Moors who, in Park's time, had never seen a white man before *his* arrival at Benown, but were taught 'to regard the Christian name with inconceivable abhorrence, and to consider it as lawful to murder a European as to kill a dog.' 'The melancholy fate of Major Houghton,' adds that traveller, 'and the treatment I experienced during my confinement among them, will, I trust, serve as a warning to future travellers to *avoid* this district,'—which Caillié could not do, for reasons already stated. Elsewhere Park describes these Moors as 'the most bigoted and intolerant of all the nations on the earth;' and as combining a blind negro superstition with the treachery and cruelty of the Arabs. Now the question is, was it best for Caillié to encounter these people,—setting aside the *less* ferocious negro Mahometans in other sections,—as a Christian or as one of their own sect; and it must be considered at least a fair occasion for an *honest doubt*, even though the alternative adopted in the present case were not deemed to be altogether justified beyond a controversy by the fate of Houghton and the testimony of Park. Riley's book, if Caillié ever saw it, would hardly operate against his resolution. As for the last victim, Major Laing, the unhappy termination of *his* career was of course unknown to him when he formed it.

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* Discovery and Adventure in Africa.

After all, does not the experience of Caillié justify his reasoning in the most conclusive manner? We think it does. We think no one can follow him in his narrative, without being struck with the benefits which resulted from his good judgment in this matter. Not only was he permitted to *traverse* the country of the most bigoted Mahometans in the world, whose hands were yet red with the blood of his predecessors, but entertained, caressed, furnished with the most favorable opportunities of observation, and, especially during his long illness at Timé, (which, under other circumstances, must have been fatal to him,) secured against want and harm, 'á couvert sous l'égide de Mahomet.'* At Jenné he paid off his faithful old guide, Kaimou, with a pair of scissors, three sheets of paper, and other small matters, amounting to the total value of *five francs*. 'The old man,' he adds, 'had furnished a part of my subsistence on the journey; and I had made him trifling presents of damaged cloth, now and then: *I think it is not easy to traverse Africa at a cheaper reckoning.*' We think so too.

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* Vol. II. p. 5. 'Enfin je me trouvais assez bien avec ces bonnes gens,' &c. p. 7.

One word on the matter of stratagem, as it bears upon *authenticity*. Could the Quarterly be ignorant that every traveller in Africa, English or otherwise, has thought proper to resort to it? Park played the hypocrite so far on one occasion, as to get his livelihood for a long time by writing *saphies*. Hornemann, who was sent out by the African Association of London on the recommendation of Professor Blumenbach and the endorsement of Sir Joseph Banks, studied Arabic for the express purpose of supporting the character of an Arabic Moslem, 'under which he hoped to escape the effects of that ferocious bigotry, which had opposed so fatal a bar to the progress of *his* predecessors;' * and it is well known that a little beyond Siwah, his disguise, and the particularly zealous Mahometanism with which he confronted his bigoted pursuers, were, in a most fearful emergency, the means of preserving his life. Roentgen took precisely the same course. The game which Major Denham had the good sense to practise on the silly old Sheik of Kouka was by no means equally indispensable, though perhaps not much more of a crime.

Caillié has in fine but followed the advice of Beaver, the intrepid and experienced conductor of the ill-fated Bulama expedition, who gives, in his African Memoranda,† 'the requisites in a European who intends exploring the interior of Africa with much probability of success.' These are, he says, 'a complexion not differing much from that of a Moor, and a residence of from three to four years on the northern part of Africa, between Morocco, Tangier, &c., which would give a tolerable knowledge of the language, commerce and manners of these people. The Mandingo language should also be acquired, especially by those who explore from the west. *Thus qualified, one might always pass for a Moor!*' These precautions, adds Beaver, if attended to, 'may hereafter be of use to some person who may wish to make discoveries in that quarter.' So the able Editor of the second Journal of Park suggests, that if the practice of sending out single individuals to traverse Africa be continued, it would perhaps be better '*to employ Mahometan travellers*.' Mr. Jackson lays more stress on the necessity of a disguise than all the others. And yet Caillié is reproached for not following the example of Park, Houghton, and Major Laing!

But again:—'The poor man,' our unfortunate Frenchman, speaks of Cabra (near Timbuctoo) as being situated on one of two divisions of the Niger, at a distance of three miles from its *port*:—The Quarterly thinks Major Laing 'will tell us' that it was built 'on the very banks of the great river Niger or Joliba!' Caillié uses the common term *canal*, in speaking of the narrow stream between the town and the port:—his Reviewer considers it very singular, '*if* he means an artificial one' in the centre of Africa. The traveller says, the little *port* of Cabra is 'very dirty and full of mud:'—Major Laing is cited against him, who calls *Cabra* 'a neat *town*.' Precious criticisms these, in good sooth! But let us not withhold the conclusion:—We are not sure, however, whether by the *port* M. Caillié may not mean only the *harbor*, for he says in another place, 'I went to take a view of the interior of the village. The streets are narrow but neat!' Such nonsense, with due deference be it spoken, unravels itself in the handling.

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* Jamieson's 'Discovery and Adventure in Africa.'
† London: 1805.

Caillié received certain information respecting the fate of Laing, from a person who passed himself off as the host of that gentleman during his stay at Timbuctoo; and he simply enough retails the whole of this information for the truth. This, too, leads his Reviewer 'to suspect strongly M. Caillié's accuracy in general,' though it only shows, we conceive, that, like all other travellers, the 'poor man' was occasionally liable to mistake a rumor,—which, however, he states *as* a rumor,—for a fact.*

Caillié says that the government of Timbuctoo is hereditary; but in another connexion, that 'there is no regular government,' the king ruling like a father among children, &c.:—and thereupon he is pronounced 'strangely confused in all his statements;' and the Reviewer brings against him a servant of the late Mr. Tyrwhit, who is said to have been at Timbuctoo, and to report that the government of the city is administered by four persons. This is not the only instance in which Caillié's statements are made to yield, as a matter of course, to the statements of any body else. For example, he estimates the population of Timbuctoo at ten or twelve thousand; but an Arab author, says the Reviewer, observes, 'it is the largest city that God has ever created,'—and that decides the matter at once. As to the confusion between Caillié's own statements, we confess ourselves unable to perceive what is meant by the charge; the 'irregularity' of the government being clearly explained in the context as nothing more or less than what is almost universal among the African governments, hereditary or otherwise. Untrammelled by constitutions and codes, the sovereign's mode of ruling depends upon his personal temperament and talent, and upon the general character of his people. The succession is tolerably well settled; the administration is a matter of accident.* As for the Timbuctoo man,—prince, governor, or whatever one may choose to call him,—we should add that Caillié says he is *black*. But 'being a Foulah or Fellata,' adds the Reviewer, 'he was probably as white or nearly so as M. Caillié himself.' This may pass better, perhaps, as a compliment than as a criticism. Lander expressly states, that 'these people [the Falátahs] are *either* of a swarthy complexion, or *black as soot*.'

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* The Landers met at Layaba a character, named Ducoo, very like this communicative host. 'The priest,' says the Journal for Oct. 2d, 1830, 'boasts an acquaintance with the late unfortunate Major Laing, and affirms that he was near the spot at the time of that gentleman's death,' &c.

The account of Timbuctoo, given by our traveller, who tarried there fourteen days, is complained of as meagre, and so indeed we confess it is. We were somewhat disappointed ourselves in this matter, especially on recalling to mind the monstrously extravagant descriptions of the city which have formerly been received with implicit if not unsatisfied credulity. But this is surely no fault of Caillié's. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico,' has always been the way of the world; and the Moors and Arabs, from whom these accounts have been almost exclusively obtained, are as much as any other people disposed to make a good story from a small stock, particularly when they give information to Christians, and in cases which involve their own interest or pride. Few travellers, indeed, have there been upon most parts of the African continent, who might not confess with as much honesty as the Landers;—'They [the people and kings of Boossá and its adjoining state] have played with us as if we were great dolls; we have been driven about like shuttle-cocks; we have been to them first a gazing-stock, and are now no doubt their laughing-stock, perhaps their mockery; we have been their admiration,—their buffoons,—their wonder and scorn,—a by-word and a jest,' &c.

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* So Richard Lander says of *Rabba*,—'the regal power is despotic, though exercised with mildness, and the succession hereditary.'

The principal inconsistencies in Caillié's account of *Timbuctoo*, itself, are described as follows.

1. The city is said to be without walls: to which it is sufficient to add, in the language of the Foreign Review, that 'it never had any.' Mr. Jackson says it is without walls, and so does the immaculate Simon Cocke himself.

2. 'The amount of population, as stated by M. Caillié, militates against all our notions,' &c.: and Walckenaer is cited, who gives the city one hundred thousand inhabitants; and then the Arab wise man, who thinks it 'the largest city which God has ever created.' The authorities are well coupled, and no doubt the latter is the ancestor, not only of the former, but of a long line of descendants of much the same character. So, Sidi Hamet told Riley it was six times as large as Swearah, (which contained about thirty-six thousand inhabitants;)—as also that the king wore red slippers, and his courtiers white breeches. But to be serious,—what recent authentic accounts are there, which militate with Caillié's? Mr. Gray Jackson, says the Foreign Review, does not allow more than fifty thousand, 'which other and more modern estimates reduce to much less,'—and this too, was an estimate formed from hearsay information, which also made the circumference twelve miles, that is, the area nine times as much as the estimate of Caillié. M. Gräberg de Hemsö, who was the first to expose the imposture of 'Adams,'—and who, as the Swedish Consul at Tripoli, has enjoyed the most favorable opportunity of collecting facts in the premises, as well as correcting falsehoods,—was told by a merchant Sheik of Cadamis, who had performed several journeys to Timbuctoo, and had repeatedly resided there for a year at one time, that the place was certainly not more populous than Tripoli. M. Hemsö suggests that this estimate might be exclusive of the transitory population, which was greatest during the season when the caravans arrived; but that suggestion hardly consists with the merchant's plain statement, although a similar remark might be made of Caillié's estimate with apparent propriety. *He* expressly states that he saw but little commerce going on in the city; and the fair inference is, that he either saw the population in its minimum state, or that the trade and importance of the place have materially declined within some fifteen or twenty years. Probably both suppositions are correct; and indeed the latter circumstance seems to admit of but little doubt. Even the learned editor of Adams's

narrative admits that Timbuctoo has become 'a mere tributary dependency of a kingdom, which does not appear to have been known to Leo even by name.'

The authority of Major Laing would of course be highly satisfactory, had any documents of his touching this point come to our hands. The Quarterly very indefinitely says, that 'he found it [Timbuctoo] to answer all the expectations he had formed of it, *except as to its size*, which he states to be four miles in circumference;' 'a space,' adds the Reviewer, 'which, if fully built upon, might very well contain the number that has usually been assigned to Timbuctoo.' Caillié says the circumference may be *three* miles; so that the truth may be supposed to lie between the two travellers. And this is being accurate enough for an African city. 'Take a heap of cabins in your hand,' said a Moor who wished to give an idea of the place to M. Lesseps, the French Consul-General at Tunis, 'cast them into the air, let them fall upon the ground,—and you will see Timbuctoo.' *

As to the Reviewer's method of occupying the ground of Timbuctoo in such a manner as to make it contain the desired number at which he commences his calculation, we must be permitted to say that it appears to us only a handsome way of giving up his point, and it need not therefore be pressed. It is well known, that not the ground of one African city in fifty is any thing like 'fully built upon;' and even if it *were* built upon, with such one-floored huts, with ample courts, as not only Timbuctoo but most other places of Central Africa are known to consist of,—as perhaps it is,—the estimate which makes it, with all its caravan population, equal to Tripoli, must be considered abundantly liberal. Caillié makes the city of Jenné nearly as large as Timbuctoo. Sansanding would seem, from other accounts, to be rather larger. And as to the more southern cities on the Niger, the Journal of the Landers may satisfy any one, that at least half a dozen of them must be places of incomparably more consequence than the central city of Soudan.' Egga, for example, according to their account, 'is four miles long by two broad, and well built upon,' and yet several more populous towns are mentioned in the Journal, within a few pages of this. Clapperton makes the circumference of Kano, the greatest commercial city of Central Africa, fifteen miles, and yet estimates the population at only thirty or forty thousand.

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* Foreign Review.

Again;—Sidi Hamet told Riley that he accompanied a caravan from Timbuctoo down the Niger, first travelling six days east, and then over fifty days in a southerly direction, till they came to a city which he calls Wassanah. Here accounts were given them of expeditions which descended the river, with slaves, three months, *first south and then west, where they found pale people with large boats and guns which made a noise like thunder.* There are strong marks of authenticity in this narrative. The river was unquestionably the Niger. What particular city Hamet refers to under the name of Wassanah, admits of some doubt. We are inclined to think it was Rabba, which the Landers call an 'immensely large, populous and flourishing town,' an emporium for a vast neighboring territory, and regularly communicating with Timbuctoo to this day. The market is well supplied with slaves; and these are sometimes purchased there 'by people inhabiting a country situated a good way down the Niger, and from thence they are delivered from hand to hand till they at length reach the sea.'†—Here, then, is the head of the slave commerce with the Europeans. Ivory is now a staple in the Rabba market; and Hamet says that, in this region for the first time, he met with the animals which furnish it. The neighboring country, and the villages opposite and below, correspond in the two descriptions. Wassanah is built 'near the bank of the river, which runs past it nearly south,' and is quite wide, with highlands on both sides, 'though not very near;'* and Rabba is 'built on the slope of a gently rising hill, at the foot of which runs the Niger, with a breadth of two miles.' †

The distance of the two places would seem to be about the same from certain remarkable rapids in the river above, which appear from the descriptions, respectively, to be those between Boossà and Yaoorie. Hamet speaks of the Wassanah boats, 'made of great trees, cut off and hollowed out, that will hold ten, fifteen or twenty negroes;' and the Landers say, 'the canoes made here are particular of description, very much resembling an English punt, and generally formed from a single log.' Not to pursue the speculation farther, the differences between the two descriptions are such as are readily accounted for by the recent usurpation of the Falàtahs. Now, Hamet estimates the population of Wassanah at *twice that of Timbuctoo;* so that, identifying his city with Rabba, and following as well as we can the rather vague description of the latter furnished by the Landers, who consider it the second city in the Falàtah dominions, we should conclude that Caillié's estimate of Timbuctoo would have applied quite accurately even in Hamet's time, when the population was perhaps nearly at its maximum.

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* Riley. † See Landers' Journal.

3. The French traveller states, that the people of this city are Mahometans; on which the Foreign Review remarks, that the dominant religion having been Paganism a few years back, it seems improbable that so complete a change should have taken place thus suddenly.

This is one of those points in which a man like our traveller, —entertained exclusively by Mahometans,—tarrying in the place but a fortnight,—and occupied much of the time in taking his *esquisses naïves*, as M. Jomard does him the honor to call them,—might naturally enough fall into an error. But we cannot regard either the premises or the conclusion of the Reviewer as decisive. He in the first place takes it for granted that Paganism *has been* the 'dominant religion.' Now all our accounts of Timbuctoo during the three centuries beginning with Leo Africanus, certainly favor an hypothesis just the reverse of this. Leo himself speaks of a magnificent regal *mosque;* and Marmol, the Spaniard, found the government of the city in the hands of the Sheriff, Mahomet. A French account of Timbuctoo, of the date of 1764, cited by the Editor of Adams in his Appendix, as having been accurately drawn up by the Governor of Senegal, states without qualification that the inhabitants are Arabs.* Still, it appears probable that the true commercial as well as civil policy of perfect toleration to all sects,—excepting perhaps Christians,—has been observed at all times. Park was told by a merchant at Benown, that it would not do for him to visit Timbuctoo,—'*Christians* were looked upon there as the Devil's children, and enemies to *the Prophet.*' At Silla, where he took great pains to gain authentic information, he tells us that 'the hopes of acquiring wealth, and zeal for propagating their religion, have filled this extensive city with Moors and Mahometan converts; the king himself and all the chief officers of state are Moors; and they are said to be more severe and intolerant in their principles, than any other of the Moorish tribes in this part of Africa. I was informed by a venerable old negro, that when he first visited Timbuctoo, he took up his lodging at a sort of public inn, the landlord of which, when he conducted him to his hut, spread a mat on the floor, saying,—"If you are a Mussulman, you are my friend,—sit down; if you are a Kafir, you are my slave, and with this rope I will lead you to market."'[*] Mr. Jackson says that the government, in his time, was reported to be in the hand of a divan of twelve men 'learned in the Koran,' and that all Jews visiting the city were obliged to become Mahometans. So, M. Dupuis believed, years since, in the existence of mosques and the prevalence of Mahometanism at Timbuctoo. On the whole, the latter would seem to have been uniformly an established religion from time immemorial; add to which, that the Falátahs have recently invaded the city and assumed the government of it,—as all authorities seem to admit,—and Caillié's statement would appear on the whole to be at least the most plausible he could make. 'This,' say the Landers, 'is another of the effects of the Falátahs' spreading their conquests over the country, *Wherever they become masters, the Mahometan religion follows.*' Again,—(even the Quarterly admits that Timbuctoo is governed by one of these people:)—simply, 'in consequence of Ederesa having relinquished his authority in favor of Mallam Dembo, *his subjects have become Mahometans,* and this faith will no doubt shortly spread through Yarriba.'[†] But enough upon this point.

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* Park. Phil. Edition, p. 248.

On the whole, none of the objections made to the personal narrative of Caillié appear to us to possess much weight, while many of them are really too trifling for notice. It is needless to speculate upon the causes of so violent an assault upon his authenticity in any direction; but most of them, we may safely say, have rather more connexion in their origin with the circumstances under which the Journal was 'got up,' than with the intrinsic character of the materials furnished by Caillié.

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[*] The same authority describes Genné (Jenné) as situated between the Niger and one of its branches 'like an island.' Park's information on this point was contradictory, and we have no other worthy of mention. Yet Caillié's statement, which agrees mainly with the Governor's, is bluntly discredited by his Reviewer.

[†] Landers' Journal, Oct. 17th, 1830.

In regard to the Geographical Memoir, the map, and other scientific matter, which may be considered appendages to the narrative, we are free to say, with the Quarterly and Foreign Reviews, that we do not receive them as valuable additions to our knowledge of the African continent, come from what source they may. Caillié was not sufficiently qualified to make accurate observations or calculations of a scientific nature, to be implicitly followed in opposition to those of Rennell, Park and others who preceded him. Besides, he had no astronomical instruments, and no watch; and his distances were estimated from experiments previously made at Sierra Leone, where he accustomed himself to traverse a measured space, and observe the time which it occupied. The latitude and longitude of Timbuctoo, in particular, remain to be settled upon data of a different description from these.

But, whatever be said of portions of the work which depend for their value on complete scientific accuracy, we see no reason for the sentence which the Foreign Review pronounces upon Caillié, of being morally disabled from all *future* authenticity,—especially since that respectable authority does not hesitate to receive the whole of his '*personal narrative*' as genuine and authentic. This admission alone,—and we do not see how they could honestly admit less,—apparently furnishes a method, which they nevertheless think is wanting, 'by which to separate the true statements of M. Caillié from the *fabrications* of his Editor.' How *these* are to rob the intrepid traveller of the credit of what he has done, or of the possibility of doing something more hereafter, we do not perceive. It would seem, on the contrary, as the Reviewer would fain hope, that 'with more ample means and adequate instruction, (in which it were unjust to himself to forget his deficiency) 'great benefit may yet accrue to science' from his exertions, maugre both the *esquisses naïves*, and the observation of Orion.

Art. III.—*Popular Education.*

1. *The Political Class Book, intended to instruct the higher Branches in Schools, in the Origin, Nature and Use of Political Power.* By William Sullivan, Counsellor at Law. Boston. 1830.
2. *The Moral Class Book, or the Law of Morals derived from the Created Universe, and from Revealed Religion, Intended for Schools.* By the Same. Boston. 1830.

The diffusion of knowledge among the mass of mankind is the grand feature of the present age. The history of the nineteenth century, if all auguries do not disappoint us, will be a history of the effects of popular education. Even if war, to a certain extent, must, unhappily, be the school; if tactics must be one of the lessons, yet under this rough and stern tuition the general mind will advance; for it is not difficult to foresee that the wars of the nineteenth century, if they must come, will be wars of the oppressed many against the oppressive few, wars of the people against despotism, wars of individual man against official man. They will be, as has been said, wars of opinion. And the grand opinion on which the history of this age will be based, the great characteristic idea, the secretly working, but strong and controlling philosophy of the age, the germ of its chief developments will be found, as we believe, in a regard, never before paid, to individual man. Not, as in the Grecian philosophy, to the ideal man, honored in theory and bodied forth in beautiful creations of art, while man himself was left ignorant and oppressed; but to the personal, actual being. Yes, we believe that the sublime age is approaching, which is to place man in his just position amidst the material and social works of God; which is to give full development to the great idea that man, simple man,—not any fiction of feudal and artificial society,—not the king, the prince, the noble, the priest, the official being, the creature of forms, but that man himself and by himself is to be the central, the ultimate, the engrossing object of attention; that he is to be protected, provided for, educated; that he is to be made intelligent, free, religious, virtuous, happy; and that this is the very end of society, government, jurisprudence, theology, art, labor, and whatsoever pertains to the combined power and action of the world.

But this elevation in importance of man as man, this elevation of the mass of mankind to knowledge and power, is held by many to be a step full of danger. We have said that the general diffusion of knowledge is the grand feature of the age. We will now add, that the relation which knowledge bears to political liberty is one of the most important practical subjects which the age presents to us. This relation we propose to examine, and we will then proceed to consider what education should be, in order to be adapted to the condition of a free people, or to the purpose of promoting and securing political freedom.

The relation of knowledge to freedom, then, to proceed to the examination of it, is, as we maintain, immediate, strong, and indissoluble. It is the relation of cause to effect. Knowledge will invariably and inevitably produce freedom. The question, whether a people shall be educated, amounts to the whole question, whether they shall be free.

This we argue from the very nature of the human mind. It is the effect of knowledge to give the mind a sense of its own value. The feeling of its own ultimate and personal importance springs from education with equal directness and certainty. A mind, under this training of knowledge, becomes conscious of itself, conscious of what itself is, and, from thence, intuitively conscious of its own intrinsic worth. Just in proportion as any mind possesses this conviction, it must feel that it was made not merely for relative objects, not merely for political uses, not merely to act its part in the machinery of a state; but that it was made for purposes of which the state is the instrument, for purposes terminating in itself, for improvement, for virtue, for happiness. The power of this conviction is expansive; as truly so as that of any element in nature, and it is as mighty and irresistible. The mind possessing this sense of its own worth and destiny, will demand freedom to act for those great ends which God and nature have established as the ultimate ends of its existence. It will not be a slave to any political institution, but will hold the institution to be its servant, investing it, indeed, with power, but with only so much power as is necessary to make it a useful servant. It will cease to respect, and at length to tolerate, any government, but such as ministers to its improvement, virtue and happiness. If an intelligent being would not build a habitation or plan a village full of obstructions to his movement and progress in its passages and thoroughfares, so neither will he build a fabric of government bearing this character. And if such a being, who found himself amidst such inconveniences of a merely local situation, would strive to remedy them; how much more will he strive to reform the evils and errors of government. Political reform is no creature of temporary circumstances and impulses, but it is the steady and strong demand of every enlightened community. The tendency to it is irresistible. It is the tendency of thought,—of mind,—of an agent endowed with invincible energies, of an agent which, when once awakened and aroused to action, can never be lulled to sleep again. The power of the mind, in such circumstances, we repeat, is expansive. It will penetrate the surrounding mass of institutions and forms, gently insinuating itself into them, and swelling and moulding them at its pleasure; or being pent up, it will reveal itself in the outbreakings of popular tumult, or in 'the earthquake voice' of revolution.

Again, the mind of a people, in proportion as it is educated, will not only feel its own value, but will also perceive its rights. We speak now of those palpable rights which are recognised by all free states; for there is, as we think and will soon undertake to show, a higher estimate of human rights, to which knowledge and reflection will yet lead. But the palpable rights of men, those of personal security, of property and of the free and unembarrassed pursuit of individual welfare, it is obviously impossible to conceal from an educated and reading people. Such a people rises at once above the condition of feudal tenants. It is no longer part and parcel of the soil it cultivates or defends. It directs its attention to the laws and institutions that govern it. It compels public office to give an account of itself. It strips off the veil of secrecy from the machinery of power. The mysterious budget of national expenses is opened, and its details are spread before the public eye. How much is levied for war, how much for internal improvements and for what improvements of this character, how much for the support of public officers, of magistrates, of kings and royal families, how much for pensions and sinecures,—all this is known. And when all this is spread abroad in newspaper details, when it is thus carried to the firesides of a whole people, of a people that can read; when the estimate is freely made, of what the government tax levies upon the daily board, and upon apparel, and upon every comfort of life, can it be doubted that such a people will demand and obtain an influence in affairs that so vitally concern it? This would be freedom. When government is a fair expression of the aggregate mind of a country, there is perfect political freedom. If enlightened human nature will not demand this, then there is no index by which we may know it. If we cannot be sure that it will demand this, struggle for it, fight for it, gain it, by little and little perhaps, but inevitably gain it,—then it is certain that neither philosophy nor history teaches us any thing.

We say, nor history; for the truth is, that history most fully confirms the position we have taken. The most enlightened nations in the world have been the freest nations. The steps of freedom are ever to be found in the path of light; in the broad path, let it be observed, however, where the sun of knowledge has shone upon the whole mass of the people, and not necessarily where a single taper has shone from the scholastic cloister, or from the study of the secluded *philosopher.* These indeed are radiating points, and they tend to spread lights; but it is only where this result is obtained, by whatever means; it is only among nations the most enlightened in the whole body and mass of their population, that the greatest freedom is alleged by us to have existed. Of this truth, the history of Grecian civilization furnishes a familiar example. If we ascend to times more ancient, the only instance of political freedom is found in the Hebrew Commonwealth. And although we hear much of the learning of Egypt, yet it cannot be doubted, whether we consider the institutions, the laws, the usages, the theology or the popular literature of the Hebrews, that they must have been in the body and in their best days a more enlightened people than the Egyptians were. The wisdom of Solomon was not of that vague and half-fictitious, nor of that merely religious character, which is commonly ascribed to him; but it consisted very much of popular common sense, and useful learning. He was a proverbialist, a poet, and a naturalist. The cast of his productions and the kind of knowledge he cultivated sufficiently appear from the brief catalogue given in our Bibles. 'He spake,' we are informed, that is he wrote, 'three thousand proverbs; and his songs were a thousand and five. And he spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon, to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall ; he spake also,'—still meaning that he wrote,—what now indeed is lost to us, ' of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things and of fishes.'

If we now come to the history of modern civilization, it bears witness to our position, at every step. Just in proportion as education has been carried down among the mass of any people, has it demanded, and with such exceptions as circumstances always will create has it obtained, civil liberty. Wherever the schoolmaster has been abroad, the political reformer has invariably followed. The successive struggles for freedom in England, the growing demands for reform in its constitution, have always kept pace with the increasing intelligence of the people ; and it requires no gift of prophecy to predict other demands of the same nature. We would not, indeed, offer the intelligence of any people in pledge for the propriety of all its requisitions ; because this tendency of human nature, like every other, is liable to error. We might even venture to say, that in some cases, the extent of the demand will be in an inverse ratio to the intelligence that makes it ; that is to say, it may very well happen, that in proportion as any people is intelligent, wise and reflecting, the changes they demand will be less violent and sudden. Still the general tendency of the diffusion of knowledge to the spread of liberal principles is unquestionable.

This tendency, in fine, has been most fully illustrated among ourselves. The revolutionary struggle, as has often been said, was a contest for principle ; for a principle almost theoretical. There was no grievous and grinding oppression to complain of. But there was an erroneous principle asserted, a dangerous precedent put forth, and we fought against it, as if it were against the rack and the dungeon. That spirit sprung from the intelligence of the people. It was not a mere arbitrary fashion of thinking which we had got in this country. It was the offspring of thought, of reflection, of reading. It sprung from our schools. These are our walls of defence against the encroachments of arbitrary power. These are the nurseries of that free spirit which nothing can conquer. May they ever fulfil their high vocation !

Obvious as these reflections may be, on the tendencies of knowledge, they serve at least one useful purpose ; they show what the question *is*, about free institutions. They bring that question within a very narrow compass. They present to every doubter about liberal principles of government, a clear and naked alternative. He must choose freedom, or ignorance. He must hail the progress of civil liberty, or he must call back, again to brood over the world, the night of the dark ages. Those who, some years ago, took their stand against the diffusion of knowledge in England, were, on their principles, altogether in the right. They said that projects for political reform would come, and projects for political reform have come. They said that the people would not be satisfied with things as they were, and the people are not satisfied. Let the advocates of things as they are, let the defenders of existing abuses look to it; for, unless they can arrest the progress of all knowledge, they cannot withstand the progress of improvement. They must, to be consistent, take decided ground in this matter. They should have taken it long ago. They should have seen that light was fatal to them. And, *now*, if they would do any thing effectually, they may be sure that no half-way measures will serve their turn. Their true policy will endure no schools. They must keep the people as ignorant as possible. Ignorance is safety, if it be not bliss; and there is no other safety for the supporters of arbitrary rule. For them to permit one such dangerous post, as a school-house, to be built on their domain, is extreme stupidity, or miserable infirmity of purpose, or a foolish concession to the spirit of the age. This knowledge has a strange and fatal tendency to diffuse itself. A single spark of it may kindle a flame, which nothing can extinguish. To educate one mind is to make an enemy, and an enemy that may yet marshal a host.

We say again, that the question about free institutions is brought within a small compass. A man has only to decide, whether or not the human mind was made to be educated, made to be intelligent. If it was not, let it be resigned to any dominion, it matters little, what: the body is then, indeed, its prison and its house of bondage. But if it was made to be educated, then it was just as certainly made to be free. It was made, that is to say, with an irresistible tendency to improvement, individual, social, political; with an irresistible tendency in every member of the state to devise a system of government which shall equally favor all; which shall permit in all the free action that is compatible with the welfare of all. This follows as a matter of the clearest induction. It follows as an inevitable conclusion from undeniable premises. A man may have his fears about this tendency; or rather about this progress, in imperfect beings, from light to liberty. Every thoughtful man will have them. But the conclusion he must admit. And what is more, he must submit to the consequence. The age has come, we believe, which must bring the human character to this great trial. The course of popular education is set, the impulse is given, the progress is commenced; and nothing can turn it back. As well might a man strive to turn back the progress of the day, because at its dawning he was alarmed at gigantic shadows, cast athwart the landscape, and at the flaming mountain-beacons touched with fire from heaven, and at the dread mutiny and conflict of the powers of light and darkness. The dawning has come; the day is advancing, and it will move on, through whatever clouds and storms arise, to its noon-tide splendor.

But we have yet something further to say of this progress. We believe that it tends to the development and action of yet higher principles of social freedom and mutual respect, than have ever been fairly recognised and fully received in any civilized community. Human rights, as they have been admitted in practice if not in theory, have hitherto been very palpable things. They have been rights of property, or of personal security from outward violence and oppression. They have been rights, so to speak, of the body rather than of the mind. For such rights, it is, indeed, that men have fought many a bloody battle. But there is to be another conflict, bloodless perhaps, but bitter and sharp as that of battle, for the rights of the mind. What are they? We answer; the toleration of all honest opinions, whether political or religious; and the claim for that just consideration in society which is chiefly due to character; to dignity of mind, rather than to dignity of condition; to personal qualities, rather than to adventitious circumstances.

The one step must follow from the other; the advancement to mental, from the progress already made in physical liberty. It does most clearly follow as a matter of argument; and arguments, it is to be hoped, are every day becoming stronger things with the world than they have been. If they are not, the world is *not* advancing in intelligence and civilization, and gives itself more credit than it deserves. Suppose, now, to illustrate the argument in question, that society, in its sovereign and irresistible power, should please to levy upon a certain class of men, who had acquired wealth by free and lawful industry, contributions to the amount of a fourth part of their fortunes. Would not an outcry be immediately raised against this, as most intolerable oppression? Could the most despotic government do any thing more tyrannical? But here is a class of men, let it be supposed on the other hand, who, in the free and lawful exercise of their reasoning, have arrived at the possession of certain opinions, political or religious; and the consequence is, that without any fault of theirs, without being able to resist the conclusions to which they have come, they are cut off, by society, from that which is dearer than property, their good name! They are made odious! Their motives are misrepresented, their virtues decried, their conduct traduced, their private character given into the hands of partisan defamers. Is this a state of freedom? Is this the liberty which the mind justly claims for itself? Rather, has not the iron of the chain that was broken from the body, entered into the soul? Has not the work of freedom stopped short of its noblest triumph? Freedom of opinion is not, indeed, exemption from attack. It is not exemption of any man's character from fair scrutiny. It leaves open the question whether his opinions are honest; whether, in other words, they *are* his opinions, or only pretences, or mere suggestions of interest, which to his own imagination he has clothed with the character of opinions. But if, without regard to these qualifications, the opinions of adverse parties are, as such, to be visited upon them as moral obliquities, if the public press will not respect the sanctity of private and domestic life, if neither reason nor conscience can have any sanctuary in which to act without the fear of this reproach, if this fear is yet bearing down, with paralyzing weight, upon the mind of the whole people,—then, indeed, is there a liberty wherewith the world is to be made free, which is far beyond its present and boasted attainments.

Next to the toleration which men will claim for their opinions, the consideration which they will demand in society is deserving of attention. Indeed, whether we choose to examine it or not, the subject is forced upon our attention, and it presents itself as a subject full of difficulty. There is, from the very nature of things, a relation of inequality in society, which cannot be removed from it. It is involved in the very condition of parents and children; and it results just as inevitably from the condition of employers and the employed. But there are tokens too obvious to be mistaken, that even this necessary relation is passing through some important changes, that men are not satisfied to have it continue to be what it has been, that one class is demanding a consideration and influence greater than it has heretofore possessed. There are popular ebullitions and revolutionary movements, more or less violent, in all the free countries throughout Christendom: the demand for improved constitutions in Prussia and in many of the German States, the change of government and the abolition of the hereditary peerage in France, the reform bill in England, which sprung from the general intelligence of the people, though it is advocated in higher quarters,—and finally, there are, in our own country, combinations of the employed to procure higher wages, political working-men's parties, and fearful signs of resistance to the highest authority in the Federal Union. Nor is this change passing only upon a large scale, where we can survey it, or much of it, at least, as a mere matter of speculation. It is coming home to our cities, and villages, and very dwellings. Aristocratical influence, and magisterial power, and parental authority, too, have been declining among us ever since the Revolution. There are abolitions of peerages in our towns; there are reform bills in our families; and our children are educated so freely, as to threaten rebellions, if not combinations for securing their rights.

There are, indeed, tendencies of this sort, which must be controlled and regulated, or society cannot exist; tendencies to a radical reform, so radical, indeed, that if not restrained it will tear up every social institution by the roots, and leave nothing behind but disorder, waste, and ruin. But we confess, without intending to say any thing paradoxical, that we look to the very power which has given the impulse, to control it. That power, undoubtedly, is education, the diffusion of knowledge, the spread, among nations, of juster information concerning the nature of human rights and the action of governments. Education, at present, is imperfect, and its result crude. The world, thus far, has only that 'little knowledge' which 'is a dangerous thing;' and deeper knowledge and reflection will 'sober it again.' But this topic will more properly fall under our consideration, when we come to examine the kind of education, which will be necessary for the support and security of free institutions. All we say, at present, is, that knowledge, spread as it never was before among mankind, is tending to the development of new, and higher and more generous ideas of liberty.

But if the effect of this is to modify even the natural and essential relations of society, we shall not hesitate to say, that the artificial distinctions which exist in the old world cannot stand before it. As the relation of man to man becomes more and more intellectual and moral, the feudal relation of noblemen and peasants, lords and commoners, must decline and verge towards extinction. How soon the event will take place, or can safely take place, we undertake not to decide. It will probably be hastened to its consummation with a rapidity much beyond what prudent men will desire. But that it should sooner or later come, is what, as good republicans, we can scarcely be expected to regret. Let hereditary aristocracies go where the French peerage has gone, and where every institution, that tramples upon the essential rights of human nature, ought to go.

One of these rights, as we insist, and we believe that the educated world will come to see it, is a right to such respect, to such visible respect in society, as every man's talents, acquisitions and virtues deserve. The desire of this, the desire of esteem, in other words, is one of the original principles of human nature. It is more truly original and natural than the desire of property. The object it strives for is as truly valuable as property. The respect of society is one of the mind's possessions, one of its inalienable rights. Whatever class of men, therefore, or whatever institution, treads upon these just and honorable feelings of our nature, upon these well-earned treasures of the mind, invades our personal liberty. In a just appreciation of this claim, it is not too much to say, we would rather that society should take one fourth part of our annual income and cast it into the highway, than to take one fourth of our personal respectability and cast it down to be trodden under the feet of a privileged order.

That there must be distinctions in society, we freely admit; but we have a right to demand that these distinctions shall be graduated as nearly as possible to the principles of human nature, and to the claims of individual merit. Let talent laboriously cultivated, let wealth honestly earned, let virtue sacredly cherished, each have its distinction. But let not all, and more than all the honors due to all these, be conferred upon an order of men, whose whole claim lies in the chance that gave them birth in the line of privileged descent. It is a serious injury to both classes. It goes, so far as it goes towards completeness, to destroy in both the spring of individual responsibility. But it is, above all, a heinous oppression and a crying injustice to the one class, for which in the social system nothing short of necessity should be pleaded. This tyrant's plea, we know, is liberally used; but it seems never to get any farther towards distinct argument, than to be a great fear that some great evil will arise, from the abolition of hereditary distinctions. The only specific and intelligible argument that we have ever heard in their favor, is one which truly ought not to be delivered in rough and plain dealing prose, but in smooth and flowing verse. It is the poetic argument, and the fine sentiments in which it deals are these: that there are feelings of veneration implanted in the human breast; that these feelings need objects; that these objects are provided in the higher classes of society. It is surely a very considerate arrangement, a most kind provision, and it is only necessary to be on the side of those receiving this homage, instead of those rendering it, to find the system very acceptable. But we correct ourselves. The high-minded nobleman would say to many a fawning sycophant, with the angel in the vision of the apocalypse, 'I am thy fellow-servant; worship God.' There are, indeed, sentiments of veneration in the human heart; but they are too holy to be given to any thing but human *virtue* and heavenly glory; and that men are led to reverence these, by paying homage to an idle, vain, haughty and often licentious nobility, will be a truth strange and hard to learn.

It may be thought that we have not done justice to the poetic argument. We have stated it quite too abstractly, too coldly, with too rigid an adherence to the exact truth. Those noble mansions, it may be said, models of architecture for the whole country; those lordly estates, with beautiful parks and pleasure grounds; those fine old castles, whose walls and towers bear inscribed upon them the history of centuries; those names which they bear, names which are written in glorious annals, and are themes of national pride and glorying,—what high associations must they not keep alive with past times! What powerful effects must they not have in elevating the sentiments and refining the taste of a people !.

We do not doubt that, as travellers, we could very much admire these things. We are not disposed to deny that some real advantages may be derived from them. We are willing to admit that they may on the whole have been useful in a state of the world and of society, much more imperfect than that to which we are looking. And yet we must confess that our candid admissions and our poetic associations are very much held in check by our recollections of the game laws and of the corn laws, and of all the oppression connected with them. Nor is the spectacle of one majestic seat in a whole beautiful landscape, that on which a benevolent mind can very satisfactorily repose. We are not without sympathy in this feeling, and that too from a quarter little likely to produce it. When an Earl of Leicester was complimented upon the completion of his great design at Holkham, he replied, 'It is a melancholy thing to stand alone in one's country. I look round; not a house is to be seen but mine. I am the Giant of Giant-Castle, and have eat up all my neighbors.' *

But the great objection against this system, we repeat, is its essential injustice. It is an invasion, in fact, of the right of property, since it is based upon entails. But it is an invasion of rights dearer than those of property. If it could be shown that it is nevertheless useful, if such an anomaly in Providence could be made out, as the permanent utility of injustice, we should pause with a doubt, deeper than any distrust of our immediate argument. But we do not believe that it can be made out, either in general, or in this particular instance. We believe that a people is not elevated, but degraded by the homage which it pays to the mere outward condition of a class placed above it. We believe that there is more envy than respect, more exasperation than regard, either affectionate or reverential, in the feelings of such a people ; and that the case must be worse and worse, as the general mind becomes more and more intelligent. We firmly believe, too, that God never designed that this should be the relation in which his creatures should stand to each other ; and that it is not the condition most favorable to their improvement

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* Potter on the Poor Laws, quoted in Campbell's Specimens of English Poets: Art. Goldsmith.

and virtue. We allow, at the same time, that the relation of equality is one which involves many difficulties; but we believe that it was intended that through these difficulties, men should work out a more perfect state of society, a truer respect for one another, a juster regard for the real glory of human kind, and a condition, in fine, of more mutual love, forbearance, disinterestedness and harmony, than the world has yet seen, or is likely to see, till the only right, the Christian basis, is adopted, and till it bears its just and legitimate fruit. Far enough are we from saying that this happy result is yet witnessed among ourselves. All we can say is, that we are placed at the right school. We are learners, and have yet almost every thing to learn. What we have learned, however, renders it impossible that we should ever go back to the worn-out systems of feudal discipline for improvement and happiness.

But if popular education is an engine so powerful, and is producing such immense effects upon the political and social condition of the world, and is to produce yet greater effects, it needs to be regulated and managed with the utmost skill and prudence. The character which this education should receive, cannot be a subject of too deep and anxious attention. If it were not to threaten our readers with too long a discussion, we would say, what certainly is true, that we had designed the observations already made, to be preliminary to this great subject. We will not, however, despair altogether of their patience, while we endeavor to compress within as small a compass as we are able, some leading views of what we consider to be a safe and sound popular education.

It was stated in the public prints, not long since, on the authority of a French writer, whose name, however, is not given, that 'the departments in France which are the most enlightened and send the greatest number of children to the schools, do yet produce the greatest number of criminals; and that the most moral of the departments are those which send the fewest children to the schools.' In order to judge fairly of these results, provided they are truly stated, it would be necessary to know more than is told us of the precise local condition, population, wealth and moral exposures, of these contrasted departments. But, leaving the questions which these circumstances are so necessary fairly to settle, we have introduced the statement, for the sake of distinctly admitting that mere education, considered without reference to the sort of education, is not enough. We are far from saying, that the social safety and prosperity of any people is to be measured by the number of schools alone. We look with equal solicitude to the character of these schools. Knowledge, simply considered, is nothing but power. And knowledge that is crude and imperfect; that is mechanical, being rather an implement in the hands of the mind, than the culture of the mind itself; or that is speculative, being blended with no moral influences,—such knowledge is a dangerous power. The idea too much prevails among us, that schools have a kind of talismanic virtue to promote and preserve free institutions. We are every way placing too implicit a reliance upon outward means and props; upon Constitutions, and Elections, and the Trial by Jury, and we repeat it, upon schools. We should not regret it, if the experiment in this point *had* met with temporary failure in France, provided the lesson were thereby taught, that something more than bare education is necessary to train up a people to that free and happy condition, for which all enlightened nations are seeking.

Popular education, to answer its purpose, must possess a certain, definite character. And the requisites which make up this character of useful and safe popular education, must, as we conceive, be these. It must be thorough; it must be practical; and it must be moral.

Thorough, we say, in the first place. We would meet the alarmist, on this subject, in the very outset. We would touch with a decided hand, the very point of his apprehension. Thorough education, we say, is the only safe education.

Regard the diffusion of knowledge as we will, whether with fear or with favor, this is the only reasonable conclusion to which either way of viewing it can lead us. If the light could have been shut out entirely, the world might have walked in its dark way, with such dangers only as belong to darkness. But the light has broken through all the barriers, whether of jealous power, or of scholastic monopolies; the eyes of men are opened to behold it; and we might as well undertake to bar the gates of the morning, as to keep it out, or to shut again the eyes that have once seen it. Instead, therefore, of setting up temporary and local defences, frail screens, to resist this spread of knowledge, it is better thoroughly to study its laws, fully to understand its nature and its requisitions, and as fast as possible to adjust the relations of society and the principles of government to this new condition. A new element has entered into the process of civilization, and mankind must be taught, by the most thorough instruction possible, how to use it. This, we repeat, is the only sound policy on any hypothesis. If popular education be a good thing, if it be the great instrument of human improvement, if the more knowledge we have the more safety there is, then let its aid be welcomed and employed, to the utmost extent. But, even if we regarded it as a wild beast that had broken into the pale of Christendom, and which could neither be driven out nor destroyed, we should think the only policy would be, to tame and to train it to useful purposes.

Whatever opinion, therefore, a man may entertain concerning the tendencies of modern civilization, we cannot think that he properly understands the age in which he lives, if he find nothing to do but to rail against and ridicule it. Grant that there are things enough around us on which to exercise the weapons of wit and sarcasm, such weapons can no more avail to resist the liberal cause, than would arrows to stop the sun in his course. The cause of education must take its trial; and it requires all the sober judgment there is in every country to bring the trial to a safe and happy issue.

But what we wish especially to maintain is, that this trial is safest, in being thorough. The danger, in fact, lies not in a thorough, but in a superficial education. The alarm, we are aware, of many theorists is, lest the people should know too much; but the just fear, in our apprehension, is that they will know too little. Whether as applied to the social or political relations of man, this seems to us to be true, and the true answer to the common objections against a liberal system of popular education.

It is objected, for instance, against carrying the education of the poor and laboring classes beyond the simplest rudiments of knowledge, that such a course will make them discontented with their sphere, will unfit them for their situation, will fill their heads with erroneous ideas of their place and duty, will puff them up with pride and arrogance. If increased facilities for improvement should awaken in some a reasonable desire to improve their condition, and should lead a few from the humbler walks of life to its highest stations, these are results to which no liberal mind, surely, will object. But the *bad* effects alleged, do not arise, as we contend, from thorough, but from superficial education. It is not because men are too much educated, but because they are not enough or not rightly educated, that they become too proud for their employments. Who has not observed that this sort of sensitiveness and discontent, this fear of being degraded by what are called menial toils, this narrow-minded jealousy of their superiors, is extremely apt to manifest itself in the most ignorant persons? The very thing which such persons want is more knowledge. It is not to be made more ignorant, but to be made more intelligent. Besides, we must again remind the objector, that it is not a question about theory, but a matter of fact, that is presented to us. What the people have learned cannot be unlearned. The case of partial knowledge is the case in hand, and we must make the best we can of it. And most clearly and undoubtedly, the best that we can make of partial and imperfect knowledge is to make it more thorough and complete. Give us, we would say, if we were to speak as employers; give us intelligent persons to deal with. Deliver us from testy, suspicious, narrow-minded ignorance. Real knowledge moreover is itself a great resource for the mind. It gives more content to the humblest state, than any degree of observance could. It also draws to it a real respect, which is more valuable, and which is felt to be more valuable, than any homage that is ever paid to mere splendor of fortune. It brings the different classes of society to the truest and noblest equality; and there are beautiful instances which every one may have observed in real life, where the regard between individuals of the different classes is so mutual, that it is difficult to say, which respects the other most. Yes, it is the beautiful Christian law, and the Christian type of heaven. Nay, and even the ancient world has furnished instances like these. Diogenes was once sold as a slave; and his noble behavior not only won his master's regard, but the highest place in his household. Æsop too, and Epictetus, were originally slaves. And even Socrates was not only born in a humble condition, but for some time pursued the calling of his father; till the admiration of Crito called him to the high seats of philosophy.

This is a subject at once of so much difficulty and of so much importance, that we shall be pardoned, we trust, for dwelling on it a moment longer. The greatest difficulty, among us, in social life, is occasioned by misconceptions of the nature of domestic service. We say, by misconceptions; for knowledge,—we still insist,—enlargement of mind, reflection, is precisely the thing that is wanted. Of the strength of feeling which prevails on this subject, some idea may be formed, by one or two letters published last year in the New England Farmer, which were drawn forth by certain observations made in a neighboring review. A person, representing himself as a parent, there says, that he would rather follow his daughters to the grave, than send them into the kitchens of his wealthy neighbors. The idea, of course, is, that this domestic relation implies, on the one part, extreme degradation. But so do we not conceive of it, and so will not an enlightened judgment lead any one to consider it. We would protest, as much as the parent in question, against any real degradation. What is the tenor of this relation? It is a voluntary compact. It is not a feudal service, that is rendered or demanded. It is not any bondage or vassalage, imposed or consented to. It is a compact. It is labor for a compensation. But that is the condition of every man's industry. The merchant, the manufacturer, the professional man is laboring for a compensation. Every individual in the active business of life sustains the varying relations of employer and employed, of master and servant. The humblest individual, in the course of every month, employs twenty persons to minister to his convenience and comfort. And the highest in function and office is but the servant of all, the servant of the public.

If this circle of relations were rightly contemplated, if the mind were disabused of all ideas of feudal distinctions which now perplex the subject of domestic service, if reflection were at work on this subject, and a more intelligent and Christian view were taken of it, we are certain that it would be relieved of many of its difficulties. We doubt not, indeed, that public opinion in general, and private practice in many particular instances, need to be much reformed. But general intelligence and personal refinement will always be found most ready to give respect to real worth in every station, most considerate of the feelings of every fellow-being, and most favorable to a healthful and happy state of all the social and domestic relations.

Domestic service must take a new character in this country, —this is clear;—a character different from what it possesses in most other countries,—a character which nothing but intelligence can give it. Ignorance is its bane and curse. We would say to those who engage in this employment, 'Do it deliberately; do it with reflection; consider whether you ought to engage in it: if you ought, enter upon it cheerfully, as the lot which Providence assigns you; fulfil honestly and honorably your contract, not as slaves, but as those who were free to make or not to make the contract; respect yourselves too much, to show disrespect to others; act thus, from a feeling of duty, and self-respect, and domestic affection, and be assured that you will be beloved in your turn, and respected, and honored.'

If we turn, now, to the political relations of society, we shall find the same doctrine to apply to them. The popular commotions, the violent and dangerous tumults that are breaking out in so many countries, are the results, in part, of knowledge, indeed, but not by any means of too much knowledge. It is precisely from too little intelligence that they spring; intelligence itself imperfect, dazzled rather than enlightened, seizing on some just ideas of its rights, but holding them in much ignorance, in strong passion rather than in strong perception;—intelligence acting, it is true, on a condition of great hardship, and often of that 'oppression which maketh even the wise man mad.' There is much apology, indeed, for these ebullitions: there are cases, where nothing, perhaps, but violence will answer the purpose. But looking at the general action of the popular mind at this day, we cannot hesitate to believe, that if it were more intelligent, more considerate, more justly informed, it would proceed more soberly and calmly to its object,—to the attainment of those political advantages which it is seeking. It would see that gradual amelioration is better than rash amendment, at the expense of turmoil, confusion and bloodshed; and that amendment uncertain after all, liable after all to be lost through the very violence with which it is sought. If the public mind were more enlightened, it would understand more of those complicated interests which are to be affected by great political changes, and it would be proportionally cautious and moderate. It would feel a juster confidence, also, in the power of enlightened public opinion, a power which, it is certain that nothing can long resist.

The disposition to disturb the tenure of property, which is so constantly apprehended to prevail in the poorer classes of the community both at home and abroad, is, if it really exist, emphatically the offspring of ignorance. It cannot be the permanent interest of any one to do this wrong; and the desire to do it, therefore, can only spring from the rashest and blindest of impulses. To destroy the frame of society, only to roam lawless through it, for a day, can be the wish but of a fool. Property is valuable only as it is secure. It follows, that he who rationally, who intelligently desires it, must desire its security. The members of any class, therefore, who, by legislation or combination, by menace, coercion, or the force of numbers, would, either directly or indirectly, assail the possessions of the rich, are but putting into the hands of successive combinations, a whip to scourge their own folly. We know not, with the exception of the learned professions, whether all the branches of business are not rewarded in a pretty nearly equal proportion; for it is to be remembered, that where there are great fortunes, there are proportionally great hazards and many failures; and truly, whatever the fact may speak for the credit of the country, there are no classes that we are aware of, who have more occasion to 'strike work' than physicians, lawyers, and the clergy.

Indeed, we believe, that resort to combination,—to pursue the topic one moment longer,—and that all the machinery of partisan warfare in politics will become less popular and less effective, in proportion as the body of the people are more thoroughly educated and enlightened. An intelligent and reflecting man does not like to be marshalled in any party phalanx, to follow the leading-staff of whomsoever chances to hold it. It is too much the disposition of many such persons to retire from all political agitations,—a disposition, it cannot be too emphatically said, in which they ought not to indulge. But it is a case, at any rate, which clearly falls in with the view that we are taking of the effects of knowledge, and of the influence, particularly, of superior information, and culture of mind. This is not an influence that is likely to form political agitators. Let any one select from the common walks of life, from the undistinguished mass of the community, ten of the best educated, most intelligent and reflecting men he knows, and compare them with ten men, if he can find them, who cannot read; and then let him decide, upon whom he would most rely to resist any popular infatuation, any torrent of numbers that was sweeping all before it; upon whose sobriety, consideration and calmness, he would most rely in any great and perilous national crisis. The force of numbers, which is the dangerous force in all free communities,—the power of combinations, in other words,—must inevitably decline, as the power of intellect increases and is spread among the whole body of the people. And we would venture the remark, that, in many parts of our country, and in those especially which are most distinguished for the progress of knowledge, it is more difficult to carry on a systematic course of electioneering operations now, than it was ten or twenty years ago; that such measures for controlling the popular choice will meet with more resistance than they formerly did, and that this resistance will be chiefly found in the sense and self-respect of the better educated, more independent and intelligent minds of the mass of the people.

The next requisite in a sound and wholesome popular education, which we have mentioned, is that it be practical.

The only knowledge which seems to furnish an exception to the general principle which we have been maintaining in this article,—the only knowledge which has not sought freedom, is scholastic knowledge. That flourished in a feudal age; no other, indeed, could have borne it. But it will not suffice for times like ours. The liberated and free mind of the age is demanding that knowledge shall be applied to use, and no other than this practical knowledge can fulfil the designs of an enlightened freedom.

By practical education we do not mean, merely or chiefly, that which is to be employed upon machinery, or upon the improvement of soils, or upon any other physical improvements, highly valuable and important as all these applications of knowledge undoubtedly are. It is that education which bears upon the machinery of the human mind, which is most truly practical,—that which breaks up 'the fallow ground' of the human heart,—that which brings forth the fruits of intelligence and virtue.

Now we must be permitted to doubt whether this great, and ultimate, and truly practical end of all education is distinctly and sufficiently kept in view. Is it common, we are tempted to ask, —we know that there are instances,—but is it common for the teacher of our youth, when entering upon the discharge of his duties, to say with himself,—' now, my business is to do what is in my power to rear up for society intelligent and virtuous men and women:—it is not merely to make good arithmeticians or grammarians, good readers or writers, good scholars who shall do themselves and me credit at an examination,—this, indeed, I have to do;—but it is still farther, to make good members of society, good parents and children, good friends and associates; to make the community around me wiser and happier for my living in it:—my labor, in fine, must be, to engraft upon these youthful minds that love of knowledge and virtue, without which they cannot be happy, nor useful, nor fitted for the greatest duties, and without which, indeed, all their acquisitions will soon drop like untimely blossoms from the tree of life?'

The blossoms, indeed,—to carry out the figure,—must fall; but that they may not be untimely, that they may produce fruit, there must be formed within them a germ. That germ in the human mind is the love of knowledge, is the intellectual habit that will lead to further acquisitions. Without this, education, and that which is often called the most finished education, is to little purpose. The actual knowledge acquired in our schools must necessarily, the most of it, pass away from the memory. The largest proportion of those who have studied in our colleges, after the lapse of ten or twenty years, know very little of Greek or Latin, of the Mathematics or the Natural Sciences; and if they have gained from their studies no habits of thought, of discrimination, of research, the time and expense of their education were literally thrown away.

But to return to our common schools: there is still too much, we apprehend, that is scholastic in them. School-boy knowledge is still too much a mystery; a thing necessary to be acquired, but without any distinct and assignable reason, on the part of the pupil or the parent, or any reason assigned and kept in view on the part of the teacher. Geography, as generally taught, is still a science too technical and dry; arithmetic is attended with too little demonstration; and grammar is as dark, to multitudes of pupils, as cabalistic lore. The direct connexion of all this with some useful object, either in life or in mental culture, should be continually pointed out. 'The child is father of the man;' and the child can no more study, zealously and effectively, without some useful end in view, than the man.

May not the government and instruction of a school, also, be such as will constantly appeal to the good sense, the manliness, and self-respect of the pupils, and indeed, to all those qualities which will be demanded in after life? Nay, may there not be direct and special instruction to prepare our youth for the duties of that political condition on which they are entering? The idea of a Political Class Book was fortunate;—the only wonder is, that it should have come so late;—and we are indebted to a distinguished member of the legal profession for a work bearing that title, which, it is to be hoped, will soon engage the attention of the higher classes in all our schools. Our youth need to be instructed in the right discharge of all those civil trusts which they are soon to take upon them, as much surely as in the laws of trade and of book-keeping. A new condition has arisen here. Our youth are all of them to be electors and jurors; many of them are to be magistrates and legislators. An education that is practical must be adapted to this condition. It must be something more than is needed by the subjects of the Czar or the Sultan. It must embrace a new element, political knowledge. Nor can it be doubted, that if all the youth of the country were well instructed in their future political duties and responsibilities, if a liberal, enlightened and generous spirit were breathed into them, before their minds are exposed to the perverting influence of party animosities, if they were led beforehand soberly to reflect upon the peculiar and solemn trust which Providence is about to commit to their hands, and upon the pressing dangers that surround it,—it cannot be doubted, that such a course of education would afford the happiest augury for the healthful action and enduring glory of our free institutions.

Finally, to complete the view which we are taking of a safe and sound popular education, let us add that it must be moral; that it must be religious; that it must take hold of this nobler part of human nature, and enlist it in the cause of the common welfare. We say this nobler part; for it is but one and the same part, whether called morality or religion; the same principle, with different objects; in the one case, having regard to society, in the other, to the Supreme Being; but still the same principle of rectitude. The identity in essential principle of these different regards, may be very obvious to many, but it is scarcely yet recognised in popular discussion; and it much needs to be insisted on. For although it may be too much to say, strictly and theoretically speaking, that there can be no morality without religion, yet the practical truth does not fall much short of that; and it is of the last consequence that men should feel that they are bound to the circle of their worldly duties, by their allegiance to Him who made the world.

That bond, always necessary to all well ordered society, becomes, if possible, still more important, as other bonds, those of despotic power and coercion, are loosened. There cannot, therefore, be a more fatal mistake, in educating the youth of a free country, than to leave religion out of the plan ; to leave the moral culture of the mind to the influence of chance, or the inevitable results of neglect. It is to rear them up not only without reference to the essential wants of their being, and the general condition of life, but without reference to the special situation in which they are to act. A barbarous state of society, or a feudal state of society might go on, without much religious culture or principle ; a vague superstition might suffice ; but so cannot a free state of society go on. It cannot ; because questions are always arising in a free community, which nothing can settle but a solemn sense of duty to the country. There is no other power that can settle them but the power of conscience. For we do not believe that there is any mysterious principle in the machinery of a free government, any conservative law amidst the conflict of its parts, —the dashing together of its struggling elements,—which is to bring out of their bare and uncontrolled action, order and prosperity. No ; the elements of reason and conscience must mix in the contest, or rather they must be principles taking the guidance of it, to bring it to a safe issue. Are there not questions before the American public at this moment ; nay, has not a momentous crisis actually arisen, in which these principles must be our chief reliance ?

It is strange, but not less true, that all our speculations about government have been so exclusively intent upon mere formal institutions, that there steals over the mind a feeling as if there were something visionary in appealing to the power of moral principles to stand us in stead ; as if, when we lay our hand on any thing but a fixed institution or a stable law, or the visible frame of a constitution, there were nothing real beneath, to support us. But we firmly believe that it is at once the tendency and only security of free institutions, to bring the element of individual responsibility into a place in government which it has never occupied before ; to make the weight of the public interest and the general weal to rest more and more upon individuals ; to make men say, not always as they now do, 'the constitution, the constitution,' but more frequently to say, 'conscience, conscience is our safeguard!'

But if this principle be so essential to popular institutions, we shall now ask, whether the culture of it ought not to be now *fully* and *formally* introduced into popular education? What indeed is the object of all judicious education, but to develope the principles of human nature? And if one of them be the moral principle, why shall it not be put to school, so to speak, as well as reason, or memory, or imagination? Why shall there not be classes in every school in the rudiments of the science of morals, as well as in the rudiments of geography, mathematics, or natural history? There ought to be a Moral Class Book:—happily there is such a book, for the title of which we refer again to the head of this article. It well deserves a place in our schools.

Nor yet is the instructer's task accomplished, by teaching morals from a book. He ought to blend moral influences, as much as possible, with the whole course of education. He ought himself to be a man of high and pure moral sensibility; to have that strong and feeling perception of the beauty of all virtue, that would reveal itself in the glowing countenance and the kindling eye when he speaks of it; to have, moreover, that highest of all religious culture, which is requisite to the right and salutary enforcement of discipline and infliction of penalties. No man ministers at a holier altar than he. He should feel, we repeat the declaration, that his business is to make good men, as truly as to make good scholars; that the heart is committed to his care as truly as the understanding. He may do much to mould it rightly; he must do much to influence it. The school cannot be too often contemplated, either by him or others, as a moral scene. It is, indeed, a moral scene; but it is still made too mechanical, too much in its moral administration, or too exclusively of other means, a place of palpable rewards and punishments, or of catechetical instructions and formal prayers.

Indeed, the subject of public devotions, whether in schools or colleges, seems to us to present questions of the most serious moment, and of no less serious difficulty. That they are often irksome to the pupils, we fear is too certain; and if they are so, how can they be useful? We would not recommend the disuse of them; but it does seem to us, that something should be done, by connecting them, at the time, with familiar religious instruction, and by greater simplicity and fervor in those who officiate in these services, to give them a new character. If they were less frequent, and at the same time, less hurried ; if more space were given for reflection, and for the use of collateral aids, what is lost in frequency might be more than made up in impression. But, at any rate, they ought not to stand apart, as they are apt to do, from the tenor and character of every thing else in a school or university. Those who take the lead in these devotions should not be looked upon as occupying a position entirely distinct from every thing else in their character and conversation, as discharging a merely official duty, as acting their part in the mere machinery of a public institution. Their prayers should breathe the spirit of their lives ; a spirit not superstitious, nor ostentatious, but cheerful, grateful and devout, and desirous of inspiring their pupils with those blessed sentiments of piety and goodness, which will be their best resource and surest safeguard in all the scenes of that world on which they are entering.

But to return : there are few departments of scholastic instruction, whether higher or lower, that may not be found to yield constant suggestions for virtuous and religious excitement. The teacher, who should skilfully avail himself of such opportunities, would produce effects upon society the most extensive and lasting, and the most delightful. Sir James Mackintosh says of Dugald Stewart, and we can scarcely conceive of a higher eulogium, that ‘ few men ever lived, perhaps, who poured into the breasts of youth a more fervid and yet reasonable love of liberty, of truth, and of virtue. How many, (he adds,) are still alive, in different countries, and in every rank to which education reaches, who, if they accurately examined their own minds and lives, would not ascribe much of whatever goodness and happiness they possess, to the early impressions of his gentle and persuasive eloquence !’ Few men indeed possess the powers or opportunities of the Edinburgh Professor. But, to every instructer of youth, a sphere is opened for the exertion of the noblest talents and virtues. It is a most mischievous and absurd idea, but one that has prevailed, if it do not still prevail, that such a man is not required to possess great talents, that he may be a dull and plodding man, that he may be dull in his moral sensibility, that he need not be a religious man, and yet may very well discharge the duties of his station. But if Heaven has given to any man talent or enthusiasm, or virtue or piety, let him know that it is all wanted here, and that he can scarcely choose a nobler field for its action. Let a man enter this field, therefore, not to go through the dull round of prescribed duty;—let him throw himself into this sphere of action with his whole mind and heart, with every wakeful energy of thought and kindling fervor of feeling; to think and to act, to devise and to do, all that his powers permit, for the minds that are committed to him; to develope and exhaust his whole soul in this work; to labor for and with his pupils, to win their affection, to quicken in them the love of knowledge, to inspire, with every noble impulse, the breast of ingenuous youth; to raise up sound scholars for literature, and devoted pastors for the church, and patriotic citizens for the country, and glorious men for the world; let him do this; and none shall leave brighter signatures upon the record of honored and well spent lives. Let him do this, and whether he sit in the chair of a university or in the humblest village school, whether as a Stewart and a Cousin, or as an Oberlin and a Pestalozzi, he may fill the land with grateful witnesses of his worth, and cause a generation unborn to rise up and call him blessed.

To the friends of education, as well as to the actual laborers in its cause, let us say, in fine, press onward. The spread of knowledge has given birth to civil liberty; the increase and improvement of knowledge must give it stability and security. The fortunes of the civilized world are now embarked in this cause. The great deeps are breaking up, and the ark that is to ride out the coming storm must have skill engaged in its construction, and wisdom to preside at its helm. The warfare of opinion is already begun; and for its safe direction, knowledge must take the leading-staff. In *this* war, not the mighty captain, but the schoolmaster is to marshal the hosts to battle. It is he, that is to train the minds which are to engage in this contest. It is he, that is to train up orators and legislators, statesmen and rulers: and he, too, is to form the body politic of the world. Would the free spirits of the world look to the defence and hope of their cause? It is no dubious question, where they must look. Their outposts are free schools; their citadels are universities; their munitions are books; and the mighty engine, that is to hurl destruction upon the legions of darkness, is the FREE PRESS. Other ages have struggled with other weapons; but the panoply of this age must be knowledge: the gleaming of its armor must be the light that flashes from the eye of free high-minded public opinion. Call this complimenting, call it complaisance to the base multitude, call it visionary speculation, call it what you will; but the doctrine is true: and, over the liberties of the world, whether prostrate or triumphant, that truth must rise brighter and brighter forever.

Art. IV.—*Degerando's Visiter of the Poor.*

The Visiter of the Poor; translated from the French of the Baron Degerando, by a Lady of Boston; with an Introduction, by Joseph Tuckerman. Boston. 1832.

Degerando says, in the 208th page of this translation, 'There is nothing good which we may not expect from the generosity of this age, and the enthusiasm which is peculiar to it.' On no subject can this generosity and enthusiasm be applied more profitably, or more honorably, than in efforts to improve the condition of the poor; and to prevent the causes of pauperism. The efforts of past times have been directed to the relief, not to the prevention of misery. The duties, which are beginning to be felt and to be performed, are to know causes; and knowing these, to apply means to the far better purpose of banishing, than of relieving.

Degerando writes of pauperism as it is seen in great cities in Europe. All his remarks are not applicable to this country. He writes, too, with an amiable enthusiasm, which does his heart the highest credit. Whether he can inspire equal enthusiasm in his readers, may be questionable; but one cannot read his book without feeling respect for him, nor without wishing to be as good and charitable as he seems to be.

The author of this work is said (in the Encyclopædia Americana) to be a native of the city of Lyons, born in 1770; to have been much in favor with Napoleon; to have held important state offices under him; to have been, also, much in favor after the restoration; to have written the best work which the French possess on the History of Philosophy. His last work is that by which he is most known in this country, translated and presented to the public by the title of 'Self Education, or the Means and Art of Moral Progress.'

The volume now to be noticed is said, by the translator, not to comprise several parts of the original, which were thought to be inapplicable to this country. It may be inferred from the introduction (written by the Reverend Dr. Tuckerman), that some latitude has been taken in the manner of translating, to make the volume more useful to American readers. The introduction was intended to give effect to the thoughts of Degerando; in which purpose the writer appears to us to have been entirely successful. His experience among the poor qualifies him, eminently, to speak of their wants, and of the duties of other classes to them.

We cannot, on this occasion, enter into a discussion of the causes of pauperism, nor of the means of prevention and relief. This is a most comprehensive subject; and one of peculiar interest in this country. Americans ought, while they can, to attempt the mastery of this difficult matter, embracing, as it does, political and moral considerations of the greatest importance. There is yet a wide difference between the pauperism of the new, and that of the old world. The latter arises from inequalities of condition, founded in long-enduring political and moral causes, which are unknown here. There are here many, and there will be more causes of pauperism, than there need to be; though some there must be, under the most favorable circumstances. The causes of inequality are necessarily fewer here than in Europe.

The right of ruling brings no riches in its exercise; military glory secures no wealth; the church has no benefices; a favored individual of a family does not inherit all, to preserve the family name and dignity. Here wealth is acquired by talent and industry, and sometimes by unexpected good turns. It is lost with great facility, and in a few years, by successive descents, it is scattered and dissipated. Here poverty is less depraved and odious, than in Europe. It is seldom hopeless, despairing, desolate. The poorest man's son may hope to be something. But till every one is free from vice, ignorance, and misfortune; or until the whole community make common stock like the shaking quakers; or until the care of the whole community is assumed by the Government, and all the citizens are merely agents for the community, as happened in Sparta, there will be poverty, suffering, calls for charity, and duties to perform. The motives to the care of the poor are twofold.

1. Interest. 2. Duty; which, in fact, is only another name for interest.

The rich and the poor are connected by numerous ties. This is not apparent in single cases, but is so when many cases are taken together. Whether the whole number of the poor are moral, and sufficiently informed to know in what their best interests lie, is a touching inquiry to the wealthy; and equally so to the poor, to know, whether the wealthy understand and provide for their necessary relation to them. As the resources of the poor are easily exhausted; as the calamity of long-continued winter, or prevailing sickness, soon brings them to craving want, the good of the whole demands provision against suffering, violence, and crime.

But, besides these calls, there are duties of humanity from which the well informed and considerate cannot, and would not, excuse themselves. Nor would they lose the pleasure of affording relief in cases of distress. The exemplary devotion to the poor, which Degerando proposes, is not called for in our country, as in some of the cities of Europe; yet even in our cities and great towns, there is abundant room for the exercise of charity.

But we are wandering from the prescribed purpose, which is no more than to make a brief examination of this little volume, leaving it to the good sense of the reader to apply the general character of the work, by his own knowledge of the wants of society, and by his own perception of duty in ministering to these wants.

And first, of the introduction we have to remark, that until the 'generosity' and 'enthusiasm,' on which Degerando relies, shall become more common than they now are, it will be the safest course for all who would benefit the poor, to employ such agents as Dr. Tuckerman. If they have not the taste nor inclination to visit the poor themselves, they may have the assurance that their bounties will be well applied by such agents as he is. This, however, is severe labor for one, or even for many. Degerando means to show that such labors should be common to many.

The first chapter is entitled, 'Aim and Character of Charity.'

He divides society into three classes: those who have the superfluities of life; those whose resources are nearly balanced by those necessities which stimulate to labor; those whose pressing wants cannot be entirely satisfied by their own industry.

The first and third classes he connects together, and attempts to show, throughout his work, that while the latter may be relieved and made better, the former may be gratified and improved. Though this philanthropist may be thought to be somewhat in advance of his age, and even fanciful, yet all who can appreciate him will agree, that alms-giving, which is by many considered to be the whole of charity, is but a small part of it. He says, 'it even contradicts, and sometimes destroys the intended effect of charity.'

The second chapter is entitled, 'Characteristics of real Indigence.'

This comprises the fruits of long experience. He discriminates among the contrivances and frauds which are sometimes practised, and the real claims to charitable relief. He discloses a knowledge which might be put to profitable use among us, and which few, but professional ministers, have used to much extent. Every part of this chapter is abundant in rules, which those, who would copy Degerando in his benevolent labors, may study with advantage.

'The Classification of the Poor' is the title of the third chapter.

Herein he supposes, that the visiter of the poor has exactly ascertained existing wants; their nature and extent;—and considers the great secret of charity to be the art of proportioning it to the necessities of poverty. The whole chapter is devoted to rules and illustrations, which must have been drawn from actual observation of the miseries which may be found in such a city as Paris. Happily, all of them may not apply among us. But whoever intends to become a 'visiter' will find this chapter full of instruction.

The fourth chapter, on 'the Virtues of the Poor,' is, perhaps, the most interesting in the book. He properly gives little credit to the affluent, and the easy, for their virtues. He shows how beautiful and admirable virtue is in those who are overwhelmed by reverses of fortune, by the disdain of the rich; exiled from society; banished, as if to a desert, in the midst of cities; every thing hostile; and when the very affections of nature become the source of keenest suffering. We cannot forbear to extract something from this chapter, in honor of human nature under most distressing visitations.

'I have seen a well born young lady, whom the reverses of her family had plunged into indigence, after having been reduced for subsistence to the labor of her hands, attacked by a cancer. She suffered acute pains. Every thing failed her. She had not even linen, with which to dress her wounds. She had not even a bed to repose upon in her agony. She saw her malady increase, from day to day; and she felt that her strength was declining. She had no other prospect of relief, than the tomb open to receive her. But not a complaint escaped her lips. Her countenance was serene and gentle, and her calmness was not impaired a single moment, till the hour of her release.

'I have seen also a mother of six children, extended, night and day, upon a little straw in a garret, with a fatal ulcer, which was destroying her, and not able to give bread to those poor little beings, who were weeping around her. In her own husband, too, who ought to have been her consolation and support, she had an additional subject of cutting sorrow; and she was thus supporting, at the same time, the sufferings of body and soul. But she supported them with an unalterable sweetness, *pardoning even the unworthy husband, who aggravated her woes, instead of relieving them; and who abused the succors destined for her, and consumed them himself, in drunkenness.* I have seen aged, infirm, and forsaken widows occupying a nook so low and narrow, that one could scarce enter it, and having no other light than what came from the stair-case, and there waiting the immense favor of entering into a hospital; (for such is the great and supreme ambition, such the object of the wishes of a great number.) And alas!—how many desire it in vain, and cannot obtain it! —I have seen miseries which pass all belief, and physical tortures united with the most pressing wants and painful privations; and all these endured by martyrs of patience, without aid, hope, or witness; submitting to the Divine will. Where are crowns worthy of such triumphs? What tenderness mingles with our respect, when we think, that the beings called to display such courage are feeble women, and old men, already exhausted by long trials!

'In some families of the indigent, you will see the most touching examples of conjugal love, and of all the domestic affections: you will see mothers refusing themselves every thing, in order to support their children, and widows who cannot be consoled for the loss of their husbands.

'Lately we have been witnesses of a touching struggle between an aged mother and her daughter, herself the mother of a numerous family. The mother had asked to be received into a hospital, and insisted upon obtaining this favor, in order not to be a burden, in her last days, with the infirmities she foresaw for herself, to a family already very much straitened. The daughter warmly solicited a refusal for her mother, desiring to take care of her herself, when this care should become necessary; and only counting as pleasures, the sacrifices which she imposed upon herself to fulfil this pious duty.

'An old soldier, made infirm by his wounds, with his wife and numerous children, had been taken home by a simple workman, the brother-in-law of the wife, who shared with them the fruits of his labor. This estimable man was killed. A few crowns only remained to these poor people; and they consecrated them to the procuring of a distinct grave, to receive the mortal remains of their benefactor, over which they often go to pray in memory of him.'

This chapter is rich in beautiful moral lessons, on the effect that may be produced on favored mortals, from becoming acquainted with the real miseries which are common in the world.

But there is another and far different picture in the fifth chapter, entitled 'Vices and Moral Amelioration of the Poor.' The various classes of the vicious poor are here described; and a mournful exhibition of nature it is. It is seen in this, how greatly the miseries of poverty are aggravated by vice. But the humane writer's object is to show, that the utmost tenderness is due even to these unfortunate beings; and that they are frequently the more entitled to compassion and charity, from their very vices. He shows, that among this class may be found many on whom charity may perform its most beneficent labor; and startles one with the serious truth, that much of the moral worth of life depends on circumstances, which the degraded could not control; but which the thoughtful and charitable might easily prevent.

Assuming, as he well may, that he has convinced the 'visiter' of his duties, and inspired the will to perform them, Degerando has yet other important instruction to give in his sixth chapter, entitled 'Means of obtaining the Confidence of the Poor.' Throughout this part of the volume are found illustrations of his knowledge of the human heart, under all the varieties of sorrow and distress.

The seventh chapter is entitled 'Education of the Children of the Poor,' and is devoted to showing the moral and social effects of education. It applies less to our country, than to that in which the blessing of free schools is unknown. The object appears to be to induce individuals to render that benefit, which is provided here at the public charge. Still there is ample scope for the benevolence of the visiter, in this respect, among us. This will be apparent from the following note, added by Dr. Tuckerman to this chapter.

'I have known, I think, more than a thousand poor families; and, in not a few of these families, I have found a great insensibility to the importance of availing themselves of the means which they have for the education of their children. But I have never known a poor and ignorant parent withhold his child from our schools, or express unwillingness that he should go to them, from "a jealousy that the child would thus be raised above him." Some of the poor children, who are seen in our streets, were brought to the city by their parents at an age at which they were too old for the primary, and could not read well enough for admission into the grammar schools. Some are truants. Some have been taken from school, that they might earn what they could for the families to which they belong; and, having lost the employment obtained for them, have fallen into vagrancy. And some are children of inefficient, and others of reckless parents, who think not of the education of their children, and who leave them exposed to every contaminating influence, only because they are themselves too ignorant, or too obdurate, to perceive the value of the good they so lightly estimate. If any visiter of the poor shall be led, by the appeals which are here made to him, to the benevolent enterprise of saving one or more of the poor children among us, who are now on the brink of ruin, I think he will find them to belong to one or another of the above-named classes; and that the difficulty with which he will have to contend, in his intercourse with the parents, will not be "a jealousy," in any one, "that his son may surpass him;" but, either a most painful lack of parental sensibility; or, a strong claim of interest in the immediate labors of which children are capable; or, inability in the parent to control the child; or, the disqualification of the child for admission into our schools. My apology for this statement respecting the exposed and vicious children in our city is, that a greatly increased interest has recently been excited in the cause of their salvation; and a just perception of the causes of the condition in which we find them is important, in view of the measures which are to be taken for their rescue.'

The benevolent author does not content himself with prescribing the duties of instruction to children. He pursues the subject into employments which follow, as apprenticeships, and trades, and other occupations, in which, however, he expects more of 'visiters' than is likely to be obtained, until these humane duties shall receive greater attention than has hitherto been given to them. There is one part of this chapter which deserves great consideration, and which applies, in some places in our country, as decidedly as it does in France.

'The development of industry, in certain countries, has produced a great demand even for very young children, who are employed in manual labor that requires neither much vigor, nor much intelligence; but the avarice of certain manufacturers abuses the strength of these little creatures. They are exhausted by fatigue; they neither leave them time for school, nor for rest; hardly enough to eat a hasty morsel, or to take hurried sleep. These little creatures languish with exhaustion; and their health suffers as much as their characters and education. Yet the pressing wants of some parents, the cupidity of others, and the want of foresight in many, deliver up these young creatures to this fatal regimen. This abuse has been carried so far in England, that an express law was required for its suppression; a bill was passed, a year ago, to regulate the maximum of the task which should be imposed upon children in manufactories. In France, though some workshops have presented so sad a spectacle, we hope the legislative authority will not be necessary to restrain it, and that the power of manners, and the authority of public opinion, will be sufficient to arrest the evil in its birth. However, the friend who watches over the family of the poor will watch over the child who is employed in a manufactory, that he may not be exposed to become the victim of excessive fatigue.

'The capacity and skill of a child must not be measured by the money he earns. In certain places, a child can earn from two to three francs a day by picking up bones for the fabrication of animal carbon; but what will he have learned? It is often the most false speculation, as to the real interest of a family, to be too hasty in obtaining profit from the labor of these little creatures; in that, as in many other things, it is sacrificing the future to the present.'

The eighth chapter treats of 'Begging.'

In many parts of Europe, begging is an important branch of business, in which many ingenious and capable persons are highly accomplished. In this country, this occupation is comparatively rare. Travellers who have passed through

Ireland, England, France and Italy, are more struck with the absence of street begging, in the United States, than with any other obvious mark of difference. So far as beggars are known among us, the observations in this chapter have some application. But, probably, not in those which relate to the complicated frauds and deceptions, against which this chapter is intended to warn. Other observations, applicable to real objects of charity, are as just here as in Europe, excepting that the objects are much fewer. The author discourages giving money to beggars. He recommends that whenever such supplication occurs, the party should be required to make known his place of abode, and should be visited there; that the truth or falsehood of the statements made should be inquired into; and that the proper charity which the case demands should follow. This is said to be a practice among many of our benevolent citizens, and is, no doubt, the most proper and satisfactory course.

The ninth chapter, on 'the wise Distribution of Charity,' is the direct application of the preceding parts of the work to practical purposes. It contains a summary of rules, and the reasons why they are rules, and how they should be regarded and used. We can only commend this chapter to readers who desire to profit by Degerando's lessons. If we made any extracts from it, it would be difficult to select, where all is so worthy of notice.

The two propositions which the author illustrates in the tenth chapter, entitled—'who should be called to the Office of Visiter of the Poor'—are these,—

1.—'Every person, who undertakes to assist indigence, must himself become a visiter of the poor.'

2.—'The visiting of the poor by private persons is necessary to supply the deficiencies of the public administration of charity.'

These rules are certainly the best that can be stated for observance, in such a city as Paris. But among us, it is believed that the best rule for the benevolent generally, is to multiply the numbers of those whose sole business it may be to visit the poor. Not, however, to the exclusion of those whose sense of duty would lead them to be visiters. Such persons may render a most acceptable service, no doubt; but from the busy occupations which most persons have here, it would not answer, to trust entirely to the visits of individuals.

In certain emergencies, such benevolent persons obey the call. There are charitable societies among us, the members of which deserve the highest praise. If they had not interfered during the last winter, the suffering would have been excessive in this city. It must be admitted, however, that the kind of charity thus applied *is limited to relief*, and falls far short of the meaning of the word *charity*, as used by this writer. We see no better mode of accomplishing the comprehensive schemes of this philanthropist, in the present state of our community, than to confide to employed agents the duty and the responsibility of 'visiters.' This implies, of course, that those who have not the leisure, nor the inclination to visit personally, should furnish such agents with all the means which their employment requires. The inducements to supply these means will be greatly strengthened, by learning from this volume the uses which can be made of means, by those who understand the true purposes and duties of charity.

The eleventh chapter treats of 'the Advantages to be reaped by the Visiter of the Poor.'

It presents charity in a new and interesting light. The benefit of charitable acts, *to the indigent*, has been the common motive for performing them. But here we find charity commended for the good it does, not to the object of the bounty, *but to those from whom it moves.* The visiting of the poor is here represented as a school for valuable instruction, in the purposes of human life; as a means of self-esteem, self-gratulation, and of grateful pleasure, which cannot be derived from any other source.

A few extracts will disclose what the author means by the good which the charitable can do to themselves.

'My friend A—— is an honest man, who annoys and injures no one; and, having a great talent for business, has given himself up to it, all his life. Living like all the world, he was accustomed to breakfast, dine, sleep, read his newspaper, and cultivate the relations of society. He did not himself suspect the ordinary nature of his existence, the frozen temperature of the atmosphere he breathed. He fulfilled his external duties, went punctually to church every Sunday, (for that is only reputable;) but he did not comprehend the secrets of moral life, the high destinies of our nature, the sublimer vocation of man. The maxims of sages, upon this matter, seemed to him an idle speculation; he smiled at the illusion of those who raise themselves to these ideas. As to himself, he had no time to lose in philosophizing. But one day I proposed to him to accompany me in a visit I was going to make. He could not go; he had an appointment; the order of his day could not be deranged; besides, could not I do better than he? He begged me to take charge of what he had to bestow. I persuaded him, however, and, though a little out of humor, he went with me. We entered into conversation with this family, which had also its own business, which he made them explain to him. I left him without his perceiving it, in the midst of the afflicted circle. He gave useful counsels, and took the charge of some necessary step to the affairs; he obtained their confidence, and had the happiness to render a service.

'A few days after, I met him, and made my apologies for having taken him away from his business. But he was no longer the same man; the expression of his countenance was changed. He was more affectionate than I had been accustomed to see him. His conversation took another direction, and he asked me various questions about the objects of our solicitude. He had discovered something new in life; he had begun to conceive that man is not created, and put into the world, merely to make an establishment, and live at his ease, in peace with his neighbors. There was a book on his table. He had discovered that there is another, superior region, whose influences ennoble and animate the monotonous existence of earthly interest.

'I knew Mrs. ——— to be an amiable and gentle woman; her house was ever attractive, and her purse open to the poor. But serious conversation wearied her. Effort was painful to her. She wished that every thing should go on of itself; her children were at a boarding-school. Dress and company cheated time of its languor. The excitement of pulpit eloquence, when there was any, interested her; but she relished serious reading little. I solicited this lady to accompany me in one of my visits. Nothing seemed more impossible; dust and filth inspired her with insuperable disgust; rude manners were her antipathy. I did, however, obtain what seemed impossible. The next morning, I found her by the bed of the invalid she had visited with me. She had returned, of her own accord, and without me. But this was not all. The employment of her time was soon changed; her husband found her more attentive and affectionate; the education of her children awakened in her more interest; her friends soon discovered a new expression of sensibility in her conversation; and what a guardian had this poor family found! I had visited it more than once, had inquired of the neighbors and landlord; but she found out immediately all I was trying to learn, and provided what I intended to procure: I was only obliged to warn her to be economical in her bounty.'

'One young friend of mine was frivolous and fond of pleasure, and less afraid of dissipation than *ennui:* he had natural talents, but was too indolent to study. He had good qualities, and was a devoted friend, but wasted all his time.

'Another of the same age was dissipated and prodigal, ostentatious and vain, and wasted his property.

'Can visiters of the poor be made out of such subjects? I tried: the former followed me without reflecting, but soon his good heart enlightened his reason, and he came to himself: the latter would not hesitate to do a proper and worthy thing, but his vanity soon became a proper sense of character.

'How did these changes come about? In the first instance, surprise and almost horror was awakened in a man ignorant of the great trials Providence sends on man. He discovered a new aspect of human life, which, if he had vaguely suspected, he was unwilling to define to himself. But the voice of God's creatures was heard; the tears of a widow, the languid eye of an old man, met the eyes of the man of the world, and melted his heart. Questions were asked, and heart-rending details were obtained. Faculties and powers, till then slumbering, were waked up in the soul of the man of the world: his mind became concentrated, and he returned pensive to involuntary meditation. He looked within, and for the first time, his thoughts passed beyond the narrow bounds of present and material things.

'Soon, the relief he witnessed gave him the idea of a new order of pleasures, and the confidence he inspired acted on him as a sacred engagement. The soul opened to a new order of affections, and he commenced the moral life,—the only real life. The poor man's house was his school, and benevolence introduced him to the other virtues.

'Another visiter of the poor I had the influence to make of a lady, who had much mind, and was thought to have extreme sensibility. She swooned at the recital of an accident: she could not bear to see a tiler on a house; her table was covered with romances; no one was more eloquent in expatiating on the interests of humanity;—she was admired by both sexes. But she was not liberal; she was not even careful to pay her debts; her house was in disorder; no one commended her temper. She neither knew how to diffuse happiness, nor to be happy. She went with me, because it seemed to her a romantic adventure, and was something new. She became simple and natural; her native generosity was revived and exercised, and happiness awoke within, and around her.'

The twelfth chapter is devoted to a discussion on 'the Utility of Associations, for the purpose of performing Charitable Duties.' In this country, we are familiar with societies. This is so common a mode of effecting any object where numbers have similar views, that it seems unnecessary to remark on this part of the volume.

The thirteenth and last chapter is entitled 'the Co-operation of Young People in the Establishments of Humanity.' The author endeavors, in this part of his work, to raise charity to the dignity of a science, and to prove that the young should be trained up in the theory and practice of it, as in any other serious employments in life. This subject is well followed out, in illustrating the benefit which the indigent would derive from having the zeal and enthusiasm of youth engaged in their claims; and the far greater benefit which the young might secure to themselves, from such an engagement. The sum of this chapter is, that happiness in this life is to be found in the conscientious performance of duty ; and that all duty is not done in taking care of one's self, and one's own. To inculcate this truth, may be said to be the very moral of this work. But how are the young, occupied as they are with business and pleasure, to be convinced that there are any social duties ? And if convinced, how are they to be assured that the performance of such duties is a means of rational happiness ? In no way but by a course of education, which teaches the true purposes of life. To those who are so taught, (and we fear the number of such is very limited) this translation of Degerando's book will be a most acceptable instructer and guide ;—to such we cordially recommend it. We recommend it not to be read hastily,—nor to be read as though one perusal would impart all that can be learned from it.

It is rather to be commended as a book to be studied. And there is no risk in asserting, that any one who does study it will be not only enlightened, but will be a better being, both to live in the world, and to leave it.

The lady, who has given Degerando's work to the American public, deserves their respect and thanks. It is some merit to have had the taste to read the original with pleasure : it is, we hope, a deserved compliment to American readers to have believed them fit for, and capable of enjoying, and of profiting by the opportunity of seeing the work in an English version.

We have spent no time in looking for errors, either of language, or of the press. If there be any of either kind, we have not stopped to notice them. On the contrary, the translation appears to us to have been happily executed. If there be any thing to dislike in this book, it is not the fault of the translator; but of the original work. This, however, is merely matter of taste, and no cause of displeasure to those who are lovers of French eloquence. This, we do not profess to admire in all instances in which we have seen it, in serious subjects. It sometimes has little claim to be eloquence, in the estimation of any but Frenchmen. If this be an objection, the translator has done all that could be done to remove it.

We should think it a proof of the good sense, and good feeling of the present day, if this volume should be extensively in use. No subject, not connected with civil and religious liberty, and good education and sound morals, is more interesting to this young country, than the subject treated of in this volume. What can be done to *prevent* poverty, and the crimes which it engenders; and in what way can the indigent be most properly treated?

It is easy to answer these questions in a single sentence. Educate all; set all to work; provide work for all who can work. No doubt if this were practicable, there would be products of labor enough to diminish the number of the indigent almost to an indiscernible part of the whole mass.

But how are these causes of exemption from indigence to be brought into operation? This question is not so easily answered; and whatever the eulogists of this fortunate country may justly say, it is beyond the reach of the wisest to predict when such a state of things will exist.

If the poor are relieved according to Degerando's sense of the word *charity*, if the causes of pauperism are sought out, and annihilated, the affluent and the independent must do the work. This book tells them how they can do it. When we consider how large a portion of the lives of many is spent in vain, frivolous, and disgusting pursuits; and also, what a change might be produced among the poor, as well as among those who so spend their lives, we can present no better wish to both parties, than that Degerando's volume may be found, read, and duly respected, in every family, which is capable of being instructed by it.

Art. V.—*Revolutions in Poland.*

1. *History of the late Polish Revolution and the Events of the Campaign.* By Joseph Hordynski. Boston. 1832.
2. *Tableau de la Pologne, ancienne et moderne. Nouvelle Edition, entièrement refondue, augmentée et ornée de cartes.* Par Leonard Chodzko. Paris. 1830.
3. *Polonia, or Monthly Reports on Polish Affairs. Published by the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland.* No. 1. August, 1832. London.

The history of Poland within the memory of the present generation affords a most melancholy, yet interesting and instructive subject, for the study of the politician ; nor is there a 'picture in the book of time,' which sets forth in more glaring colors the deformity and iniquity of the system by which the old world has been, and is governed, than that in which are delineated the wrongs, the sacrifices, and the struggles of this gallant and devoted nation.

It has always appeared to us that the general opinion respecting the result of the late insurrection was formed too hastily, and that there was a rational hope for Poland in her unequal struggle. Even now that the fortune of war has declared against her, we are far from renouncing that opinion. On the contrary we maintain, that an examination of the events of the war, and the political movements connected with it will show, that Poland had a fair prospect of success, and that she was once on the very eve of gaining it. But who could have foretold, that Austria would pursue such a partial and inhuman policy; that Prussia would allow the Russian armies to draw their supplies from her territories, while she not only refused to let a biscuit or a cartridge go to the Poles, but imprisoned and maltreated those who attempted to join them empty-handed? Who could have foreseen that France would, by her deceptive promises, and her solemn pledges 'that the nationality of Poland should not perish,' induce the Polish leaders to hold back the arm of the nation, at the moment when the enemy was wavering? And, above all, who could foresee that Poland, so often deceived, would again listen for a moment to any hopes of accommodation, that she would raise any other cry than that of 'War! war to the knife!' or that her chiefs would adopt the timid and compromising foreign policy, which proved the utter ruin of their cause?

It was a great error in foreigners to suppose, that only the old Dutchy of Warsaw was concerned in the event of the late struggle; and it was very unfortunate that some, even in Poland, entertained the hope that this small portion of their country might struggle alone against Russia, and exist alone and independent after the victory. This mistaken idea still exists, and the friends of Poland in England,—even her advocates in the House of Commons,—talk not of Poland as she was and is, the mother of a population of more than ten millions of people;—they go not back, and demand the restitution of her natural and sacred rights;—but date every thing from the Congress of Vienna. They appeal to that treaty, as though it were one asserting and securing the rights of Poland, and not a part and parcel of the iniquitous partition,—a cold-blooded and formal approval of the acts of the royal spoilers.

Poland, as recognised by the treaties, cannot exist independently, nor if she could, would she be great or respected by her neighbors.

It is not our intention in this article to trace in detail the interesting events of the late struggle, although we may allude to the unhappy misunderstandings, the credulity and the errors of some of the leading men; errors which brought on the final catastrophe; nor shall we attempt an expression of the feelings of anguish, which must have arisen in every bosom, on hearing that Poland was again in the dust. We ask no tears for her; we come not to scatter flowers on her grave. It is not yet made.

It seems highly probable that Poland must, in the course of events, be called again to play an important part in Europe. There is no disguising the fact, that in those countries which once bore her name, there exist more than ten millions of brave and hardy men; that they are unfettered in their souls, and unprejudiced in their affections, by the political arrangements which have set them off to different powers; that they have a strong dislike to the governments under which they live; a strong inclination to rally round an old and beloved nationality; in fine, that nothing but force and fear keep them subject to governments, for which they can feel no affection.

Now this state of things may very well endure as long as affairs go on in the usual train, and while the arm of social power is strong; but, when the bands which bind men together are broken, and war and revolution destroy all artificial political distinctions;—when society is reduced to its primitive elements; —there is every probability that atom will cling to the atom for which it has the greatest affinity, and that, when the troubled mass shall settle, it will be in such shapes as were intended not by man, but by nature.

We find, between the Baltic and the Euxine, and between the Dwina and the Oder, one immense and almost uninterrupted plain; a great part of which formerly composed the misnamed Republic of Poland. We may take the Dwina on the north-east, and the Carpathian mountains on the south-west, for the natural boundaries. Here is a low, flat, and fertile country, called, from its evenness, *Pole*, which means a plain. The severity of the climate gives to the inhabitants their hardihood; its want of the sun has been the probable cause of their intemperate use of ardent spirits. They derive their courage and their enterprise from their race; their activity and their love of liberty from the political circumstances, in which their country has been placed during many centuries.

The Poles, as a race, are above the middling size; active and athletic, rather than robust; they are of light clear complexion, entirely different from the German yellow or sandy color; their carriage is remarkably martial, and their looks frank and open. The women are handsome; and there is a dignity in their manners, which distinguishes them from the females of the surrounding countries. Both sexes in the higher ranks have an air of command and self-possession, which, with their urbanity, and their external accomplishments, has gained them the title of the French of the North. The upper class in Poland is indeed highly accomplished in every thing that is showy and graceful; and, though destitute of a solid or useful education, they add brilliancy to every society in which they appear. Many a Polish gentleman, who has no idea of the theory of an eclipse, can nevertheless converse as easily and elegantly in French, German, and Russian, as in his native tongue, and can express himself with fluency and correctness in Latin.

The early history of the country is enveloped in obscurity, and disguised by fable; and it is not until the year 1000, that we find the power of Poland known and respected by her neighbors. Boleslas the Great, uniting the heretofore dissevered provinces into one, began the career of conquest which his successors followed up, until Poland became one of the leading States of Europe. He was the great feudal head of the country, ruling over powerful, but obedient vassal chiefs, each of whom had his castle, and reigned over his province. The castles of the nobility served as places of defence for the common people in case of invasion ; and indeed we find that, in many parts, all the cattle were driven by the peasantry every night into the castle of their chief. All the inhabitants were obliged to bear arms, and all were at the beck of their feudal lord. In the earlier ages, all those who were rich enough to keep a horse, and purchase the expensive armor of a cavalier, were called nobles ; and the title descended to such of their posterity as had art enough to impress the people with an idea of their superiority.

There were, at this time, no other serfs or slaves in Poland, than the prisoners taken in war; nor did these remain long in servitude; for as soon as they could cultivate waste land enough for their own use, and establish themselves upon it, they became free.

There was at this time a mutual dependence between the noble and the peasant. If the talents and courage of their feudal lord, in leading them against a common enemy, were necessary to the peasantry, and if his castle walls gave them refuge in the hour of danger, and his granaries fed them in the season of famine; on the other hand, he was as much dependent on them, to fill his ranks and replenish his coffers. The time had not arrived, when the nobles became not only useless, but oppressive to the people. The noble indeed reaped where he had not sown, and his children ate the fatling of the people's flock ; but then, his lance was ever in the rest ; he ever claimed the first place in the battle as at the board, and, with his brave sons about him, he poured out his blood, and their blood, like water, in defence of the firesides of his people.

The nobles were called counts, or, in the language of the country, *castellani ;* and they acted also as judges, in all causes civil and criminal ; the king reserving to himself the right of pardon, in fact calling himself chief judge. The judges acted as mediators whenever it was possible ; yet we find even in this age that they were sticklers for fees ; for when (as often happened even in criminal affairs) the injured party accepted a pecuniary satisfaction from the offender or criminal, the judge claimed his fee, as though the case had come before him. They decided not by written laws or precepts ; indeed it is doubtful whether they could always read, for it is positively asserted, that their sentences were not recorded.*

The king judged between the nobles, and between them and the people. The latter often stopped him when riding out, and he always paid immediate attention to the case ; he often punished with death and by torture ; and always, it seems, in an arbitrary or whimsical manner. Boleslas used to invite persons whom he judged guilty of petty offences to come to the bath with him ; and when they were stripped, he ordered them to be lashed.

It was a law, that any land of which the possessor died without heir, might be taken by the first comer ; and this was a means used by the nobility for increasing their own possessions ; for they would not allow any one else to be first comer, always standing ready themselves, and in later ages putting aside any troublesome claimant in an unceremonious manner.

Christianity was early introduced into Poland, and we find that, in the twelfth century, the prelates began to share with the nobles in the appropriation of this world's goods to themselves. Property had now become fixed and hereditary; and we find the law of inheritance construed as liberally for their own benefit by the nobility and the clergy, in Poland, as it was in all the other parts of Europe. Great privileges were attached to the property which they held in this right ; they were not only free from all imposts on contributions ; but were exempt from the duty of repairing roads and castles. Besides this, the grandees or nobles soon claimed the privilege of acting as judges between themselves and the people, and discarded all other authority than their own within their possessions.

The natural inclination of man to get power, and increase it when obtained, led to many abuses ; and although we do not find the people, in this age, completely *glebæ adscripti*, still, in many provinces, they held their lands only at the pleasure of the nobles.

We have thus hastily adverted to the origin of the power of the nobility, on account of the immense influence which it has ever since exercised in the political affairs of Poland.

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* Lelevel.

The origin of the late revolutionary movements must of course be sought in that extraordinary transaction,—on many accounts perhaps the most remarkable in the whole course of modern history,—*the partition of Poland.*

It was towards the middle of the last century, that a knowledge of the real causes of the troubles, which had so long distracted the kingdom, began to be diffused among men of education, and that many patriots set themselves seriously about the work of regeneration. They attempted to break the power of the two hundred thousand nobles, who constituted the Government; to divide this power between the nobles, the king, and the people ; to abolish the fatal *liberum veto ;* and to put an end to confederations, and the *pacta conventa.* But they were too late. Russia, Austria and Prussia had already marked Poland for their prey, and resolved to prevent any remedy being applied to the evils, which were rapidly bringing her within their grasp. A lawless and violent interference had already taken place; for when the Diet in 1733 had elected the virtuous and unfortunate Leczynski to the throne, Russia declared that he should not remain upon it. He had married the daughter of Louis XV. of France; and Russia feared the introduction of French influence in Poland. The usual intrigues were set on foot ; a few unprincipled nobles and venal bishops were invited to confederate to protest against the election of Leczynski, to proclaim Augustus III., a Saxon Prince, and to call in the Russian army to support them. They did so; and the Russians, who were standing tip-toe on the frontier, swept over the country, forced Leczynski to fly, and established Augustus.

The next election was managed in the same way ; but stern and devoted patriots were found at the Diet, who, hoping that the ill-omened *veto* might for once at least be useful to their country, boldly threw themselves forward, and by their disapproval rendered null the proposals. The Marshal, or Speaker of the Diet, dissolved it by his own authority. But the *veto* seemed a spirit hanging over Poland for evil only, and not for good; the Russian party disregarded it, they caused a commission to be formed of the factious nobles; and, calling it the government, they caused several dreadful blows to be given to the interests of Poland; the elector of Brandenburg was recognised as king of Prussia ; and the Czar of Moscow as emperor of all the Russias.

But the more darkly the clouds lowered over Poland, the more numerous and energetic did her true patriots appear. It was resolved to place a real Pole upon the throne; and at the next election they chose Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski for their king. It is true that he was sustained both by Russia and Prussia, and that he had been one of the favorites of the Empress Catherine; but it was hoped that his patriotism would revive. It did so, indeed, for a time ; that weak-minded prince seemed to set himself seriously to work to prop the falling fortunes of Poland. He proposed and effected a reform of the *liberum veto*, applying it only to certain political questions : a system of duties was established for goods imported, there having been none exacted before but by individual nobles on the frontier ; a corps of cadets was formed at Warsaw, and many other useful steps were taken, before Russia was startled by the defection of her *protégé*. At the opening of the Diet of 1766, the king proposed to abolish the *liberum veto* entirely; and to increase the revenues, and consequently the power of the throne. But Russia was there ; and her ambassador had the audacity to declare, that his mistress never would consent to such measures. By the influence of Czartoryski and some others of the high nobility, the confederation of the Diet was dissolved ; consequently the *liberum veto* came into force, and with it came anarchy. The confederation of the Diet has been misunderstood, and generally confounded with non-official confederations, which were entirely different. When the Diet was summoned for the purpose of any public exigency, it could *confederate itself* by unanimous consent ; and when so *confederated*, the power of the veto was lost, and all questions were decided by a majority of voices.

There was then no hope for the patriots but in open resistance. The king had begged pardon of Russia for his momentary patriotism; they abandoned him, and formed the celebrated *confederation of Bar*, so named because it was at the village of Bar that many of the most illustrious and most devoted patriots of Poland leagued together, and swore to redeem their country before she had become entirely a prey to her rapacious neighbors. It was necessary for the confederates to make some appeal, which would come home to the hearts of the lower classes ; and it was that of the restoration of their ancient religion, and the exclusion of protestant influence in the Government: hence this confederation has been stigmatized as an association of bigots, animated only by religious fury. Never was a calumny more completely refuted by the result; the patriots in every part of Poland answered enthusiastically to the call of the confederates of Bar, and a desperate struggle ensued with the armies of Russia, which were marched into Poland and acted with Poniatowski and his few troops. The confederation was supported by Turkey, who marched upon Russia on one side; and by France, whose cabinet, under the guidance of the able Choiseul, saw the necessity of checking the power of Russia. Thus encouraged from without, and supported by the enthusiasm of the people, success seemed crowning the confederates. They declared the throne vacant, and were beating back the Russians step by step, when Turkey was forced to a peace; the Choiseul ministry fell into disgrace in France; several of the leading chiefs of the confederation died or were slain; and the Austrian army on one side, and the Prussian on the other entered the territories of Poland. There was now but one resource left for the confederates; by a bold stroke they seized upon the person of the king, and attempted to induce him to head the national party; but he basely deserted them in the night, and fled to the Russians. These devoted men, after protesting solemnly against this invasion of their soil by foreign nations, were obliged to disperse; and the invading powers proceeded to the first partition of Poland.

Then it was that the miserable Poniatowski saw the abyss into which he had plunged his country, and rallied courage enough to issue his solemn protest against the partition.

He was obliged, however, by the ministers of the three powers to convoke a Diet; 'that memorable Diet of 1773, which displayed such a struggle between vice and virtue, between patriotism and treason.' Then there went up to Warsaw, from the provinces of Poland, nobles who forgot all their own interests, all their own passions, resolved to sacrifice every thing on the altar of patriotism. Many a young man, as he mounted his horse and sallied out, surrounded by his chosen followers, from those turreted walls where his ancestors had held feudal sway for ages, heard the blessing of his father, mingled with words like those of the aged Korsak to his son: 'Adieu, my brave boy,' said he, 'I send with you to Warsaw my oldest and most faithful servants, and I pray God they may bring you back a corpse, rather than come with the news that you have not withstood with all your might whatever may be proposed, that is disadvantageous to your country.' *

And bravely and obstinately did Korsak, and Taremba, and Tymoski, and many others, struggle for the liberties of Poland ; but what could they do against intrigue, and treason, and brute force ? No one can have forgotten how their legal resistance was overcome by violence ; how armed soldiers were placed in the hall of deliberation ; how Reyten, the Cato of Poland, in defiance of danger, and in a state of exhaustion, continued to occupy his post, and to protest from the tribune ; or how, to get rid of him, the Diet was held without the hall ; and how he lay thirty-six hours in a state of insensibility, ere he was removed from the place on which he had fallen, and where he had so long struggled for the independence of his country. His firmness was such, that a Prussian general who was present could not but grasp his hand, and cry with enthusiasm, *optime vir, gratulor tibi ; optime rem tuam egisti.*

Such was the enthusiastic patriotism of Reyten, that his heart was broken, and his brain was turned, when he found that all his efforts were useless ; he went raving mad, and seizing in his frenzy a drinking glass, he crushed it with his teeth, swallowed the fragments, and died with the name of Poland on his lips.

After such a violent struggle, what remained of Poland sunk into the quiet of exhaustion for some time ; but this quiet was political and physical, not moral ; for we find that an immense advance was made in the education of the people, and in the dissemination of rational ideas of liberty. Each Diet enacted wise and prudent laws, conformable to the spirit of the age ; and in 1791 was issued that excellent constitution, which seemed to guaranty to Poland, shorn as she was of territory, a long, peaceable, and happy political existence, as a second rate power. The *liberum veto* and the confederacies were abolished ; the middling class were admitted to a participation of power, and measures were taken for the education of the peasantry. The throne was made hereditary in the house of Saxony ; and a tenth of the revenues was voted to the Government, with an authorization to augment the army to one hundred thousand men. Complete religious toleration was proclaimed; the peasantry were freed from the odious condition which bound them to the land which they cultivated; the burgesses or middling class, were permitted to buy the lands of the nobility, and every foreigner entering Poland was declared to be a freeman. In fine, it was a constitution of which Burke said, 'it benefits all classes and injures none;' and of which Kant added, '*nisi scirem opus humanum esse divinum crederim.*'

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* Tableau de la Pologne, p. 107.

Political circumstances prevented any union of Russia and Prussia at that moment, and indeed the latter charged her ambassador to congratulate Poland on her happy and wise revolution, which had given her such an excellent constitution.

Let it be observed that this revolution was entirely in favor of monarchical institutions, and destructive of the democratic power. How false then, how absurd the hypocrisy of the three Governments, which asserted that their interference in the affairs of Poland was necessary, to prevent the propagation of French jacobinical principles! The manner of the adoption of this constitution spoke volumes for Poland; for the Diet, having voted it first by acclamation, again reconsidered and approved it, and then submitted it to the electoral bodies, in every part of Poland, by which it was every where accepted with enthusiasm.

But the three powerful nations who surrounded her had already planned a second partition; and measures were already taken by them to put it into execution.

There has been but one voice among men on the subject of the partition of Poland;—it has been that of loud, and decided condemnation; but their opinions respecting the cause have been various; and although the generally received one, that territorial acquisition was the principal motive, has much apparent reason, there were doubtless other powerful ones in action. We would fain not think so meanly of human nature, as to suppose that Maria Theresa, hypocrite as she was, could have been actuated merely by cupidity, or that this motive alone should have induced the king of Prussia to violate the treaties on which his signature was hardly yet dry, and break the word of honor which had just escaped his lips; nor was it the interest of Russia, to risk the unity of her empire and the *homogenéity* of her people, for the mere acquisition of acres, of which she had millions on millions to spare. It is apparent, in fact, from the correspondence of Catherine, that her eagle eye saw into futurity; and that she wished to put far off the evil day, which she felt must come to institutions like hers. She saw that Poland was so rapidly improving in her political institutions, that they would very soon present a dangerous contrast with those of Russia; and that the increasing civilization and liberality of Poland must make her the friend and ally of France, in case of war. Catherine saw, too, the spread of constitutional principles in the South, and she resolved, if possible, to league the North against it. Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and perhaps England, were to form a coalition, of which Russia was to be the real head, against the liberties of the South and West of Europe.

There is every reason to suppose, that Prussia and Austria at times sincerely disapproved of the plan of the partition, which Catherine conceived, and so steadily persevered in. They had, and have, an instinctive dread of the preponderance of Russia; and as often as they have been parties to measures that increased it, it has been from some momentary urgency, or some extraordinary temptation: even as lately as the Congress of Vienna, this feeling acted strongly in favor of Poland. The allies would never have signed the treaty which Russia held out to them, had not the news of the landing of Napoleon from Elba come like a thunderbolt among them, and made them hastily gather up their parchments, to handle their swords.

The second partition of Poland, in 1793, was effected by the same fraud and force as the first; the much talked of confederation at Turgowicz of Polish nobles, was a mere pretence to cover the entry of the Russian troops; and their efforts, being seconded by Stanislaus, were soon successful. The Russians, acting apparently under the directions of the Turgowician nobles, proceeded to call a Diet at Grodno, composed as much as possible of men without courage or principle; they there proposed the partition, but were unable, even by introducing armed soldiers into the hall, to keep down the indignant protestations of many of the members.

These, however, were of little avail; the partition was made. Prussia took Dantzic and Thorn. Russia seized upon half of Volhynia and Lithuania; and the act was published, with a solemn guaranty to Poland of the inviolability of the rest of her territory. The mask was now torn off. Poland saw, in all their deformity, her spoilers, who had come in the name of allies, and with a general cry of indignation she flew to arms. The result of that struggle is known.

But though the name of the kingdom was erased from the map of Europe, the features of the country were not changed; the inhabitants continued to be, and to feel that they were Poles, and every revolving year has but added to the desire of national emancipation, and consequently to the weight of oppression which has kept it down. If we except a part of the Prussian spoil, no other change has been effected in Poland, than in the form of the political institutions, and the persons who administer them; and we have seen that discontent and revolt have been continually attesting the presence and pressure of that nationality, which makes a people prefer independence with less physical well-being, to prosperity under a foreign yoke. Poland has never consented to her political annihilation. On the contrary, her solemn protestations, her bloody struggles, and her renewed revolts at every glimmer of hope, have freed her from any possibility of the charge of falsehood or treachery, should she at any time rise upon her oppressors with the dagger of the midnight conspirator.

From the last partition of Poland, until the recent fall of Warsaw, her history is one loud protest against the wrongs done to her; and the violent measures taken to ensure the tame endurance of the yoke were as ineffectual, as the one now in operation to ensure the future tranquillity of the country. After the fall of Kosciusko and the blight of Poland's hopes, there went forth from her soil thousands and tens of thousands of her patriotic sons: some were dragged to Siberia; some shut up in the fortresses of Prussia and Austria; others went voluntary exiles to France, to Sweden, and to Turkey. But while the cities of Poland were kept still by the cannon with its ever-lighted match, and the villages were the *bivouacs* of the cavalry and infantry from Russia, Austria, and Prussia, the exiled children of Poland forgot not their country, but eagerly enlisted in the service of France, and fought in freedom's foremost rank, hoping to extend her sway to their own benighted land. The Polish legions under Dombrowski, amounting to several thousand men, covered themselves with glory; and by a singular turn of fortune, these homeless wanderers entered in triumph the walls of imperial Rome, once the mistress of the world,—then the head quarters of a victorious band of exiled patriots.

Dombrowski concluded an arrangement, by which he agreed to give the service of his fellow-soldiers to the new Italian republic. They were to receive the pay and privileges of the Italians; they continued to wear their own costume, to command in their own language, and assumed the tri-colored cockade.

The ultimate object of the Polish patriots was to keep up the spirits of their countrymen, and to have an armed representation of Poland, as there was a diplomatic one at Paris, semi-officially recognised by the French government. When Dombrowski and his fellow-exiles had made this arrangement, he issued proclamations, and sent them to Poland, calling on his countrymen to rally round the banner of freedom, the only banner under which they could hope to do aught for Poland. It was a magnificent thought,—an heroic undertaking, worthy of the great mind of Dombrowski,—that of eventually freeing his own country, by establishing freedom all over Europe; and fully did his countrymen appreciate his motives, and nobly did they answer his call; for within a month after he had issued his proclamation, nearly two thousand of them joined his banner.

'It was then that thousands of patriots abandoned at his call their families, and their firesides; the rich forgot their riches, the young their pleasures; and the women, forgetful of their dependence, exhorted their brothers, their husbands and their sons to take up arms for their country. In defiance of the confiscation of their goods, braving even the risk of death upon the scaffold, the Poles were seen thronging every road that led to Italy, to join the banner of their nation. The traveller met them every where, from the Borysthenes to the Appenines, pennyless indeed, and ignorant of the language of the country they were traversing, yet hastening on, full of enthusiasm, where the cause of their country called them.' * 'Those who had been forcibly enrolled in the Austrian army abandoned their ranks and joined Dombrowski, who soon found himself in sufficient force to attempt to penetrate through Lusatia and Hungary into Poland, and there display the old banner of independence.'

This bold plan of Dombrowski was as well grounded as it was hardily conceived; Gallicia was, is, and long will be ready to rise upon the Austrians, the moment any rational pros-

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* Tableau de la Pologne, Vol. II. p. 144.

pect is held out of the recovery of her ancient liberties. Hungary, ever discontented,—ever influenced by undefined, yet instinctive longings for independence,—would have favored his march, and probably have done more to assist him, as she did Poland in her last struggle, by the hearty coöperation of many of her sons. The state of Europe seemed to favor the idea. France was ready to march toward Poland; Napoleon and the Directory encouraged the plan, and it was ripe for execution, when the treaty of Leoben, establishing the peace, rendered it impracticable. Napoleon, doubtless favorable in his heart to Poland, could only say to Dombrowski, in answer to his prayers for his country, that 'the wishes of every friend of liberty and the rights of man must be in favor of the brave Poles, but it was only *time and the progress of events*, that could reestablish them in their independence.' An opinion given with his usual sagacity and foresight, and which is as true now, as when he pronounced it.

The Polish legions in Italy were however still in the front of every battle, and exposed to every hardship; in the dreadful fight at Trebbia, where less than four thousand of them were engaged, one thousand were killed on the field, and a proportional number wounded. The dying lamentation of the brave General Rymkiewicz, as he lay on the field, weltering in his gore, 'Why—oh! why was it not my lot to pour out my blood on the bosom of my mother country?' was doubtless the prayer of many an exiled soldier of Poland, as he breathed his last on the soil of the stranger and in the stranger's cause.

> 'At this period the soldier of Poland braved death with the more eagerness, the more fury, that he had before him the two sworn enemies of his country; that he fought against the same Suvaroff, and the same Russians, who had stained their hands with the horrible carnage of Praga. To avenge on their murderers the death of their brethren, and to crush the united troops of the tyrants of their country, were the great objects of the Polish legions.'*

Both these corps of exiled patriots were almost entirely annihilated little by little; other legions were formed, called those of the Danube, and it was intended that they should have penetrated into Poland; but this was always prevented by some political arrangement between France and her enemies, in which Poland was never remembered.

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* Histoire des Legions Polonaises en Italie.

These legions, too, suffered very severely; but Poland had wanderers enough to supply the places of such as perished, and we find that, on Napoleon's calling them together in 1801, they mustered fifteen thousand strong. The conduct of the Polish legions in the French service forms an affecting episode in the history of Poland. If they watered in vain with their blood every battle-field of Europe, and in vain left their bones to bleach on the shores of Italy, Spain, and St. Domingo, at least they added one more to the thousand proofs of the devoted patriotism and strongly marked nationality, which distinguish their countrymen. For they were not all necessarily exiles; Prussia, at least, used every means, to induce the Poles to remain content upon her soil. Provided only they would cease to be Poles, and act as Germans, they were protected and encouraged. But their attachment to the independence of their country made them neglect every personal consideration; and on this feeling, still existing in the mind of almost every Pole, is founded the hope that they will recover the rank and the rights of their nation.

The reappearance of Poland upon the political arena in 1807, and the rapid improvement that was perceptible in her moral and intellectual condition, as seen in her political institutions, were proofs enough, if any were wanting, of the continuance of her *nationality:* but there were still more important indications manifested. It soon appeared that Gallicia had lost none of her attachment to the cause of Poland, and that its inhabitants still regarded her as their mother country: and also that Lithuania cherished the same feeling, and wished only for an opportunity of combining with her against the common enemy. Poland fell, indeed, with the fall of Napoleon; but it was not without hesitation and misgivings on the part of the Allies, that they renounced the opportunity of raising a barrier against Russia, by recalling Poland to political life. England and Austria were strenuous opposers of the plans of Russia, and would have resisted them. Had Napoleon allowed them time, they might have succeeded.

The Congress of Vienna proclaimed the kingdom of Poland, and guarantied to it many valuable privileges; and while acting under the wholesome influence of fear, the Allies promised to her, as they did to Germany, the enjoyment of a constitutional government with equal representation, of the liberty of the press, and of education. Nor is there any doubt, that the Allies sincerely intended to do what they promised; or that the solemn assurances which Alexander gave to the Poles, of his intentions in favor of their country, were made in good faith; because, in both cases, the parties making the promises saw no probability of their ever being able to break them. ' *Have confidence in me*,' said Alexander, ' *in my principles, in my character, and your hopes will not be deceived; you will see how dear to me are the interests of Poland; as to forms, the most liberal are those which I have always preferred!* ' But the Congress of Carlsbad retracted the promises, and violated the pledges given at Vienna; and it is from that epoch, that the reign of despotism began in Poland, and that every chartered right was trampled down. We shall not allude, however, to the numerous acts by which Russia violated her solemn promises to Poland, and thereby freed the Poles from their obligations to keep the peace. Let him who has any doubts on the subject, examine the state of the kingdom of Poland, even before the death of Alexander; let him compare the spirit of his promises made in 1815, with the decree of the 14th September, 1824, in which he condemned to perpetual banishment all those who attempted to spread the doctrine of ' *l'insensée nationalité Polonaise dans les provinces de la Pologne Russe!* '

Poland had so long been the sport of fortune, the blossom of her hopes had so often been ripened into fruit full of ashes and bitterness, that the arrangement of 1815, by which liberty and *nationality* were solemnly guarantied to four millions of her people, was pleasing to every patriot. The venerable Kosciusko, who was then living in Paris, wrote to Alexander, that if these conditions should be fulfilled, ' he would come among the first to throw himself at his majesty's feet, to thank him, and render him homage as his sovereign.' This was then the general feeling; but so lawless had been the despotic sway of the Russians, especially since 1825, that it was changed to one of indignation, and stern resolve to throw off the yoke at all hazards.

There was one wide spreading, deep-seated detestation of Russian sway, arising principally from its abuses, and not from any hatred to the Russians as a nation; this feeling enters not the minds of the Poles, descended as they are from the same race, and partaking, as they do, more of the habits and customs of Russia, than of the rest of Europe;* nor did it arise from commercial or agricultural distress, or from financial impositions.

It cannot be denied, that during the Russian administration in Poland, many important improvements were effected; nor that the physical, commercial, and agricultural state of the country was prosperous. But the Poles had higher motives; they saw that the national character, the national existence of their country, were to be obliterated; and that patriotism, which animates even their rude serfs, bade them prefer to live poor, rather than not live Poles. We repeat it, the great incentive to the late struggle, the incentive which still exists, and must continue to exist, was the determination of the people to preserve their national existence, and not the immediate pressure of physical or political distress: a principle which may clearly be seen operating in every movement of Poland for the last forty years; a principle, on which she founds her hopes of future independence.

We shall now hastily glance at the leading characteristics of the late struggle. They prove, not so much the talents of Polish generals, or the courage of Polish soldiers, for these have passed into a proverb; as the extent to which the people of Poland have preserved those feelings which constitute a nation, *de facto*, whether it be independent, or in bondage. The leading points to which we propose to invite the reader's attention, are briefly these.

1. The revolt, though sudden, had been foreseen by the Poles as inevitable; and though it burst forth before it was fully matured, more than four millions, who were burning with impatience for its appearance, hailed it with rapture; and nearly ten millions would have been roused to action, had it eventually triumphed.

2. The cause was lost by the credulity and political inability

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* In their late manifesto or declaration of independence, the Poles said, 'we have been influenced by no hatred against Russia, whose race and our own have a common origin. There was a time when we consoled ourselves for the loss of our independence in the reflection, that though an union under the same sceptre might be injurious to our particular interest, it would be the means of extending to a population of forty millions, the enjoyment of free institutions.'

of the chiefs, and by the dishonórable and unjustifiable interference of foreign powers, *rather than crushed by the battalions of Russia.*

3. *There is still a hope left for Poland,—there is yet a probability, that she may one day hold a high and respectable rank among the nations of the earth.*

1. That the revolt was foreseen, and that preparations had been making for it during several years, is evident from the internal politics of Poland; from the open secession of every man of patriotism from the Russian party; from the courageous efforts to maintain the constitution; and from the formation of patriotic societies, with the avowed purpose of restoring the independence of Poland. The words of the illustrious Dombrowski, when near his end, appear to have caused the first associations. The veteran had conceived some hopes from the fair promises of Alexander, but he had buried them, and was mourning over their loss in 1818, when he said to the war-worn veterans who composed his household, 'Is it not possible to kindle a flame from the hidden fire which burns in the bosom of every patriot? Can we not arouse our countrymen to a sense that, to become independent and powerful as their ancestors, they have only to be confident in themselves, to unite and to assert their independence?' The society of *franc-maçonnerie nationale*, and the *Société des Faucheurs* were formed immediately afterwards, and had extensive ramifications; still more had been done by the *Société patriotique nationale*, the object of which was to defend the liberty and nationality of Poland, and to reunite in one body those portions of it which are divided among foreign governments.

In 1821, we find the Russians actively engaged in putting down the secret societies; and in 1825, notwithstanding the denial of Polish writers, it is evident that the patriotic associations were affiliated with the conspirators in Russia; and that, from Petersburgh to Warsaw, there was a secret chord which, if struck at one end, would vibrate to the other. That conspiracy, so extensive in its ramifications, and numbering, as it did, so many officers of the Russian army among its members, shows how precarious must be at this day the seat of a despot, whose dominions are accessible to the light of reason: for, at the very fountain-head of absolute power, and among the satellites of despotism, was formed an extensive plan for its overthrow, and the establishment of a republic.

The secret *patriotic society* not only extended its influence through the kingdom of Poland and Lithuania, but had numerous members in Volhynia, Podolia, and even in the Ukraine;—old provinces of Poland, which were supposed to have lost all attachment to her. The oath of initiation ran thus.

'I swear before my God, and my country, and I pledge my sacred honor, that I will exert all my powers for the reestablishment of my beloved native land; and that, if necessary, I will sacrifice for her independence, my fortune, and my life. Reckless of personal consequences, I will spare not the blood either of a traitor, or of any one who shall be in action against the good of my country. If I violate these engagements, may the death of a dog and a traitor be my lot! may my name pass accursed, from mouth to mouth, till the latest posterity, and may my body be abandoned to the beasts of the forest!—I call on God to witness my sincerity, and strengthen my resolutions. Illustrious shades of Zolkiewski, Czarniecki, Poniatowski, and Kosciusko, inspire me with your sentiments, and watch over my actions!'

Such was the oath of the patriots of Poland, who were obliged to meet at midnight, and to skulk through the streets to the place of rendezvous, disguised as peasants, or Jews, or laborers, in order to escape the argus eyes of the Russian police; whose oath of office may here be placed side by side with the one just quoted. It ran thus.

'I swear by the Almighty, in Trinity one and indivisible, by the Holy Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, before all the saints, and particularly my patron saint, that I will fulfil this public service with all zeal, and in the strict observance of all the articles of instruction which shall be read or committed to me. I swear that I will at the same time observe the most profound secrecy about that which shall be confided or commanded by the royal authority; that I will reveal nothing of it to my relations, nor to other individuals of the police, nor to the heads of the police.

'In case I should be removed from the police, or from my present section, I swear never to reveal to any one that which shall have been confided to me by my chiefs, or my Government; *and above all, I swear never to disclose to any one that this oath exists, nor that I have taken one.*'

Lithuania too had her patriotic societies, formed with the express view of throwing off the Russian yoke. That of the *Rayonnans*, planned by the heroic Zan, and that of the *Philaretes*, both formed at Wilna, had an immense effect in spreading the flame of patriotism through Russian Poland; from all the provinces of which, the young nobles and sons of Polish gentlemen resorted to the then flourishing university; where some of the professors' chairs, in spite of Russian influence, were filled by such men as Joachim Lelewel, 'the idol of the Lithuanians, and one of those who have most adorned science and imagination by a happy application of them in their writings, and their eloquent lectures.'

Let it be recollected, that these associations or conspiracies were formed before the death of Alexander, on whose natural goodness of heart, and decided partiality for individual Poles, many patriots fondly counted; that the accession of Nicholas, and the atrocious administration of Constantine, shut out every hope of the regeneration of Poland by any means but the edge of the sword; that thousands and tens of thousands of Poles had imbibed the most liberal sentiments during their sojourn in France and Italy; and that a vast diffusion of knowledge had taken place all over the country, giving a good tendency to the never failing patriotism of the nation. In fine, let it be recollected, that Nicholas was driven by fear to grant the assembling of the Diet in 1830; that the utmost efforts of the Russians were unable to prevent the election of many known patriots, and that, though the Emperor came to Warsaw in person to open the assembly, he could not awe the opposition, or prevent it from preparing the impeachment of the ministers, for numerous violations of the charter. So liberal and so national a Diet was too dangerous to be tolerated, and it was closed on the 28th of June. Then, at three hours after midnight, and after a stormy debate, the Dietines dispersed, but not until there had been many fiery bursts of patriotic feeling.

Just one month after this, the inhabitants of Paris struck that glorious blow which rang like a death-knell in the ear of tyrants, and which sounded the *reveillé* of freedom to enthralled Europe. Poland caught the sound, as it came swelling with the battle cry of Belgium and Brunswick, and shook her chains with an impatience which made her friends and enemies alike tremble; the first for her hopes, the second for their own safety. From that moment, the explosion became inevitable; and cool-headed patriots endeavored only to put it off as long as possible, that greater preparations might be made to render it general. A universal uneasiness and agitation pervaded the country, which the secret societies, and the most hot-headed of the youth could not conceal from the agents of the police, who swarmed to such a degree in Warsaw, and over the country, that no man was sure even of his own domestics. Strong measures were taken to keep the students of the University and the military schools from communicating with the citizens, but in vain. Secret meetings were held, and several periods were fixed on for ringing the alarum; but they were altered, for various reasons, until it was definitively decided, on the 28th of November, 1830, that a rising should take place the next day. It did so. The conspirators set fire to some houses in the evening, and rushed into the streets, crying 'To arms, to arms! Poland is up! God, for our country!' A band of fifteen daring youths dashed headlong over every obstacle, and burst into the palace of Constantine. The ordinary guard was sixty men; but the conspirators counted not the cost; they threw down every man they met, penetrated to the sleeping chamber of the Grand Duke, and almost grasped his night clothes, as he fled by a secret stairway.

It was a dreadfully interesting and a spirit-stirring night, that of the 29th of November, at Warsaw. The blaze of the burning buildings showed the conspirators, the students, and the cadets, running up and down the streets, shouting 'To arms! to arms! hurrah for old Poland! down with the tyrants!' The most zealous of the inhabitants poured out of their houses, to fall upon and disarm the surprised Russians. By the dawn of day, they were driven from post to post, and beaten almost out of the city. In the words of Mr. Hordynski,—who relates with accuracy the commencement of the revolt,—'crowds flocked in from all sides to the public places. It was a scene never equalled. The whole population assembled without distinction of age, rank, or sex. Old men, who were past the use of swords, brandished their sticks and crutches, and recalled the days of Kosciusko. Clergymen, civil officers, foreigners, Jews, and even women and children, armed with pistols, mingled in the ranks.'

It is important for the establishment of our first point, to show the unanimous acclamation with which the signal for revolt was hailed by the population, not only the four millions of the kingdom of Poland, but that of the old provinces. Major Hordynski,—whose work is excellent rather as memoirs for the history of the campaign, than as a history in itself,—says, that, in three days after the Russians were driven from Warsaw,

> 'A regiment of *chasseurs* arrived from Plock; at the same time arrived Col. Sierawski from Serock with his regiment. They were received with great enthusiasm. New detachments from the provinces marched into Warsaw every day. A truly affecting sight it was, to see more than a thousand peasants, and about fifty peasant girls, marching into the city with clubs, scythes and weapons of every description.'

Constantine stood trembling on the opposite bank of the Vistula; he had with him a highly disciplined force of 5000 foot, 2500 artillery, and twenty-four pieces of cannon. Warsaw was all confusion; a few bombs or hot shot might have set it in a blaze, yet so universal was the rising around, and behind him, that *he was happy to accept the magnanimous offer of the Poles, to let him retire unmolested to the frontier.*

> 'The fourth, fifth and sixth days of December were remarkable days in the history of our revolution. Soldiers and peasants flocked in from all sides, from all quarters of the country. In a short time more than five thousand peasants, armed with scythes, axes, and other weapons were counted. Among them were more than two hundred peasant girls with sickles.' *

In the distant provinces of Russian Poland, the inhabitants felt the warmest enthusiasm in favor of their brethren in the kingdom of Poland, which was displayed by tumults and revolts.

> 'The insurrection in Lithuania and Samogitia was propagated with rapidity through all the departments. What deserves especially to be noticed is, that in Lithuania it was the peasants and the priests, together with the youth of the academies, who first began the revolt, and who were the most zealous defenders of the common cause. From that moment the flames spread to the departments of Wilna, Wilkomierz, Rosseyny and Szawla. In a few weeks, more than twelve towns were taken by storm, and the Russian garrisons driven out and dispersed.'

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* Hordynski, p. 54.

When we consider this rapid diffusion of the revolt in the old Polish provinces, and the unhesitating zeal with which thousands left their homes, and their interests, and came pouring in from Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Poland, we cannot but conclude that the labors of the patriotic societies had gone far to prepare the whole people for a revolution.

2. *Poland was lost, rather by the credulity and political inability of her chiefs, and by the dishonorable and unjustifiable interference of Prussia and Austria, than crushed by the battalions of Russia.*

The appearances of discord between the two great parties in Poland were manifested within forty-eight hours after the Russians were driven from Warsaw; the aristocracy and the republicans of the country exhibited their opposing interests almost immediately.

The aristocracy was represented by men of undoubted patriotism, but who were sticklers for the honors, the privileges, and what they called the rights of their order; men, whose age and whose secure possession of rank and riches made them unwilling to incur any risks. The republicans, whose representative was the Patriotic Society, were young and fiery, but sincerely patriotic; many were loose members of society, without much to risk; and those who had titles and estates were eager to stake them and their own blood upon one desperate throw for the liberty of their country. Improbable as it would appear from the character of the parties, the measures proposed by the latter, the *clubbists*, as they were called, were the only ones which could have saved Poland.

The first great error was the appointment of Chlopicki to the Dictatorship. Although he was as brave as his sword, and devoted to Poland, he had declared from the first that he did not believe in the possible success of the revolt; and this should have kept him from the place. '*Bon général, excellent soldat, Chlopicki était fait le moins du monde pour une dictature. Il ne comprenait ni la politique, ni la diplomatie; il n'entendait rien non plus à une revolution sociale; aussi, au lieu de marcher avec la nation, d'entrer dans le mouvement, il se jetta dans la résistance comme si la modération pouvait servir avec des barbares! Cette dictature, dont il s'était emparé par suite d'une coterie aristocratique; perdait la Pologne à son debut.*'* Chlopicki was appointed General in Chief on

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* Fayot, Vol. III. p. 128.

the first of December; four days before the Provisional Government created him dictator. His first measures were marked by the spirit of the party he represented. His first great error, that of believing in the possibility of compromising honorably for Poland with the Emperor, led him into the second, that of allowing Constantine and his troops to retire, when it was at his option to have captured them.

It is indisputable, that Constantine was entirely in the power of the Poles. Chlopicki should have detained him as a prisoner and hostage; and not, in the vain hope of softening Russia by a display of generous magnanimity, have lost the immense advantage to Poland, of having a brother of the Czar, and several thousand of his troops, within the walls of Warsaw.

The same belief in the possibility of negotiating, without terrifying Russia, caused Chlopicki to issue his almost traitorous order, *that whoever should cross the frontier of the kingdom, and attempt to raise the old provinces, should be punished with death!* He might indeed have issued such an order as it respected Prussian and Austrian Poland; but as to Russian Poland,—as to Lithuania, where the flame of revolt had already been kindled, and where expectant thousands only waited the signal from old Poland,—it was a death blow to the cause. Chlopicki held back with all his strength the bolt that was ready to burst upon Russia, until its force was almost entirely lost: he sent a deputation to St. Petersburg to attempt an arrangement; but in the mean time made no necessary preparations to act, in case of their failure. Day after day and week after week were lost. The burning impatience of the Poles to carry the banner of old Poland to the very eastern limit of her frontier, was most unaccountably restrained; and the army was neglected in the most shameful manner. There were murmurings indeed, from all sides, and great efforts were necessary to induce the people to be quiet under such a system. One of the first communications of the Patriotic Society to the Provisional Government, while Constantine was yet near Warsaw, contained the following requisition.

> 'That Gen. Chlopicki receive an immediate order to destroy or disarm the enemy; that the citizens of the provinces be authorized to organize the revolt in the interior; that no negociations be had with Constantine; that it is necessary to take and keep him as a guaranty of the nationality of Poland, and to negociate directly with St. Petersburg.'

Vain promises were all that the waverers granted to the demands of the resolute ; and the more the patriots manifested their impatience, the more liberally were they given ; but nothing decisive was done. The Diet, which assembled in twenty days after the breaking out of the revolt, confirmed the dictatorial power to Chlopicki. To the astonishment of that body, he refused his assent to the celebrated Manifesto published by it on the 9th of January, 1831, in which were set forth, in such strong and glaring colors, the wrongs and the resolutions of Poland. Meantime it was seen that there were no hopes of reconciliation with Russia, but upon conditions of absolute submission ; and then it was that public indignation against the measures, or rather half measures of Chlopicki, became so violent, that he was obliged to resign his dictatorial power.

A supreme national council was instantly formed, under the Presidency of Prince Adam Czartoryski, which addressed the following proclamation to the impatient army.

> 'Soldiers! General Chlopicki, to whom the nation with unlimited confidence had given the supreme power, has resigned the glorious task of conducting you to combat. We will not examine the motives which have induced the General to refuse his aid to the public cause in a moment so serious, and so critical for the country; futurity shall be his judge. But you, brave defenders of our liberty, on you depend the destinies of the nation ; and *you* will not be discouraged by difficulties, nor dismayed by dangers.'

Chlopicki's heart was as true as his head was weak. He bared his bosom to the bayonets of the enemy, and fought in the ranks, to prove his devotion to his country.

Mr. Hordynski observes, with great correctness :—

> 'The Dictatorship had exercised a most unpropitious influence upon our affairs. Every movement had been retarded, and the most invaluable time lost. *Instead of the offensive, the defensive was necessarily taken.* We waited for the enemy on our own soil, and exposed that to his insults and his outrages. Even on this point, the patriots called on the Government to take the offensive, but it was too late. It was soon seen that Chlopicki, by assuming a duty to which he was unequal, gave the first blow to the rising fortunes of his country. Two months passed away, the inevitable moment of the conflict arrived, and the nation was obliged to march to the fight *with half the force which, under an energetic administration, it would have wielded.*'

The Polish army amounted to nearly 50,000 men, exceedingly well organized and provided; that of Diebitsch exceeded 200,000, *all told;* and, as Mr. Hordynski remarks,—

> 'If the very thought of commencing a war with such disproportionate means, against such an overwhelming force, should seem to the reader little better than madness, he will appreciate the energy and courage with which it was supported, when he learns, that in twenty days, from the 10th of February to the 2d of March, more than thirteen sanguinary battles were fought with the enemy, besides twice that number of skirmishes, in which, as we shall see, the enemy was uniformly defeated, and a full third part of his force annihilated.'

The influence of the higher aristocracy had been exercised in the choice of the successor to Chlopicki in the command of the army, which fell upon Prince Radzivil; a man whose patriotism and whose weakness, whose courage and whose incapacity, were alike notorious, and alike undisputed. He himself protested that he felt himself incompetent to the task, and never mounted his horse without Chlopicki by his side. The rapid and brilliant victories gained by the Poles 'were not the result of any general system; they were victories of detail, executed with energy and rapidity, and for which we were indebted to the generals of divisions and brigades, and the colonels of regiments.' *

The dreadful battle of Grokow, which was fought within sight of Warsaw, and where 40,000 Poles withstood and defeated the whole Russian army of more than 150,000 men, was gained, as the Poles say, 'no one knew how,'—and yet it was gained. Nearly 15,000 Russians lay weltering on that plain, which has since borne the name of the 'forest of the dead;' several thousand prisoners were taken by the Poles, and the astounded Diebitsch was obliged to draw off his forces in confusion to the forest of Milosna. That was one of those critical moments, when fortune's flood may be turned by a straw; and if Poland had had a man of talent at her head, at this period of her rising fortunes, the star of Russia might have paled before her. Military men are agreed in the opinion, that Radzivil should have followed up his advantages; even Chlopicki would probably have told him to do so; but he had been severely wounded, and carried senseless from the field, and the commander in chief dared not to think for himself. 'Nothing was wanting, but a skilful commander, to ensure the entire destruction of the Russian army.'

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* Hordynski, p. 129.

The 25th of February was a day, when, on the plains of Grokow, as on a sort of theatre, there was a brilliant representation of Polish courage and Polish devotion; but the next day presented a more touching spectacle of religious gratitude, of female devotion, and manly virtue. The city of Warsaw was one wide temple, whose walls could not contain the cries of thanksgiving and praise, which went up to the throne of God; where the soldier, who the day before had heard unflinching the arrows of death whistling by his ears, now sunk down upon his knees in prayer; where the females tore their robes to bind the wounds of their defenders, and the chiefs of the Government and the officers of the army, assembled to deliberate, displayed the most sublime disinterestedness and devotion. Radzivil came forward, and insisted upon giving up the command, to which he found his abilities entirely inadequate. A council was held upon the course to be pursued in the military movements; and then it was that John Skrzynecki, who but three months before was serving as a colonel, proposed a plan of campaign, which he illustrated with such force and perspicuity, as to convince the council that he possessed great military talent. As he had covered himself with glory in many actions, and gained the love of the army, he was instantly chosen commander in chief of all the forces.

The promotion of so young an officer to this high post was not, however, without some political view. The aristocracy, in a moment of enthusiasm, yielded to the party of the *mouvement*; but they renewed their efforts, and tried to gain the new commander. In the bosom of one man, the shame of being superseded, and envy of another's elevation, rankled till it changed him to a fiend: Krukowiecki, the second in command to Chlopicki, from that moment meditated the treason which he afterwards committed.

Had Skrzynecki been allowed to follow the impulse of his own heart, it would have been better for Poland, but he was soon entangled in the meshes of party. His first fault was an attempt to open a negociation with Diebitsch, for settling the affairs of Poland without farther effusion of blood; for both the Russians and the Poles construed it into a sign of fear. Diebitsch haughtily repelled his advances; and Skrzynecki, hastily drawing his sword, thus addressed his army;—

'Soldiers! prepare yourselves for the fight! there remains now no other resource but to conquer, or die honorably for our country. Soldiers! it may be that we shall conquer,—it may be that we shall die; but if the decree has gone forth on high, that the Poles must perish, then the enemy of humanity, trampling over our graves, will advance to the heart of Europe,—the phantom of despotism will wither with his gorgon look all civilization, and mock at those governments and those people who are now so indifferent to our cause, and sit vegetating behind us in selfish inaction.'

A French writer forcibly remarks,—

'Tant que Skrzynecki restera fidele à cet engagement il sera glorieux et vainqueur, mais dès qu'il voudra négocier ou se laisser diriger par la diplomatie du centre de l'Europe, dès qu'il ne poursuivra plus sur tous les points l'ennemi, il cessera d'être l'homme essentiel aux Polonais, il ouvrira la porte à l'intrigue et à la trahison, et la Pologne tombera.'

Let those who cry out upon the folly and madness of the Polish revolt, but look at the change which took place between the time of Skrzynecki's election, and the defeat of the Russians at Igani on the 9th of April, and they will cease their clamor. They will find that again and again had Poland crossed swords with Russia, and come off conqueror; the divisions of General Rosen had been broken up, that of Geismar defeated, and Diebitsch himself, with the main army, had been obliged to fall back rapidly from before Warsaw, baffled in his attempts on that city, and seriously alarmed for his own safety. The provinces were all in commotion; there was a burst of indignant reproof heard even in the centre of Russia, and the old Ukraine resounded with the cry 'to arms, to arms!'

But Skrzynecki neglected to take advantage of these circumstances; a good soldier, but nothing more than a soldier, he only thought of organizing his forces so as to meet the Russians in the field; while his true policy would have been to avoid general engagements, to organize the revolt in the provinces, and through all old Poland, by calling in the serfs, and the *bourgeoisie*, to a participation of all the privileges of citizens. He attempted, indeed, to retrieve his error when it was too late, by dispatching Chlapowski with a body of men to aid the Lithuanians, and he effected his object by a master stroke of military tactics; the rest of the expedition, however, was miserably managed, and in consequence entirely failed. Gielgud and Chlapowski retreated across the Prussian frontier, and laid down their arms; while the hardy Dembinski, by a retreat which deserves to be ranked with that of the *ten thousand*, reached Warsaw in safety. But all the courage, and all the successes of the Polish army were rendered unavailing by the timidity or the inability of the Government, composed, as we have seen, of members of the old aristocracy. We would fain hope that the delays, the half measures, and the want of vigorous action on the part of Skrzynecki, arose from the trammels of party, and not alone from his fatal hope of the intercession of foreign powers to arrange the affairs of Poland.

Be that as it may, some or all of these causes were acting most deleteriously on the interests of the country. Paskewitch, assuming the command, immediately began to act on the offensive; he advanced towards Warsaw, at the moment when the news of the failure of the Lithuanian expedition had spread gloom over that city. There were loud cries of discontent at the indecision and weakness of Government; the character of Skrzynecki was assailed, and men began to see that the country was in peril from the faults of its head; when, to crown all, a plot was discovered for the delivery of the city to the Russians, in which several men of note were engaged. Then was apparent the culpable neglect of Government in allowing the Russian prisoners, and other dangerous persons, such liberty to corrupt the disaffected Poles. Krukowiecki, the Judas who had been plotting to betray his country ever since he was superseded by Skryznecki, now renewed all his intrigues, and excited the mob to deeds of violence. They seized upon the persons accused of treason, and in their fury hung them in the streets; they furiously demanded a change in the government, and in the person of the commander in chief; and they obtained it. Krukowiecki, who was on the spot, who had his agents at every corner, and who had somehow obtained the character of being a man of stern resolution, and of daring courage, and, though without great knowledge or judgment, of Roman virtue, was appointed to fill the post of Generalissimo. He instantly took measures to deliver Warsaw to the advancing Russians. He sent the main body of the troops to the right bank of the Vistula. When Paskewitch was thundering at the gates of the devoted city, defended so gallantly by the National Guard alone, Krukowiecki made every effort to induce the Diet to demand an amnesty ; but that body, which sat deliberating amid bursting bombs, and burning houses, repelled his proposals with indignation ; nor could the wild roar of war silence the voices of the now suspicious deputies, who cried, 'rather will we die here in our places, than stain the honor of our country.' At midnight the traitor was deposed, a new governor of the city was named, and new vigor given to the fainting defenders of the walls.

'Avant minuit le nouveau gouverneur entra en fonctions ; un combat sanglant, dignement soutenu par la valeur seule des Polonais, durait encore. L'ombre de l'immortel général Sowinski planait sur les trente mille Moscovites tombés devant Varsovie.'

But Warsaw fell, and the Government and the most distinguished of the citizens retired with the main body of the army, under the new generalissimo Rybinski. Instead, however, of instantly concentrating the army, and presenting, as might have been done, a force of 50,000 men, *it was kept in three divisions ;* each of which, after offering a vain resistance to the masses of Russians which followed them, were obliged to cross the frontiers into the Prussian or Austrian dominions, and lay down their arms. It ought to be remarked, that the first corps was prevented from joining the main body, *by a reliance on a solemn pledge, given by Paskewitch at the capitulation, that they should be permitted to do so ;* and that Romarino, who commanded the second division, refused to obey the order of the commander in chief for a junction.

So much for the incapacity, the indecision, and the treason which marked the conduct of the chiefs during the late struggle. We have now to allude to the policy of the Cabinets of Prussia, Austria, and France ; and we shall see, that while their conduct explains much of the otherwise apparent folly and weakness of the Polish Government, and especially of the conduct of Skrzynecki, it had an immense influence in procuring the fall of Poland.

Prussia, we know, endeavored by every possible means to prevent any supplies, even of provisions, from reaching the

Poles through her territories; she imprisoned all those foreigners or others, whom she could seize on their journey towards Poland; and yet the Russian armies drew directly from Prussia those supplies, without which they would have been reduced to great distress. The world knows the critical situation to which the army of Diebitsch was reduced, a few weeks before his death. Military men, supposing that Prussia would be neutral, pronounced his retreat to be inevitable. Diebitsch was not the man to lie still, and Major Hordynski, among others, remarks:—

> 'If then the Russian army undertook nothing, it was in consequence of their critical situation. We can in fact assume, that it was their intention to evacuate the country; for, to have obtained supplies by their own means was almost impracticable. When therefore this army remained there, it was only because it was fed by Prussia, who did not scruple openly to aid them in their perilous position, by sending enormous transports by the roads of Neydenburg and Mlawa. It was these transports which saved the Russian army from the utmost extremity. I leave to the reader then to judge, whether it was with one enemy alone that the Poles had to contend.'

Many instances occurred, in which bodies of Russian troops were forced by the Poles across the frontier of Prussia. These were allowed to return with their arms; while the Poles, in similar cases, were always kept prisoners. Austria was guilty of a more outrageous act in the capture of the army of Dwernicki, 'the cannon provider.' He was resisting the attack of a superior Russian force, with one of his wings resting on the Austrian frontier; the Russians, in order to outflank him, *crossed the line of neutral ground.* Dwernicki, with a half backward wheel, drew his wing further into the interior, and the fighting continued there, when the Austrian forces marched up to preserve the *neutrality* of their territority. Dwernicki was obliged to surrender his army to the Austrians as prisoners, *while the Russians were allowed to withdraw!*

We shall content ourselves with citing these two from among the numerous acts in violation of neutrality, by the neighboring powers; and shall now allude to what it is more difficult to support by tangible evidence, viz. the manner in which Poland was cajoled by the different cabinets of Europe. The policy of Prussia and Austria was openly and avowedly hostile to the cause of Poland, while *that of France and England tended indirectly, but as certainly, to ruin it.* There are undeniable proofs before the world, that the French cabinet persuaded the Polish Government to check the energy of its people; and pledged their national honor that, in case it were done, an intervention should save Poland from Russia. Louis Philippe, from his royal throne, and as the august organ of the French people, assured the chamber of Deputies, 'that the independence of Poland should be secured;' *la nationalité de la Pologne ne perira pas!* and the Deputies shouted back an enthusiastic assent, and a hearty Amen.

The President of the National Government, the venerable Prince Czartoryski, than whom a more honorable and honest man lives not on earth, says in his correspondence with Lafayette;

> 'But we relied on the magnanimity and wisdom of the cabinets; *trusting to them, we have not availed ourselves of all the resources which were at our command, both exterior and interior.* To secure the approbation of the cabinets, to deserve their confidence, and to obtain their support, we never departed from the strictest moderation; by which moderation we paralyzed many of the efforts, which might have saved us in these latter days. *But for the promises of the cabinets, we should have been able to strike a blow which perhaps would have been decisive.'*

Did our limits allow it, we could cite many facts of similar tendency to the above, all going to prove that from the very outset of the struggle, *the Polish Provisional Government was induced to restrain the ardor of the people and to prevent the revolt of the old Provinces, merely by the hope of conciliating the other cabinets, and of obtaining the fulfilment of the promises they had made to secure the independence of Poland.* France incurred the most signal disgrace and obloquy, on account of the violation of her pledges; yet she was not acting merely from her own impulse, and we believe that when the diplomacy of the day shall be given over to history, it will be seen that England prevented France from interfering in favor of Poland. But we trust we have said enough to prove our second statement, viz., *that in the last struggle, Poland was lost by the credulity, the misconduct, and the political inability of her chiefs, and by the dishonorable and criminal interference of foreign powers, rather than crushed by the battalions of Russia.*

3. *There is still a hope left for Poland; there is yet a probability, that she may hold a high and respectable rank among the nations of the earth.*

We are aware that this may sound strangely in the ears of those, who consider only the *status quo*, but when we reflect on the eternal and immutable law of nature,—by the effect of which men of the same descent, the same language, the same religion and customs, living in one neighborhood, must have a continual tendency to unite, in spite of the artificial and temporary distinctions which may have ranged them in different classes; when we consider that this great tendency is continually surging, and swelling, and beating against the partition walls which divide Europe, we cannot but prophesy that it must finally sweep them away; and when we try to penetrate futurity, and divine the state of Europe after the coming struggle between the two great principles which now agitate it shall be finished, in the only way in which it can be finished, we cannot but hope for Poland a full share in the benefits of the change. The time is rapidly approaching, when the treaty of Vienna shall be of no more political weight than a *papyrus* from Pompeii; and it is to the great struggle which shall rend that and all other compacts of the kings against the people, that Poland is to look for the only chance of her regeneration.

It is alike important and difficult to ascertain to what extent Poland really exists at this day, and how large a population may be said to be truly Polish. It is not, as the Poles themselves tell us, the same as when Zolkiewski thundered at the gates of Moscow; the twenty millions which Poland then possessed, have been much diminished; but not down to the four millions who formed the Russian Province, misnamed the kingdom of Poland.

Part of Prussian Poland is irrecoverably lost, for it has become *Germanised;* its feelings and sympathies with the common mother-land have been supplanted by other ties. The same is true of a small part of what Austria seized upon;—and although scarcely any of the inhabitants of Russian Poland have become *Russianised*, yet, from certain local circumstances, they no longer consider the cause of Poland as peculiarly interesting to them. Still there remain from ten to twelve millions of inhabitants, who affectionately regard Poland as 'their own, their native land.'

The late struggle, which is still so fresh in our memories, sufficiently proves the feelings of the four millions of Poles who engaged in it. The revolts in the old provinces attest their impatience of Russian bondage; but Russia holds, besides these, eight millions of Polish subjects, not all of whom can be counted upon as interested in the question. Lithuania proper is undoubtedly so, and we shall find the feeling of patriotism growing fainter as the degree of civilization decreases. In old Samogitia, the nobles or gentlemen are patriotic to a high degree, but the people are so deeply plunged in ignorance and superstition, as to be deaf to the calls of country; and the same is the case in the Ukraine. We have seen with what enthusiasm the Lithuanians received the news of the revolution at Warsaw, and how, in spite of the unaccountable conduct of the Polish Government, it spread through the whole province.—

'That heroic people commenced the revolution without any ammunition, or any arms but their implements of husbandry. Provided, in most cases, with clubs alone, they abandoned all to unite in our aid, and fought with courage and success for nearly two months against the different Russian corps, before the corps of Gielgud and Chlapowski arrived. These, instead of succoring them, by the misconduct of their generals sacrificed the Lithuanians as well as themselves, and gave the first downward impulse to our cause.'

Lithuania then, in spite of the oppression of the Russians, and their inhuman attempts to trample down all patriotism, may be still counted on securely as Polish, and as ready to form with Poland one people.

As to the Prussian provinces, we have observed that they are mostly lost to Poland, unless in the case of the dissolution of the Prussian power. Prussia has managed her share of Poland much better than the other two spoilers; she has done much toward amalgamating the people with her own; she has nearly accomplished that, against which Jean Jacques Rousseau cautioned the Poles, when he said, 'if you cannot prevent your enemies from swallowing you, at least do not allow them to *digest you.*' Prussia has nearly digested her portion, while the enormous one of Russia has given her many an hour of nightmare uneasiness and torment. There still exists, however, in some parts of Prussian Poland, and particularly in the Grand Duchy of Posen, an enthusiastic attachment to old Poland, which displayed itself during the last war by the great contributions raised, and the effectual succor sent across the frontier, in men, horses, and ammunition. Poland may count upon part of the country bordering on the Baltic, and may there obtain what will be necessary for her as an independent nation, a free communication with the ocean.*

'The better to effect her project of *Germanising* Poland,' says a Polish writer, 'Prussia made use of one infernal method; taking advantage of the distress caused by the war of partition, the Government offered to loan money to the nobles at usurious interest; the latter being lavish in expenses, accepted the offer, and the Government thus had the means of getting possession of their lands, and rendering them homeless.'

Of the four millions of subjects which Austria counts in her Gallician territories, nearly two millions are Poles; who preserve, to a great degree, all their national feelings, and are ardent lovers of their old and common country.

It is rather remarkable that Austria, who was the least criminal of the three partitioning powers, and who seemed forced by the other two to partake of the spoil, should have been the one to exercise the greatest oppression upon the country which fell to her share. While Prussia endeavored to incorporate her part with the rest of her territory by the ties of common interest; and Russia for a time tried to improve the wealth and prosperity of hers, in order to render it more valuable to herself, Austria pursued an opposite policy. She destroyed the University of Cracow, and the superior schools through the country; she drained Gallicia of her men and her produce, and impoverished the country by her outrageous exactions. 'Ainsi la noblesse de cette province, une des plus riches de la Pologne, n'a-t-elle pu encore se relever de la misère ou l'ont plongée les exactions du gouvernement.' Her Polish possessions have been, and are a constant subject of uneasiness to Austria; she was glad to consent to their being annexed to Poland proper, which arrangement made a secret article of her treaty with Napoleon before he set off for Moscow; and she was to have had an offset in Illyria. During the last struggle, Gallicia was kept quiet only by the greatest efforts on the part of Austria; but all her efforts availed not to prevent the young and daring from crossing the frontier. Those who could not go themselves sent aid in money, and whole regiments were equipped and supported by the Poles of Austria.

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* So completely have the political relations of Poland changed, that to talk of a Polish fleet would seem as strange, as to hear of a troop of cavalry in Venice; nevertheless, at one time the merchants of Poland traded in their own ships with Holland, and England, and Spain. There was also a naval force kept up by the Government; which was so active in the war with Sweden, that we find Elizabeth of England writing in great wrath to the king of Poland, to complain of her merchant vessels, which were in the service of Sweden, being captured by the admiral Szerpink. Dantzig was the principal naval *depôt*; the situation of which place, at the mouth of the Vistula, renders it a most important port for Prussia; but it would be doubly valuable to a nation like Poland, possessing the immense and fertile valley of that river, which can roll down whole forests of timber, and countless cargoes of grain. Poland is now completely cut off from the sea; but in the event of a regeneration, she must extend her frontier to it, and we may see in Dantzig or Memel important arsenals, whence the white eagle of Poland shall stretch his flight over the Baltic, and the ocean.

A most interesting document, which has lately appeared in Gallicia, will show us the state of feeling there, at the same time that it sets forth the kind of treatment the Poles are at this moment receiving from Russia. Austria allows a sort of provincial government to Gallicia, which is administered by a body called the Deputation of the States of Gallicia, but which is so limited in power, that it is but a mockery to call it a representation of the people. However, it has lately been so far aroused by the cruelties of the Russians to their brethren since the last revolution, that it addressed a remonstrance to the emperor of Austria, in which it says,—

> 'You have deigned, Sire, to afford an asylum to those of *our countrymen*, who sought refuge in this Province; you have felt pity for their sufferings; your intercession with the Emperor of Russia in their behalf, obtained for them a full amnesty.'
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> 'Promises of peace and forgiveness were sent unto them. Proclaimed by your commissioners, these promises were believed by the unfortunate refugees. But scarcely had they begun to regain their devastated homes, and to collect their scattered families; a special deputation had scarcely carried to St. Petersburg thanks extorted by terror, when an ukase, dated on the first of May, was suddenly issued, compelling all those who were pardoned to enter the Russian military service, if the name of service can be given to an exile worse than death. Hidden during fifteen years

in the steppes of Asia, confounded in Siberia in the ranks of a barbarous soldiery,—separated from all that can attach them to life, —exposed to the most humiliating punishments, these unhappy men will never again see their country, nor even Europe. The groans of our expiring *brethren* will be lost among the rocks of Caucasus, and in the deserts of Tartary,—groans of despair, at witnessing your Majesty's humane intentions, and generous wishes, so cruelly disappointed.

'But it is not enough, that, under pretext of crime, there has been torn from some more than death itself could rob them of; that they are deprived of their names, and numbered as cattle; that their heads are shaved, and that they are chained to long iron bars, in order to be conducted to the pestiferous mines of Siberia, or to the icy regions of Kamtchatka; it is not enough, that, in contempt of the amnesty granted,—in contempt of the solemn promises given to the Poles, that they should never be carried beyond the frontiers of Europe,—they were shamefully transported in whole masses into Asia, under pretext of Russian military service. It is not enough, that a complete annihilation awaits the whole of the present race; an implacable spirit of vengeance, exercised even against the youngest of the rising generation, aims at its total extermination. Infants, requiring all the tender care of their mothers, are, under a pretended solicitude, torn from their arms, and carried away far to the North, there to be brought up in a new language, and under a foreign religion and foreign customs. Human nature recoils at these details, which have been proved by incontestible evidence. Mothers too, driven to desperation by the atrocities they have witnessed, have been seen to plunge poniards into the bosoms of their own children.'

Were space left us, we might show that Volhynia and Podolia partake largely with Lithuania and Gallicia in their patriotic attachment to Old Poland. We shall content ourselves with quoting the words of a generous Volhynian, who writes thus.

'L'insurrection de la Volhynie, de la Podolie, et de l'Ukraine, sera peu celébre dans les annales de la strategie; mais elle sera certainement consacrée dans l'histoire de l'humanité. Des obstacles nombreux et presque insurmontables semblaient devoir s'opposer à cette revolution. Cependant malgré un esclavage de tant d'années; malgré les tentatives faites pour exciter les laboreurs à separer leur cause de celle des proprietaires; malgré la precaution qu'on avait prise d'enlever aux citoyens leurs armes, il fut impossible de comprimer l'elan de l'indignation genéreuse, de l'amour d'affranchissement, qui embrasait rapidement les cœurs Polonaises. A la nouvelle que l'aigle blanc venait de reprendre son vol sur la Vistule, la jeunesse s'empressa de rompre ses etudes, les laboreurs d'abandonner leurs travaux ; tous les habitans saisirent le glaive, lequel, serré jusqu'alors, attendait l'heure de la vengeance et de la liberté.'

Who, that reflects on the warmth of this feeling, and on the sacrifices which it has induced Poles in all ages to make, can believe that they would hesitate a moment about making common cause against their spoilers, were there a rational hope of success ; and who that knows Europe can deny, that there is every appearance of a general breaking up of the present system ? If this be so, we have proved our third position, *that there is yet a hope left for Poland ; there is yet a probability, that she may one day hold a high and respectable rank among the nations of the earth.*

Long and tedious as we fear we have made this article, we cannot close it without touching on the unhappy state of those Poles who were driven from their country, on account of their participation in the late struggle. We allude not to those who languish in Russian dungeons,—nor to those who are driven in hordes, with shaven heads and fettered arms, towards the mines of Siberia ;—for it makes the heart sick to think that our fellow-men can be guilty of such atrocities, and that their victims are far beyond human aid, or even the reach of human sympathy ;—but we allude to those of Poland's bravest and best, who are living, unhappy and persecuted exiles, in the different countries of Christian Europe.

We have stated that, after the fall of Warsaw, most of the distinguished patriots of Poland followed the army to the frontier, and went into voluntary exile. They dispersed themselves in Prussia, Austria, and the German States ; and more than five thousand of them wandered as far as France. They are now mourning there over the loss of their country, their homes, their wives, and their children ; and though they have the sympathy of the French people, they are most shamefully persecuted by the Government. Their situation has become so irksome, France has so far demeaned herself in order to please the Holy Allies, as to alarm the exiles for their future situation, and make them think seriously of leaving Europe forever. Their Committee, who may be considered as the representatives of Poland, have addressed themselves to the President of the United States, to know how far our Government would favor their removal to this country, *en masse;* and no notice having been taken of the application, they have lately addressed the inhabitants of the country at large, demanding whether there is a corner in our wide land, where the broken soldier and the worn-out patriot may toil in peace for their daily bread. We blush for our country to say, that not only no notice has been taken of these appeals to our humanity, but that they have not been generally republished in the newspapers. This ought not so to be ;—this would not be, we are certain, if the people were aware of the unhappy situation of these applicants. Unfortunately, an impression prevails that we can do nothing for Poland, and the subject is laid aside. But we have our duties to God, and to ourselves, and we ought to make an effort to fulfil them, be the prospect of their utility ever so faint. If the people would but speak out their will, the Government would act in a manly and Christian, and not in a diplomatic manner; it would do something for the honor of the age, for the character of the human race, by proclaiming its detestation of the atrocities of another Government towards suffering millions. It would record, in the page of history, its solemn protest against them, by stretching out a helping hand to the persecuted victim of despotism, and receiving the homeless exile. There are times and cases, when the ordinary rules of diplomacy and international courtesy should be disregarded, and when all other considerations should yield to the claims of outraged humanity.

But, at least, let not the people of this country be outdone by those of England, in efforts for the Poles. The friends of humanity in London have formed themselves into a society called the 'Literary Association of the Friends of Poland;' the object of which is, to keep up the public interest in the fate of that country, and add to that force of public opinion, which is every day becoming more and more formidable to despots. The good effects of this society, which is presided over by the generous Campbell, have already become evident. We have before us the first number of a monthly periodical, published by them, under the title of 'Polonia, or Monthly Report on Polish Affairs;' which, while it almost freezes us with horror at the detail of the barbarities now committed in Poland, says, nevertheless, one extenuating word for human nature, by announcing the rising feeling of indignation among the British public, and the formation of branch societies in the country.

To the people of England, the Poles have made no direct appeal. To that of this country they have. They looked to America with confident expectation of sympathy ; for the little aid sent from this country to them during their struggle, having been applied immediately to the people, and not to the Government, had the effect of making them give us ten times the credit we deserve ; and a proof of the kindred feeling with which they regard us may be seen in the fact, that in the arms of their National Committee, they have intertwined our flag with that of France and Poland.

Shall we do nothing to merit this feeling of partiality? The Poles ask not of us bread,—they ask not money, though God knows that from our full coffers, and overflowing granaries, a little might be spared to the starving exile ; but they ask us to unite our voices to the cry of indignant England, and add our mite to that force of public opinion, which is their sole hope for the moment. Shall we refuse them this ;—nay ! shall we not grant them more ? Shall we not say to the persecuted patriots, 'Come here, and ye shall find rest ;—we have lands rich as your own plains, and rivers as broad as your own Vistula, on whose bank you may build a new Warsaw, which the sword of no Suvaroff shall ever reach ?' Such language, though perhaps at variance with the forms of diplomacy, would be generous, manly and Christian. It would be language, in which the free and generous people of America ought to protest to posterity, that they had no part nor lot in the iniquitous and inhuman policy of Europe.

ART. VI.—*Lord Byron's Conversations on Religion.*

Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and others. By the late JAMES KENNEDY, M. D. London. 1830.

In all our lives, whether as reviewers or as men, we do not remember to have read a more singular book than this. It contains the history of an attempt made by the writer to convert Lord Byron to Christianity, a change which was sufficiently necessary both to the happiness and reputation of the poet, whose mortal life and literary renown might both have lasted longer, had the endeavor been attended with success; but which was commenced and pursued in a manner, which showed that the writer relied less on human reasoning than supernatural power. It is of some little importance in such cases, to ascertain whether the infidel has ever considered the subject, or relies on merely general impressions unfavorable to the truth and importance of Christianity; whether the miraculous or prophetic evidence seems to him to be incredible or unsatisfactory; whether his incredulity is owing to any thing he has read in the Scriptures or any thing he has seen in the conduct of Christians; in fact, it is necessary to know whether he is unbelieving, or simply indifferent, and to suit the approaches precisely to the nature of the case, before one can undertake such an enterprise with the most distant hope of success. Nothing of this kind seems to have occurred to the worthy doctor; relying upon the goodness of his cause, he disdained to use earthly arms. At first he was encouraged by the attention of his unpromising audience, who listened from pure respect for his kind intentions; but as his zeal grew warmer, the most resolute courtesy gave way, and he was obliged to console himself by writing a book, and reflecting that he had done his duty. The same goodness of purpose which gained him a hearing from them, will secure him from that derision in readers, which the grotesque manner in which he conducted his undertaking would be exceedingly apt to inspire.

We shall not enlarge upon the character and principles of Lord Byron. We have done it on former occasions, and our opinion has been confirmed by that verdict of public sentiment, which is always pronounced upon the dead. After making every allowance which his education, his position, his sudden elevation to rank, the dazzling blaze of his renown,—all of them circumstances likely to affect the strongest heads and hearts,—seemed to demand from impartial writers, we came to the conclusion, that he was entirely destitute of what is called character,—that is, of all fixed principles of thought and action. He had no deliberate opinions; he had not even habits uniform in their operation; his judgments and feelings varied with the hour; and it is one of the wonders of his poetical power, that it could sustain itself in its flights upon its light and inconstant wing. A great poet he undoubtedly was, or rather was meant to be; for he was so capricious and inconstant in his application, so distracted with pleasures and the numberless vexations which they brought with them in the form of retributions, and so connected with associates who were sufficient to put to flight every thing like honorable ambition, that we cannot believe that the world ever knew what he might have accomplished, or what he might have been. Considering the early life of his noble patient, the Doctor might well have begun his good work by showing him what Christianity was, for many of Byron's remarks make it evident that he did not know; but the physician, as if conscious that this was the very point on which he was least qualified to enlighten him, proceeded to reply to heavy arguments which his patient had never heard of before, and with stern and solemn preparation, brought up his park of artillery to demolish a castle in the air. We need hardly say that the phlogistic practice was unsuccessful: the patient never recovered from the Doctor nor the disease. We do not know that the enterprise would have resulted more happily in different hands; but even the forlorn hope should be conducted in the manner which affords the best chances of success.

As we have said, a great proportion of those who have passed for infidels seem never to have known the religion which they condemned. We cannot say that if they had known it, they would have believed in its divine origin; for unbelief on this point is commonly regarded as the characteristic of the infidel; but certainly those who deliberated on the subject should have taken this into consideration before they made up their minds. They have united almost to a man in praising the actions and sentiments of the Author of our religion, without appearing to know that his life was Christianity,—Christianity in the living letter; it was the active and efficient religion which he came to establish among men. They do not seem to be in the least aware that, when they admire his uniform excellence, his matchless wisdom, and his unexampled self-devotion, they are in fact bearing testimony in favor of the religion which he brought from above. They complain of Christianity that it is an enthusiastic religion, dealing in visions and raptures; at the same time they confess, that no being that ever existed was more entirely practical than he. They charge Christianity with regarding the feeling rather than the life, while they acknowledge that his feelings were manifested, not by words and professions, but by a persuasive and eloquent example. They reproach Christianity with frowning on harmless enjoyment, and thus throwing a cloud over the path of life, which is sad enough at the best; while they see that his life was the most entirely social that was ever led, and that the only ambition, the heart's desire of his life, was to make others happy. When they say that his religion is the cause of disunion among men, they admit that the first and last duty, which he enjoined with his living voice and his dying sigh, was that of union, forgiveness, and love. Since his life was Christianity, they cannot condemn the religion without condemning him; and, on the other hand, every word of praise given to his life and character, is an acknowledgment unconsciously made, of the truth, excellence, and glory of Christianity.

The principal objections made to Christianity by men like Byron, who of course never investigated the subject, though they are generally of an indefinite and floating character, seem to have been suggested to their minds by what they had seen or heard of the sentiments or practice of individual Christians. This process of generalizing is common on every subject; but is not resorted to by those, who are particularly earnest to reach the truth. The English traveller in this country encounters occasionally a coarse and vulgar man; he immediately determines in his own mind that such are the characters formed by free institutions, when possibly, by diligent search, he might have found some few such worthies in the most enslaved country on the globe. Would Byron have allowed that it would be a fair test of the value of poetry to read Amos Cottle, or accept the judgment of one, who, after having gone through that process, should decide that poetry was a weary and unprofitable art? When the French infidels made use of the practices of the Roman church in that day, and paraded her corrupt and superstitious practices as so many evidences against Christianity, they must have been conscious that they were acting an unworthy part; for these things, far from being the result of Christianity, were not even inseparable from the church in which they were found, which still exists and disavows these abuses and corruptions. The most signal instance of this unfairness is seen in Gibbon, who has set down with singular minuteness all the vices and follies of the Christians of early ages, wandering out of his way to find them, and describing them where they would be out of place, unless they were intended to illustrate some essential point. That point was the character of the Christian religion; he gives the impression, that these are the benefits and blessings which it brought to the world. And yet, in order to maintain the appearance of candor, he intimates that there is a distinction to be drawn between Christianity and Christians. Had he wholly passed over this distinction, his irony would have seemed too bitter to be in good taste. Had he brought it forward in a prominent manner, as he was bound in manliness and honor to do, it would have taken off the edge of his sarcasm at once, by showing that Christianity was not responsible for what Christians had done, and that their crimes brought dishonor simply on themselves or on human nature, and not by any means on their religion. Unless he could show that they did these things because they were Christians, and would not have done them had they not been Christians; unless he could show that all the rest of the world were innocent, and Christians alone were guilty, he could not, as he evidently wished, make it appear that the sethings were proofs of the real character of Christianity.

The friends of Christianity have, in one respect, greatly aided its enemies; they have insisted upon it that the religion shall be judged by some one of its forms, rather than by the life and words of our Saviour in the Scriptures. Every striking object in nature produces an effect on men, differing in individuals according to their feelings, habits of thought, and the position in which they stand. This is still more true of intellectual and moral subjects, like Christianity. The various aspects in which that religion appears, are doubtless suited to the various minds which welcome and embrace them. A particular form in which Christianity is presented may be abundantly impressive to one, while it would not make the least impression on another; and if we insist upon one form to the exclusion of all others, we prevent many, perhaps, from considering the views which would be most likely to affect them, and thus condemn them to indifference or infidelity through all their lives. It is natural enough that their own *form* of faith should be dear to Christians, recommended as it is by the judgment of their minds and the feeling of their hearts. It comes under the authority of a father's kindness, a mother's affection; it is sanctified to them by the example of the living and the memory of the dead; it is associated in their minds with the plaintive music of the hymn, the deep solemnity of the prayer, with all the most important engagements of life, and with the awful sleep of death. It is not strange, then, that they regard it as embracing in itself all that is great and inspiring in Christianity. But they should remember that it cannot be equally impressive to those who are strangers to these associations, and that some other aspect in which the religion is presented might be powerful and affecting, where theirs was tried to as little purpose as seed is cast upon the rock. We are convinced that it would appear on examination, that the enemies of Christianity have objected always to some form of it, in which they have found something offensive. Why not invite them to try some other form, in which they may not see the same objection? Why not urge them to make trial of any and every form, since perhaps where one seems liable to objection from its accidental peculiarities, another, containing the same substantial truths, may encounter no prejudice, may be admitted and welcomed, and thus bring those into the ranks of Christianity, who would otherwise have opposed the religion themselves, and carried others into infidelity with them? We have been struck with the manner in which Dr. Kennedy, in all his discussions, narrowed the question to his own peculiar sentiments, which in most cases happened to be the very views that excited the most decided aversion in his hearers. Now, whether his sentiments were right or wrong, we apprehend that he would have done better to recommend them to the teaching of the Author of Christianity, since the question was not whether Dr. Kennedy's opinion, but whether the truths of the Gospel were divine; and one might have doubts with respect to the former point, without disbelieving the other.

The fact is, that the views of almost every sect of Christians contain something, for which Christianity should not be made to answer. As they understand them themselves, all may be harmonious and consistent with reason, nature, and the general spirit of the Gospel; but it is not safe for them to assume, that they can make it appear so to others. If they undertake to explain them themselves, they may satisfy one without convincing another; since the same arguments, much less the same language, cannot convey the same impression to all. We hold, as an encouraging fact, that the pure elements of truth might be found under the errors of every party. Separated as they may be by peculiarities of form, faith, and feeling, they are united in those great truths, which from their nature can be peculiar to none. So that, whoever would recommend his religion to unbelievers, should direct their attention not to those matters concerning which men disagree, but to those substantial truths, which are the same in every party and the same in every breast. To one who sneered at all the pretensions of medical science, the Doctor would hardly have quoted the system of Brown or Cullen, in order to remove his scepticism ; since it is the pertinacity with which the slaves of every system cling to their peculiar notions, which, more than all other causes united, brings contempt upon the whole subject. He would have argued that question on larger and more liberal grounds ; and in this discussion, had there been no other cause of his failure, the disgust with which he mentioned views of Christianity differing from his own, taken in connexion with his evident sincerity, would have been enough to convince his hearers, that many of their suspicions of Christianity were true; certainly to satisfy them that the interests of good feeling would gain but little if it prevailed among men.

Since it is perfectly evident, that the great majority of infidels are those who, like Byron, are prejudiced against Christianity without any serious investigation, we will allude to one or two of those objections which generally have most effect upon their minds.

One is, that they charge upon Christianity all the follies and weaknesses of Christians ; and if such are the materials from which their objections are made, they can find an ample supply even in the best parts of the Christian world. They know full well that the word Christian, as generally used, is applied to all born in lands where Christianity prevails; and that, so far from being confined to those who make that religion the rule of their life, it is applied to thousands who never listened to its instructions, who are Christians only because they chance to be near certain parallels of latitude, and who, in a little different region, would pass muster equally well with Heathen, Mahometans, or Jews. The objectors say that they will look to the lives of Christians, to learn what the Christian virtues are ; and they invariably turn to characters of this description, though better representatives of the spirit and power of their faith are standing close beside them. They point to these men, hold up their faults and vices to scorn, and ask what must the faith be, if such are its disciples. The principal beauty of this reasoning is, that they point to the *unchristian* part of their conduct, to show the effect of Christianity. It was in precisely the same way, that writers, who used to declaim against civilized life, showed the evils of society, by placing in a strong light the traces of barbarism which still existed in it, because civilization could not reach them; and, by exhibiting and overstating these things, they succeeded in convincing some wild brains, that the savage life was the best. It is as if one, who wished to discourage planting, should take us to the part of a mansion which is unshaded, to show that there is no use nor benefit in shade. We should probably tell him, that the house only wanted more of it; and this is the case with Christians; they want more Christianity, not less; and one thing is certain, that this argument has no force against Christianity, till it can be shown that the religion has a direct tendency to produce the weakness and folly of Christians, and that they might divest themselves of these failings, and this reproach, by simply giving up Christianity.

There is not much respect due to those who press this kind of objection to Christianity, since they well know that the question is not whether the lives of Christians are what they should be. It is readily admitted that they are not; and they are aware that the life of the Author of the religion, in which the religion was carried into beautiful, harmonious and consistent action, is the only one to which such an appeal can be made. They speak as if all who professed Christianity must of course be governed by its power. Under the same error they attempt to show, that Christianity is no blessing to the world. For, say they, if Christianity profess to reform the evils of the world, why has it not reformed them? Why is the aspect of society deformed and stained with vices of every description in private life? Why is the earth still blackened with slavery, and overshadowed by the thunder-cloud of war? The answer is, that Christianity, though it was miraculously given, professes to exert only a moral agency on men, and therefore can have no more influence than men choose to allow it. Where they permit it to act, it will exert its power; as far as they allow it to go, it will go travelling in the greatness of its strength. Since it was given for the benefit of men, it is left to them to say where and how far it shall prevail. The infidel may therefore perceive that his own prejudice against it, his unwillingness to give it a hearing and a trial, is one of the reasons why it has so little power, and also a reason why the character of the religion must be judged, not from the lives of those who are called Christians, nor the aspect of what is called the Christian world; but from the life of Jesus Christ and the teaching of the Gospel.

Another prejudice against Christianity rests upon the charge, that it has occasioned divisions in the world. Undoubtedly many pages in its history are red with blood, but what page in history is there without a similar stain? Why do they pass over the long list of battles and murders before Christianity came, and reserve all reproach for those, which were recorded within the last eighteen hundred years? If they say that Christianity was the cause of these things, they are bound to show what caused them before the Christian religion existed; and if any causes existed before, what there was in Christianity which suspended their agency and acted in their stead. If they say that Christianity occasions these things, they are bound to show some one of its charges, principles, or affections which leads to such results; if nothing of the kind appears, and they content themselves with saying that Christianity ought to have prevented them, then some way must be shown, in which Christianity could have prevented them. Christian truth is not a living thing,—it is not a person invested with powers, nor is it, as this argument seems to imply, a God, and almighty. Christian truths are simply facts made known to men by Jesus Christ, for the better government of their lives; and if they pay no regard to these facts, they can hardly be called Christians. It is unjust to call them Christians, merely for the sake of charging their crimes upon that religion, which they resist and disobey. No one can show a single precept of that religion, a single duty it enjoins, nor a feeling it inspires, which leads to strife; we can show a thousand which forbid it; but we can find traits enough in human nature, which lead to these things. Why not then lift the charge from Christianity, and place it where it belongs? It will then appear that if Christianity be not obeyed, men with it are like men without it; and if we say that God could not be its author, because its perversion leads to strife, we may as well argue that he was not the Creator of man, because there are principles and passions within us, which we can abuse to our own destruction if we will.

It is strange, that those who charge these divisions upon Christianity do not see that Christianity forbids them, and that they arise from those passions of men which religion is not suffered to reach, and therefore cannot control. We think it will be admitted, for argument's sake, if nothing more, that the opposers of Christianity have sometimes grown warm in their opposition. Will they charge this upon Christianity, or will they allow that there may be passion occasionally, where there is no religion? In fact, what society of men is there, which is not full of division? What region of the earth is there, where parties do not separate those whom God and nature had united; where violence does not lead to bitterness, disunion and blood? Those who are in the habit of commenting sharply upon religious disputes, though by the way religious dispute is a contradiction in terms, and we might as well speak of a religious murder, would do well to look round them,—to consider the political world,—to look upon those waves which, like those of ocean, heave in the calmest day, and sometimes dash in thunder upon the shores which can hardly bar them in,—and then say whether Christians need blush for their divisions, because political differences are so calm and forbearing; whether they need be ashamed of their language, because political retorts are so mild and gracious; whether Christianity must be rejected because of the strife it occasions, and politics be welcomed as the means of peace and good will. All this violence, so often made matter of reproach to our religion, only proves, what we readily allow, that human nature, with Christianity, is human nature still.

The objections are all of an indefinite kind, and it is not surprising if they are sometimes inconsistent. Thus it is sometimes said, that the tendency of the religion is unfavorable to the welfare of men; and again, Christians are reproached with not regarding its laws. But if its tendency is bad, evidently the less they regard it the better. It is a compliment rather than a reproach to say, that they are not what their faith would make them; if it be any fault in them not to regard it, this seems to us like an acknowledgment that its effect is good, since it is an honor to a man to be better than his profession. One of the two charges must be given up; they must either make the tree good and its fruit good, or, if the religion be injurious in its tendency, allow that men are faithful to it when they are doing wrong. It is true that Christianity has by no means the effect which it ought on those who profess it; and this shows how strong the evidence and conviction must have been which sent forward a religion, which offered no flattery to human pride or passion; which threw contempt on the distinctions of human greatness, and was in every way unwelcome to the feelings of men, till they had embraced it and made it welcome to their souls. We do not allow that its influence on the world has been small. If we compare the Christian nations with others, there will be no question which state of society is best. If it be said that their moral superiority is owing to their superior refinement, how happens it that the nations most generally enlightened are invariably the most Christian? It is true we have often heard of the virtues of Mussulmen: but it is not easy to believe, that a power which professes not to be bound by treaties,—which betrays its enemies and removes them by secret murder,—which pays a price for the slain in battle, and exterminates whole provinces of human life at a blow,—it is not easy to allow that such a people are as exemplary, as some would make them, nor that their state of society is so desirable, that it would only be made worse by Christianity. So, too, we sometimes find the people of Hindostan quoted as examples of moral virtue, to put Christianity to shame. Those who do this calculate with amazing confidence upon the ignorance of their readers. Gentle and inoffensive in their manners they may be; but in all moral respects they are well known to be in the lowest depths of corruption. To say that nations, in which no principle of improvement has ever appeared,—to say that these, which advance no more than the beasts of the field from one generation to another, are better than Christian nations, because they are accidentally free from one or two of their vices,—in other words, because ardent spirits are not generally within their reach, is the most absurd Arcadian fiction known in modern times. If civilization be not a blessing to the world, then Christianity is not a blessing. If the vices thus charged on Christianity are only those which wait on civilization, and partially balance its good effect, we shall continue to believe that barbarous nations would certainly be no worse, and might possibly be better, if enlightened by Christianity.

Another objection which infidels make to Christianity and the volume which contains it is, that they cannot understand it; Lord Byron, we observe, often repeats this assertion by way of excuse for his indifference to the subject. If it were true that the Scriptures could not be understood, it would form a strong presumption against their divine origin; for, if the obscurity were in the style, it would be inconsistent with the natural expectation that such truths should be conveyed in the clearest manner, and, in fact, with the claims of the Scriptures themselves to be so plain that all can read them; and if the obscurity were in the truths, it would be a natural inference that they were not such as would be given from Heaven to enlighten man. But it does not appear, that Byron and others like him ever complained that they could not understand truths which they read in the Scriptures; all the difficulties that troubled them were in what others told them that the Scriptures contained; and since those persons might have misunderstood the Sacred writings, and have built obscure hypotheses upon plain words by imagination, inference and construction, those writings cannot be held responsible for any language but their own. When any one speaks of the difficulties of the Scriptures, he is taking the language of other men upon trust, while the writings are open before him; which he certainly would not do, if he desired to do justice to the subject. Those difficulties seldom embarrass those who read with interest and a desire to learn their duty; and perhaps something important may be gathered from the fact, that the obscurities of the Scriptures are always most obvious and perplexing to those who do not read them.

Regarded simply as a rule of life and duty, the Scriptures are easily understood. They were given for purposes of duty and improvement; and if read for these purposes, which surpass all others immeasurably in importance, the Scriptures will not be likely to embarrass the most inquiring mind. It is true that questions may be continually suggested which it will be difficult to answer, but these may not be necessarily connected with the subject; and if they are, it is not well to dismiss them in disgust, without making at least an attempt to understand them. There is hardly one of the common arts of life, which does not or rather may not be made to involve questions, which no human intelligence can solve; but the husbandman raises his grain without comprehending the mysteries of vegetation; and the seaman, without any acquaintance with astronomy, takes his observation and guides his vessel through the sea. We never heard that our Saviour's sermon on the mount could not be understood: in short, we do not know that this objection ever came from one, who had read the Scriptures with any thing approaching to singleness of heart. They teach no contradictions; they conduct men in the great highway where none need wander nor stumble, where those only who turn aside are bewildered and lost. Every one, who is acquainted with the Scriptures, will recognise their simplicity as their most admirable distinction. This, if nothing else, would stamp them with the broad seal of inspiration ; for they were meant for every variety of character and every condition of human life, for the ignorant and the enlightened, the rich and the poor, the humble and the high. Now we see that plainness distinguishes the profound exertions of human thought ; and, in proportion to the power and clearness of the thought, is the simplicity of the expression. The Scriptures, which contain a history of the revelation of God to man, might be expected to come with an air of divine simplicity about them ; and that such is their character, is manifest to every impartial mind.

But perhaps the most efficient prejudice against Christianity, certainly the most mistaken one is, that it discourages all exertion and improvement of mind, and thus has an inauspicious bearing on the best interests of man. There has been an imagination, that it requires the prostration of the mind,—the entire surrender of the judgment; that a man must believe whatever he seems to see in its pages without the least examination; that the least use of the intellectual powers on such prohibited subjects is treason to the King of kings. Such an impression was doubtless given by many of the fanatics of former days, and by some few in the present who cry out against education, as if it were suicidal to encourage it. Many a sect has felt, and not without reason, that a few efforts at general improvement would be fatal to the existence of their party. Such a clamor has been raised at times, and it has given an unfortunate advantage to the enemies of Christianity, who, according to their usual practice, charged upon the religion every unworthy act and every foolish word of its disciples. A better day, however, has risen ; and now there is hardly a sect, with which we are acquainted, which is not animated with an honorable ambition to extend the means of improvement among its members as widely as possible. Some doubtless think that this will be the means of increasing the numbers of their own party ; but in this they will be disappointed, and must console themselves with the thought, that it will increase the influence of Christianity alone. Whoever travels through our forests in the autumn is struck with the rich and glorious profusion of their dyes. Did it ever occur to him that all this beauty is owing to the light, and that, should the light be withdrawn, all would be uniform, colorless and unmeaning? There is no doubt that, in like manner, the effect of light in the religious world is to increase in number the lights and shadows of opinion. The only church, which was ever able to produce any thing like uniformity of sentiment, did it by keeping the world in darkness; as the light grows and extends, the aspect of the religious world grows more various and at the same time more bright and cheering; and possibly, when, after shining more and more, it reaches the perfect day, every man will be his own party.

But, with whatever views improvement is welcomed, we rejoice at it, for the effect must be in every way good; and not the least advantage is, that the infidel can no longer misrepresent Christianity, at least in this part of its design. It is a fact and a painful one, that many intellectual men have been opposed to our religion. On any subject which they had examined, their authority would command respect; but is there any reason to believe that they ever gave the subject that deliberate and impartial attention, which its importance requires? Unless some evidence of this can be inferred from their character or found in their writings, their judgment is entitled to but little weight. We do not say, that no man can be an infidel from conviction; we can conceive, that by long habits of scepticism a man may have his mind entirely closed against conviction, even when the strongest possible evidence is presented. The evidence of Christianity was not meant to be irresistible and overwhelming; it is meant to be sufficient to satisfy reasonable and impartial minds. But we know not why any one should attach more weight to the doubts of one powerful mind, than to the convictions of another. The great names of Milton, Newton and Locke, which it would be difficult to match with others of equal glory, were all decided and fervent Christians. We allow that this will not prove Christianity to be true; but it will prove, that it has been believed by men of the greatest powers and the most sagacious, deliberate and penetrating minds,—men who would be as unlikely to believe a falsehood or be carried away with a delusion, as any that ever existed. And moreover, their belief was not a mere acquiescence,—not a name and profession only; it was an active, earnest and devoted faith. They reverenced the Scriptures as a treasury of the noblest materials of thought; they declared that Christianity kept always in advance of the widest range of their prophetic minds, and at the moment when all the nations did homage to them, they bowed themselves in humility before the Son of God. All the defenders of Christianity have been earnest in proportion to their intellectual greatness. The apostles were men of strong minds; and the reason that they were unenlightened was, that there was no real improvement in the learning of that day. Those who believe nothing more concerning Jesus Christ, confess that man never spake like him, and that his mind would seem stupendous, were it less harmoniously blended with his other perfections. With these facts before them, how can any doubt, whether Christianity is an intellectual religion? It is entirely intellectual; it is only through the mind that it attempts to reach the heart. Its intellectual character sufficiently explains the slow progress it has made; since only enlightened nations know how to enjoy its influence and improve its power.

We have thrown out these remarks, because we know that there are many in our country who are strongly inclined to this kind of infidelity, which is not so much unbelief as aversion, and does not result from any acquaintance with Christianity, but rather from a prejudice which prevents investigation. We think we are safe in saying, that there never was an individual in any country, who was made an infidel by any thing he had read in the Gospel; so far from it, they almost unanimously bear testimony to the excellence and greatness of the life, instruction and example of Jesus Christ. It is true that this alone will not make them Christians; it will not follow that they shall believe in the divine origin of Christianity; but it is manifest that they cannot approach the subject of its divine origin, till they have learned what it is; for so long as they think they see internal evidence of its earthly character, no external testimony can persuade them that it came from above. The first endeavor should be to remove their prejudice, by showing that it is founded on second-hand representations,—by asking them, when they object to particular views, to ascertain whether those views are taught in the Gospel; when they complain of the tendency of the religion, to read its instructions, and learn whether it is Christianity or the want of it which has led to dissensions, abuses and corruptions. In such an examination, they may find that their prejudices have been excited, not against Christianity, but by what they have mistaken for it, and that they are bound, as men of candor, to reconsider the subject, and not to reject at once the counterfeit and the true.

We shall now give some account of this book, which is very little known in this country, and yet is interesting from the celebrity of one of the parties. Dr. Kennedy was connected with the medical staff of the British army, and was stationed among the Ionian Islands, near the time when Lord Byron, having grown sick of his degraded condition and associates, determined to make an effort for the restoration of Greece, and in that way to recover the good opinion of the world. It was probably the mortification he had endured in Italy, which disposed him to listen with more complacency to Dr. Kennedy, whose proposal to enlighten him was made in the most respectful manner, and with a distinct acknowledgment that he wished to withdraw an illustrious name from the list of enemies to Christianity. While he was irritated every day by circumstances that wounded his pride, and while he was persuaded that the religious were of all others the most inveterate foes to his reputation, the flattering interest thus taken in him by one of their number tended greatly to remove his prejudices. The prayer of a young English lady, which was found in her papers by her husband after her death, and transmitted by him to Lord Byron, showed an affecting interest in his good fame, with which he was greatly moved; the more, perhaps, because the circumstance was so striking to his imagination. Thus the way was opened for a favorable hearing; and some one, more skilful than the Doctor in discovering his lordship's state of mind, and adapting his arguments to it, might possibly have made a deep impression. It is not likely, however, that any impression could have been lasting. Lord Byron's infirmity was an entire want of independence,—a diseased sensibility to the opinion of others. Like all who are conscious of this weakness, he often entrenched himself in obstinacy, that he might appear firm to himself and other men. He evidently wished to maintain the high and distant reserve of his poetical characters, and to preserve a spirit insensible alike to censure and praise; but nature was perpetually breaking through; a smile was enough to bear down his best and strongest resolutions, so that, without some deep and thorough change, there could have been small hope that his faith, had he formed it, would endure. While we confess that we do not admire Dr.

Kennedy's management as a debater, we approve the spirit in which he conducted the discussion. There was, in general, nothing contemptuous in his treatment of the arguments and motives of those opposed to him, and this is a point in which the advocates of Christianity have sometimes been sadly wanting. He was not of the number of those who, in their zeal to snatch such 'brands from the burning,' think they use sufficient ceremony when they take them out with the tongs.

Lord Byron arrived in Argostoli, the principal town in Cephalonia, in 1823, intending to spend some time in the Ionian Islands, to gain an acquaintance with the condition of Greece, before he plunged himself into the troubled sea of its affairs. Here he remained from August to December. He was here an object of curiosity and wonder, and having been received with respect by the public authorities and with deference by all, was cheerful and social in his intercourse with the English as well as others. About this time, the Doctor had a visit from four British friends, who were all deistical in their sentiments. They endeavored to laugh him out of his religion; but he proposed that they should enter into a discussion of the subject at some meeting appointed for the purpose, and that they should allow him to speak at least twelve hours, at different intervals, and without interruption. One of the gentlemen mentioned the proposed meeting to Lord Byron, who expressed a wish to be present; he was accordingly invited to attend the meeting on the following Sunday. But at that time he sent an excuse, saying that he could not be present, as he intended on that day to embark his horses. This, however, he did not accomplish; and the anecdote is by far too good to be omitted. On his mentioning his design to the captain of the ship, a sturdy rough Englishman, not particularly spiritual in his views and feelings, he replied, 'No, no, my lord, you must not play these tricks with me: there shall be no such heathenish and outlandish doings on board my ship on a Sunday.'

On the following Sunday, the meeting was held; but meantime Dr. Kennedy says that his friends were dissatisfied with being represented as enemies to Christianity, and declared that the object of the meeting was simply to hear an explanation of his particular opinions. This circumstance, taken in connexion with some of our previous remarks, is quite important. The Doctor evidently thought it impossible to object to his views without objecting to Christianity: 'As if I had notions,' he says, 'different from those held by every sound Christian.' He says 'he could not help smiling at the gloss thus put upon the matter.' Others might be tempted to smile for a different reason. The Doctor says that they were not professed unbelievers; they objected one to one doctrine, another to another; they expressed a strong dislike to being called infidels; even Lord Byron remarked that it was 'a cold and chilling appellation.' We have heard it said of a venerable physician who practised in this region half a century ago, that if a patient undertook to describe his own feelings, the Doctor would command him sternly to hold his peace, saying, that to tell what was the disorder was the business, not of the patient, but of the physician. Dr. Kennedy seems to have had equally high ideas of his prerogatives and powers; and there is something comic in the manner in which he insists upon treating them as infidels, when, with one exception, they were in no wise conscious of their unbelief.

The number of those present at the meeting was increased by various additions to ten. The Doctor commenced by stating, that he was formerly an unbeliever in practice, though he had never denied the truth of the Scriptures; but that circumstances led him to reflect upon the subject, and that, after two years of study, he made the profession of a Christian. He told them that there was a difficulty in his undertaking, because he should have to speak of a change in his mind and feelings, which they had never felt in theirs. He said that he should not attempt to make them real Christians, since that could only be done by the Spirit of God; his object simply was, to state the evidence in favor of the divine origin of the Scriptures. The Christianity which he undertook to defend was not that, he said, which was found in creeds and confessions, but that which was found in the Scriptures. So far all was well; but here the Doctor's evil genius prevailed, because he made it clear, that by the Christianity which 'was found,' he meant that which *he found*, and not that which they might find in the Scriptures; thus assuming the point which, in the case of most of them, was the very one in question. While he exulted in the right of private judgment which the Reformation had restored to the world, he does not seem to admit, as a possible thing, that any sincere inquirer could gather from the Scriptures sentiments different from his own. Now if to believe the Scriptures, and to form the best judgment in one's power as to what they teach, be not enough, his hearers might reasonably despair; since the sentiments of any particular sect are held by no more than one in a thousand of the Christian world, and they might be forgiven for taking little interest in his discussion, since, by his own admission, a conversion to Christianity alone would not be sufficient to make them Christians. His course is the more surprising, since he distinctly tells them that he advocates the Christianity of the Scriptures, and not the Christianity of men. Still it is evident that he is ready to set them down as infidels, should they, after reading the Scriptures, regard his Christianity as the Christianity of man.

After speaking at some length and with a good degree of discretion concerning the manner in which the question should be debated, he said that, to relieve their attention, he would read a summary of the doctrines of Christianity, which he says he had prepared from the works of Mr. John Newton; hoping that the plain, clear and forcible manner in which he explains the first truths of religion, would produce a good effect on their minds. He had not proceeded far, before they grew impatient, and Lord Byron interrupted him, asking, whether these sentiments accorded with his own. He replied that they did, and with those of all sound Christians. His hearers told him they did not wish to hear the sentiments of others, and that their desire was, to be satisfied that the Scriptures were true. Now we think that, however happily Newton might have stated the truths of religion, his proper course would have been to let the Scriptures speak for themselves. After the manner in which he had cautioned them against the Christianity of man, it was not safe to assume that the doctrine of Newton was the Christianity of the Scriptures; since, however venerable such an authority might be, it was not the point in question; and if he admitted that the truths of Scripture could be better stated than in Scripture language, it was a concession which could not tend to increase their reverence for the Sacred writings. He was somewhat vexed at their impatience, but in order that the opportunity might not be wholly lost, he proposed to read the reasons which Scott gives, in his Commentary, for believing in Christianity. He commenced, but was soon interrupted, and shut the book in despair.

A conversation then followed, in which Lord Byron mentioned that his mother had brought him up strictly, and that he went regularly to church. He said that he wished to have his religious opinions fixed, but he could not understand the subject, and that he had seen so many, whose life gave the lie to their profession, that his impression was that few Christians believed the Scriptures; but that he always respected those who conscientiously believed, and was disposed to trust them more than others. He asked the Doctor various questions, and among others, whether he had ever read Warburton's Divine Legation, and what he thought of his theory maintaining that a state of retribution was not revealed in the Hebrew law. The Doctor thought that Warburton had not read his Bible with sufficient attention; for, said he, 'no nation has ever been found without some idea of a future state, and it would be strange if the Jews were a solitary exception.' Warburton's idea, however, was, that a future state was not revealed in that law in such a way as to give authority to its commands, and if the Doctor thinks that the Jews were only acquainted with the future state like other nations, he seems to agree with the Bishop of Gloucester, who maintained, if we understand him, not that the Jews had no idea of a future state, but that it was not confirmed to them by the revelation of God. Lord Byron inquired of the Doctor, 'what would become of the heathen at the last day?' To which he replied, in substance, that he did not know. Two remarks were made by Byron, which the Doctor records, though he had forgotten the connexion in which they were spoken. One was, 'that he should certainly say to the potter, if he were broken to pieces, "Why do you treat me thus?" The other was, that if the whole world were going to hell, he would rather go with them than go alone to Heaven.' To which the Doctor replied with some force, that if it came to the test, he might feel differently upon the subject. So ended the first meeting. The Doctor complains that, as Lord Byron during the discussion frequently asked him if he had read certain books, and he was obliged to confess that he had not, the story spread that his lordship was profoundly acquainted with theology and sacred literature, somewhat to the disparagement of his own attainments. The case was certainly a hard one, for Lord Byron did not even pretend to know the works, except by name. He did, however, say that he had read the works of Barrow.

Several other meetings were held, but Lord Byron was absent from the town. The next time the Doctor encountered him was at the table of the English officers. Some instance was mentioned, to illustrate the superstition of the Greeks in the island. ‘Do the people believe the miracle?’ said Byron. The Doctor answering that they did; he observed, that ‘it was easy to persuade people of the truth of any thing, if it came in a religious way, as they then willingly gave up both their senses and their reason.’ He then asked, ‘if a miracle could be proved by human testimony?’ ‘Certainly,’ the Doctor replied, ‘if the effect of the miracle remained and was permanent in its nature.’ The conversation, as usual with Byron, was desultory; he only remarked, by way of illustrating his sense of religious character, that Lord Calthorpe was the first who called him an atheist when they were at school at Harrow, for which he gave him as good a drubbing as ever he had in his life. On the subject of miracles, he remarked that one had happened while he was in Italy. A church having accidentally taken fire, one of the saints held out his toe, and the conflagration immediately ceased, to the great edification and delight of the people. We wonder that the Doctor was not discouraged. At the next meeting, however, he told his friends with great candor, that the difficulty he encountered did not arise from the subject, but from want of attention and study in themselves; that they judged from their own ignorance, and that the time would come, when they would be astonished at their own obstinacy and blindness. After conciliating attention in this pleasing manner, he postponed the discussion to another day.

At that meeting, he entered very largely into the prophetic evidence in favor of Christianity, and gives as a reason their prejudice against miracles. Did it never occur to him that a prophecy is a miracle, unless it is a mere sagacious conjecture? If the prophecies were not miraculous, they were exertions of common foresight, and their fulfilment would only prove the discernment of those, who anticipated future events as likely to happen, from what they saw in their own day. A real prophecy is as incredible as a miracle, and requires as much evidence: we may say more; for we are not only obliged to prove that the prediction was made, when no common wisdom could have suggested it, but also to prove that it was fulfilled. But Dr. Kennedy is of opinion, that the evidence derived from the fulfilment of prophecy is the most convincing that can be offered to unbelievers. If so, it is a little singular that the apostles should not have made use of it more freely in their preaching; they rested the question upon the miracles which Jesus Christ had wrought, and which were established by such proof that none could doubt them. It does not appear, that his opinion of the power of this kind of testimony was confirmed by the event; his hearers fell away after this meeting, and though he attended once or twice, his audience never met him again. He dwelt at much length upon the celebrated prophecy of the 'seventy weeks' in Daniel, but could not make them see the force of its application. He appears not to have known the remarkable fact, that this prophecy, which has perplexed all commentators of past ages, was explained by a discovery of the original septuagint version of this book. This version, for some reason or other, was removed from the Greek Bible, and another substituted in its stead. The prophecy, as contained in the substituted version, is found in our Bibles, and every one, who has seen the attempts of learned men to reconcile it with history, is aware how hopeless the endeavor has been. When the ancient version was recovered about sixty years ago, having been found in a library at Rome, it appeared that the prophecy, instead of stating that the Messiah should come after seventy weeks of years were expired, declared that, from the time when the decree went forth to rebuild Jerusalem to the time when the Messiah should 'cut off from belonging to him both the city and sanctuary,' should be seventy and seven weeks of years and threescore and two years, amounting to six hundred and one. Dr. Kennedy appears never to have heard of this fact, nor of Dr. Blayney's dissertation on the subject; but he glides on through all the intricacies of the old explanation with a glow of satisfaction, only abated by the circumstance that his hearers could not comprehend one word of that which was so plain to him. It appears to have confirmed their suspicions, that he saw these things by means of some inward light, which was not given to them, and satisfied them that their research was vain, since it required a new revelation to make them understand the one already given.

During the latter part of these discussions, Lord Byron was residing at Metaxata, four miles and a half from the town. He seems to have been much flattered by Dr. Kennedy's interest in him, and after a time invited him to make him a visit. He did not however go, till he found that the party were soon to proceed to continental Greece, when he proceeded to Metaxata and found Byron at home. They talked on religious subjects, or rather the conversation was sustained by the Doctor, and Byron, as usual, professed to desire to attain conviction. He was told that he must begin by prayer. To this he replied, that devotion was the affection of the heart; that when he saw the glory of creation, he bowed to the Majesty of Heaven, and when he felt the enjoyment of life, health, and happiness, he felt grateful to God. The Doctor told him truly, that Christianity required something more constant and efficient, and again advised him to read the Bible with prayer. 'I read more of the Bible than you are aware,' said Byron. 'I have one which my sister, who is an excellent woman, gave me, and I read it very often.' Saying this, he went into his bed-room and brought out a pocket Bible. The Doctor took it, and explained to him the doctrine of depravity and the necessity of conversion. Byron told him that, on the subject of human depravity, he had no doubt whatever. What prospect the Doctor had of making an impression, and what was the nature of Byron's scriptural studies, may be judged from his saying, 'What think you of the Witch of En-dor? I have always thought this the finest and most finished scene, that ever was written. It beats all the ghost-scenes I ever read.' The conversation wandered fast to other subjects. The Doctor complained of his 'Cain.' Byron said that he had a right to draw the characters according to truth and nature, and that it would be absurd to put pious sentiments into the mouth of Cain. The Doctor replied, that he was censured, not for ascribing such sentiments to Cain, but for putting nothing to counterbalance them into the mouths of his other characters, and that it was well known that the work had done mischief; for that the papers contained an account of a man in distressed circumstances, who one evening brought it to a friend, read some passages containing the sentiments alluded to, and next morning shot himself. The Doctor then expressed his opinion of Don Juan, in a free and not very complimentary manner. Byron insisted upon it, that he had been misunderstood; that his object was to show how accomplishments covered vices. 'This may be true,' said the Doctor, 'but what are your motives for painting nothing but scenes of vice and folly?' 'It is to unmask the hypocrisy of high life.' The Doctor told him that the world never entertained the opinion, that high life afforded the purest models of piety and virtue; and from what he had read of Don Juan, he could not perceive that it contained much abhorrence of vice, or laid particular stress upon morality. He told Lord Byron, that the virtuous could not look upon him as a person qualified to be a moralist and reformer, and that the vicious would hate one who disclosed their vices; so that he could not do good in any quarter. Byron told him that he thought it strange that he should be attacked by the pulpit, as well as the reviews; for that he was actually aiding the objects of religious men, by assisting to convince people of their depravity, and thus enabling religious men to throw in their doctrine with greater effect. The Doctor would by no means admit that he had any claims to be considered a public benefactor, but told him that, when he had given some proofs of his own conversion, his attempts to reform others might be more successful. 'Well,' said Byron, 'you shall see what a winding up I will give to the story.' 'I shall be glad,' said the Doctor, 'to see any winding up that may remedy the pernicious consequences of the rest of the work.' 'What excuse,' said Byron, 'will you find for that preacher in London, about whom they have raised such infamous calumnies, and who has written against me in the Review with which he is connected, as well as preached against me? I do not believe that there is any foundation for the calumny against him, and yet how delighted he would have been, had it been raised against me. I show a greater degree of Christian charity, in believing him innocent, than he would have done towards me. You think me in a very bad way.' 'I certainly think you are,' said the Doctor. 'But,' answered Byron, 'I am now in a fairer way. I already believe in depravity, and predestination; so that you see there are two points in which we agree; I shall get at the others by and by. But you cannot expect me to become a perfect Christian at once.' The Doctor was rather startled at these signs of approach to Christian perfection. He therefore told him that he must apply to Christ, and seek him as a Saviour. 'That is going too fast,' said Byron; 'there are many difficulties to be cleared up; when that is done, I will consider what you say.' The Doctor asked him what he meant by difficulties. To which he replied, 'There is, for instance, the doctrine of the Trinity.' The Doctor, in a series of remarks, occupying eight pages, explained this doctrine; and then advised him to lay aside these subjects for the present, and commence an attentive and honest examination of the Bible. This advice was judicious, and Byron had probably heard more truths, in this conversation, than he had ever heard from human lips before. But here the Doctor's evil genius stepped in; and when Byron spoke of the differences of Christians, the Doctor said that he wished to see them all united; but from such an union, said he, 'I would exclude Arians, Socinians, Swedenborgians, and fanatics of all descriptions, leaving them, however, not only toleration, but perfect liberty of conscience. These people have no right to the name of Christians.' 'You seem to hate the Socinians,' said Lord Byron. 'Not the individuals,' said the Doctor, 'but their principles. I believe that there is more hope of a Deist, than a Socinian, becoming a real Christian.' 'But is this charitable?' he asked; 'why would you exclude a sincere Socinian from the hope of salvation?' 'I do not exclude him,' said the Doctor; 'but comparing his doctrines with those of the Bible, one or the other must be wrong.' 'But they draw their doctrine from the Bible,' said Byron. 'Yes, so do all fools, enthusiasts and fanatics.' 'Their religion,' said Byron, 'seems to be spreading very much. Lady Byron is a great one among them, and is much looked up to.' The Doctor replied, that he was exceedingly sorry to hear that her ladyship was in such a set, and hoped that she would, before long, see her error and danger. 'I should have been pleased,' said Byron, 'to have had you acquainted with Shelley. I should like to have seen you argue together. He possessed one of the first Christian virtues, charity and benevolence.' The Doctor did not perceive his lordship's intimation, that in this respect the Atheist might have taught something to the Christian. This singular conversation ended with a proposal on the part of the Doctor, to send to Lord Byron a book which he thought suited to his case. If the reader is curious to know what work he thought most likely to effect the purpose, we are constrained to tell him that it was Boston's Fourfold State!

Dr. Kennedy was not satisfied that he had sustained his part well in this conversation, but he consoled himself with the consciousness of good intentions. The wits of the garrison insisted upon it, that Byron was using the Doctor as a lay-figure, for a portrait in Don Juan; but, to do Byron justice, he does not appear to have thought of any thing of the kind. For the reasons we have suggested, he listened, and perhaps had a curiosity to learn what a Christian, who was obviously sincere, could say in favor of his religion; but he evidently listened without the least personal interest in the subject, and waived it as civilly as he could, when the Doctor pressed it home. The Doctor inquired of a gentleman who was intimate with Byron, whether he had expressed any feeling on the subject: he replied that there was no ground for the suspicion that his lordship was amusing himself with the discussion; nor, on the other hand, was there reason to believe that any impression had been made. Byron had said, that he liked the Doctor's confining himself to the Scriptures, but that he could not understand his doctrines. The Doctor therefore thought that the case was not entirely hopeless; and as he feared neither ridicule nor poetry, 'he resolved to continue his attempt on the next suitable occasion.'

At his next visit, he asked Lord Byron if he had read the books he had sent; but found that he had done no more than 'look into Boston.' The conversation soon wandered to the subject of Greece. The Doctor endeavored to persuade his lordship, that he could render more service to that country by remaining where he was, than by proceeding to the continent, where he would inevitably be entangled with one of the opposing parties. Byron's reply was characteristic. He said, that to remain would suit him best, for his indolence had made him quit every one of his various residences with regret; but that something was expected of him, and if he should not go, it would subject him to unworthy imputations. At the same time, he was fully aware that the Greeks would find out his weak side, and that he should become a prey to one party or the other. On the Doctor's pressing the subject of religion, he said, that he had given some of the tracts to his servant Fletcher, and had bestowed the Italian ones upon Count Gamba and Doctor Bruno. 'You have sent me an account of the death of Lord Rochester, as a tract *par excellence*, having particular reference to me.' The Doctor confessed that something of that sort was in his mind when he sent it. 'Bu,t' said Byron, 'had he recovered after his conversion, perhaps he would have relapsed; and while there is this uncertainty, we never can be assured of his real conversion.' The Doctor admitted that this was true; but, said he, 'we shall be perfectly satisfied, if we find that your lordship, who resemble him in some respects, should follow him in his closing scenes.' 'What,' said

Byron, 'do you wish me to die so early, without giving unequivocal proofs of my conversion, and making atonement for past sins?' He said this smiling. How different would have been his expression, could he have read one or two pages in the book of fate!

The next time he conversed with Byron on the subject was after dining with him in company with one of the Greek leaders. Byron then gave a proof of his belief in the Scriptures. 'Do you know,' said he, 'I am nearly reconciled to St. Paul? He says there is no difference between the Jews and Greeks; I am of exactly the same opinion, for the characters of both are equally vile.' The Doctor explained to him that he had misunderstood the passage, and took the opportunity to reprove him, for connecting himself with the writers of the Liberal. Byron declared that his connexion with those people arose from common humanity. He found Hunt, in Italy, in distressed circumstances, and, after giving him what money he had to spare, he gave him some loose poems. Byron said that he considered Hunt as a man of talent, and sincere in his infidel opinions; but that he was far from agreeing with him. 'You must allow,' said he, 'that there is just ground for inveighing against abuses in church and state.' He mentioned, among other abuses, the number of clergymen who were not proper men for their calling; and told the Doctor, that Lady Byron had just written to him, to ask his presentation to a church of a person who in his opinion was unfit for the profession. His reply was that the person might certainly have it, if she pleased. If he considered such power an abuse, it might have occurred to him that this was an abuse of power. He said he respected every clergyman who did his duty, but he could not think highly of their charity when so many of them preached against him. 'Have you seen the Quarterly Review?' said he; 'I am not so well treated there as by Jeffrey; the article I believe was written by Heber; I was indulgently treated by Gifford. He was kind to me, and as long as he has the management of the Review, I may hope for a continuance of kindness.' The Doctor said that he had seen it; that all the Reviews treated him with great indulgence, from respect for his talents, and hope of his reform; and it was indeed their best way, since a contrary method would only irritate his pride, and make him worse, not better. The Doctor then inquired of his lordship, if he had looked into his paper on the doctrine of eternal punishment. 'No, I must confess that I have not: something or other always comes in the way; but I shall send them all to you before I go, whether I read them or not.' 'You need not do that; on the contrary I wish you to take them with you. I have brought you another; it is Jones on the Scripture doctrine of the Trinity.' Again he recommended to Byron to read the Scriptures, and to do it with the help of a commentary such as Scott's; but the subject was changed by Lord Byron saying that he had heard from his daughter, that she had been unwell. He then went on to speak of her, saying 'Ada is, I understand, very fond of reading. She lies on the sofa great part of the day, reading, and displays, perhaps, premature strength of mind and quickness of understanding.' He always took pleasure in speaking of his daughter. One day, on seeing an infant fall, he sprang from his horse and took it to his arms, saying that he could not bear to look upon a child, he was so powerfully reminded of his own.

The mention of his daughter led on to a subject, where we should have thought that even Dr. Kennedy's intrepidity would have flinched. On Byron's saying that he could rely on Ada's receiving judicious treatment from her mother, the Doctor told him, that he hoped before long to see the day when he would be reunited to Lady Byron, and enjoy the happiness of domestic life. 'What makes you think so? Have you had any private information?' 'No; I judge from circumstances, which I will mention, if it will not offend your lordship.' 'By all means tell me what they are.' The Doctor told him that he judged from his manner of speaking of his wife, on a former occasion, that he had not lost his attachment to her. 'Lady Byron deserves every respect from me, and nothing could give me greater pleasure than a reconciliation.' Then the Doctor asked him how they came to be separated, and what was the cause of disunion. 'I do not know the cause,' said Lord Byron. 'I know that many falsehoods have been spread,—such as my bringing actresses to my house,—but they were all false. I sent Hobhouse to her, who almost went on his knees, but in vain; and at length I wished to institute an action, that it might be seen what her motives were.' The Doctor said, that he thought she had acted right, since, from delicacy, she would not wish to make known the causes of her sorrow, where her husband was concerned; and that, if she acted under bad influence or misapprehension, it was his duty to have conducted himself in such a manner as to remove it. 'What could I have done? I did every thing at the time that could be done, and I am and always have been ready for a reconciliation.' The Doctor replied, that he could have done many things, and some of them better than he did. In the first place, it was wrong to make a domestic misunderstanding so public, by poems, however beautiful; but what would he have done when he was paying his addresses to her? Would he not have done every thing to obtain her affection? Why not do as much to recover her affection? Why not remain in England, where he could have shown by his conduct that her suspicions were not true, instead of leaving the country in a pet, and going to reside in a land so grossly immoral as Italy. 'Could you not,' 'said he,' compel her to acknowledge that she had wronged you, if it was true?' 'All this may be very fine,' said Byron, 'but it would have had no effect. Every thing was done that could reasonably be done, and it was unsuccessful: I have remained and always shall remain ready for a reconciliation, whenever circumstances open and point out the way to it.' The Doctor, with all his freedom, did not reach the solution of that mystery which has perplexed so many inquirers. When Lord Byron says he does not know the cause, he probably means that he knows no particular act of his, which should have been the immediate cause of so decided a step on her part. It was rather his general treatment of her, and various capricious acts, which seemed to indicate wildness of passion amounting almost to insanity,—acts, which Mr. Moore has described for the benefit of all who wish to know the whole history of this affair. But Lord Byron could not be very earnest in his desire of reconciliation, since nothing of the kind could be brought about without some advances from him, and he declares his purpose to receive only, and not to make them. The Doctor seems to have thought, that could he make Byron a Christian in the abstract, these minor traits of character and conduct could be easily corrected. But when he came to urge him to 'forsake his way,' he was evidently less desirous to listen to the arguments in favor of Christianity.

Dr. Kennedy was with Lord Byron, at the time of his departure for continental Greece. He found him alone, reading Quentin Durward. Byron thanked him for the interest he had shown in his welfare, and gave him fifteen dollars to aid a school, which Mrs. Kennedy was about to establish. Dr. Kennedy told him that the ladies wished him to apply for his lordship's patronage, but that he had declined, knowing the multiplied claims which were made on his generosity. 'The ladies were right and you were wrong;' said he. After a promise to write, giving some account of his proceedings in Greece, Lord Byron bade him farewell, and he never saw him again.

Some of the letters which Dr. Kennedy received after the party had landed in Greece, are extremely characteristic; we could hardly persuade ourselves, that they were not prepared for the work by Miss Edgeworth, or Sir Walter Scott. The only allusion which Byron makes to the subject of religion, is in his vexation with one Brownbill, a tinman, who had left a number of Greek Testaments with him; and fearing that in this way he had excited the wrath of the priesthood, had fled to the islands; preferring rather to be a saint than a martyr, though his apprehensions of the latter were unfounded. Col. Stanhope had told him, that 'he could not positively say that his life was safe.' 'I should like to know,' said Byron, 'when our life is safe, either here or anywhere else? With regard to such hermetically sealed safety as these persons appear to desiderate, it is not certainly to be found in Greece.' Some of the letters are from Dr. Bruno, Byron's Italian physician, to whom he had given some of the tracts, but found him 'too decided against it.' He writes to Dr. Kennedy in a manner exceedingly conciliating and gracious, saying 'my lord in particular, and all of us in his house are fully converted to *Methodism*, and you can count on me as one of your most warm proselytes, who wishes only for opportunities to prove it to you.' After Lord Byron's death, the same person writes to Dr. Kennedy, who had applied to him for information respecting Lord Byron's intentions about Methodism, 'he was not decidedly attached to it, though he manifested esteem for it and especially for you. With pleasure I inform you, that you were the fortunate cause that I read and studied the New Testament profoundly, and acquired a great disposition towards conversion to Methodism. Nevertheless I am not yet entirely a Methodist with regard to the belief, but I am so perfectly, for its political tendency to the public good.' 'On this account especially, I have made other Methodists and am busily occupied in increasing the number; and those whom I cannot convince with proofs from the Sacred Scriptures I lead to Methodism by this political way, so beautiful and so good.' This novel expedient of leading men up to Christianity by another way, when they could not be made to go in the direct one, was Dr. Bruno's own invention. What effect it had on others does not appear; but a letter addressed to Dr. Kennedy assures him, that Bruno became a convert before he died. He does not say, whether the change savored most of politics or religion. The aspect in which Dr. Kennedy's faith struck the Italian most forcibly was, that by getting rid of the churches with their priests and ceremonies, 'it would save the people immense sums of money.'

But by far the most curious of these documents is a letter from Lord Byron's servant Fletcher, whom the Doctor had questioned concerning his master's Christianity. Mr. Fletcher wonders that his master's religion could ever be doubted; for, says he, 'his manner of life was that of a good Christian, and one who fears and serves God.' This intelligence is somewhat new; but it is fully explained in the course of the letter. Mr. Fletcher had held conversations with his lordship on the subject, which were perfectly satisfactory to his own mind. Once Lord Byron said, 'Fletcher, I know that you are at least what they call a Christian; do you think me what they say of me?' He answered, 'I do not, for I have too many reasons to think otherwise.' Byron then continued, 'I suppose because I do not go to church, I cannot any longer be a Christian: a man must be a great beast, who cannot be a good Christian without being always in the church. I flatter myself I am not inferior to many of them, in regard to my duty; for if I do no good, I do no harm, which I am sorry to say I cannot say of all churchmen.' This was one of the most satisfactory conversations, in which Lord Byron had given evidence of his piety; and here he seems to us to be indebted to Mr. Fletcher, not merely for the sentiment, but the very expression; so that his religious character is as firmly established as that of his master. But complete as this evidence was, the worthy valet had even more to give. 'At another time, I remember it well, being a Friday, I, at the moment not remembering it, said to my lord "Will you have a fine plate of beccaficas?" My lord, half in anger, replied, "Is not this Friday? How could you be so extremely lost to your duty as to make such a request to me?" at the same time saying, 'A man that can so much forget his duty as a Christian, who cannot for one day in seven forbid himself of these luxuries, is no longer worthy to be called a Christian. And I can truly say, for the last eight years and upwards, his lordship always left that day apart for a day of abstinence; and many more and more proofs of a religious mind than I have mentioned.' Dr. Kennedy was doubtless greatly delighted with these proofs of the success of his instructions.

But Mr. Fletcher's zealous defence of his master's religious character did not stop here. He declares that he has seen his master repeatedly, on passing any Roman Catholic procession, dismount and fall on his knees. This, he truly says, 'must remove every doubt.' On the whole, Mr. Fletcher concludes, 'A greater friend to Christianity did not exist, I am fully convinced; in his daily conduct not only making his Bible his first companion in the morning, but in regard to whatever religion a man might be of, whether Protestant, Catholic, friar or monk, or any other religion; every priest of whatever religion, if in distress, was always most liberally rewarded, and with larger sums than any one who was not a minister of the Gospel. I think, every thing combined together, must prove to the world that my lord was not only a Christian, but a good Christian.' As if, however, Mr. Fletcher apprehended lest this overwhelming testimony should prove too much, he takes care to caution Dr. Kennedy in respect to his future publication. 'I must beg your pardon when I make one remark, which I am sure your good sense will forgive me for, when I say you know too well the tongues of the wicked, and in particular of the great; and how glad some would be, to bring into ridicule any one that is of your religious and good sentiments of a future state, which every Christian ought to think his first and greatest duty. For myself, I should be only too happy to be converted to the truth of the Gospel. But I fear at this time it would be doing my lord more harm than good, in publishing to the world that my lord was converted; since to that extent of religion my lord never arrived.' The Doctor has treated this judicious caution with scrupulous regard.

Count Gamba also wrote to Dr. Kennedy, giving his opinion of Lord Byron's religious character. He gives many instances of his lordship's benevolence, and certain expressions of feeling, which he thought sounded like devotion. But he tells the Doctor, that in his future work he must not represent Byron as a devotee, since that would be as incorrect as to represent him as an enemy to religion. 'It may be doubted,' says the Count, 'whether he was a rigid Christian with respect to the opinions of faith and those little points demanded as their sequence.' The Count, in one respect, appeals to the Doctor himself, in the following convincing manner. 'For the Bible, he had always a particular respect. It was his custom to have it always on his study table, particularly during his last months; and you well know how familiar it was to him, since he knew how to correct your inaccurate citations.' The Doctor repels the intimation, thus innocently conveyed, that he himself was not well acquainted with the Scripture, and maintains that the reason that Byron was able to find the place soonest was, that his copy was differently arranged from the common Bible.

The letter of Mr. Millingen, an English surgeon resident in Greece, is written in a very direct and business-like manner. He says of Lord Byron, 'He died, to say the melancholy truth, like a man without religion. Truth also obliges me to say, that, though I saw him almost daily, I never could perceive the least change in his religious opinions.' This was doubtless the truth. There is no evidence, that Dr. Kennedy was able to make the least impression. Byron listened to his conversation, because he evidently respected the interest and sincerity that inspired it; but he was constantly changing the subject, and whenever the Doctor made it personal, waived it in a manner which was more discouraging than open resistance. Doubtless there were accessible places in his mind, but Dr. Kennedy did not discover them. He insisted upon breaking through the living rock, and the result was a signal failure of his benevolent design. It would have been a glorious thing to have succeeded; not because Christianity needed Byron, but because he needed Christianity; and he might then have come, and, like the Ephesian sorcerers, have burned the book of his former enchantment, by way of late atonement for his offences against decency, moral sentiment, and the best feelings of mankind.

This work affords us a more vivid idea of the situation of Lord Byron in Greece, than we have received from Mr. Moore's work, or any other; and as this is one of the portions of his history which can be thought of with some satisfaction, we shall give some slight account of it to our readers. Dr. Kennedy confirms what has been stated by others, with respect to

Byron's patient, devoted and judicious attention to the affairs of Greece. And with respect to his liberality, which Hunt's work misrepresented, this witness declares that he made advances to the cause which enabled the Greek fleet to act with vigor, and that the fortifications of Missolonghi, which enabled it to make so glorious a resistance, were chiefly erected by him. Dr. Kennedy says, that while he was at Metaxata he was cheerful and familiar with all, and that, however it might be with others, he never saw him guilty of any excess, nor heard any thing gross or irreligious in his conversation. Byron himself seems to have had no very high opinion of his household. The widow who washed for him, used to send her daughter, a young and pretty girl, to his house with the linen. When he noticed this, he wrote to an officer of the regiment to which she belonged, requesting him to tell the mother not to send her daughter again, 'for you know,' said he, 'what a parcel of rascals my household are.' He was extremely liberal to the destitute among the Greeks, but generally spoke of them with contempt. His dread of the appearance of enthusiasm, in other words, his dread of a smile, grew upon him in his later years, and he was particularly anxious not to appear much interested in his enterprise, since it had been pronounced wild and romantic by the world.

When he took his residence in Missolonghi, he seemed destitute of all comfort, and even of the appearance of it. His house was low and inconvenient, though one of the best in the town. It was frequently necessary to use boats to reach it. Count Gamba lived in lodgings. Lord Byron's household was always in confusion: the servants wore uniforms of their own selection, some of them absurd enough, and no one had any particular province assigned him. Each determined for himself what the nature and amount of his duties should be, and Byron took his scanty meals alone, depending as little as possible upon their attentions. Occasionally he took an obstinate fit, and laid about him with great indignation, but when it was over, all went on as before, and his only concern with their proceedings was to furnish them with money. One of them said, 'We all at this time seemed to have lost our sense of honor, and were occupied in selling and buying from each other guns, horses and uniforms, each endeavoring to make the best bargain he could.' Byron evidently had no authority except what his money gave him. It required a strong hand to restrain the adventurers about him, and it must have occurred to him more than once, that, if he could not govern his immediate dependants, there was little hope of his putting down the dissensions of a lawless country.

It is but justice to Lord Byron, to give some account of Dr. Kennedy's impressions concerning him. He says that Byron's manner was that of a polished man, affable, benevolent and cheerful. He was so easy, that it was necessary to recall his rank and fame, lest one should be betrayed into undue familiarity. He appeared like a kind-hearted and feeling man, but one governed less by principle than by passion. With all his faults and vices, Dr. Kennedy confesses that he excited the deepest interest in his mind. His character, apart from his poetical reputation, was a common one: his private life was a mixture of virtues and vices; and his vices were not more numerous than is common with those of his rank, while his charity and benevolence were greater than can usually be found. This writer is very forbearing on the subject of his poetry. He puts the most favorable construction on his motives for exhibiting characters and breathing sentiments, which the most liberal moralist must condemn. He says that he acquits him of a preference for vice, and believes that he only regarded the poetical effect of such sentiments and descriptions. We like the Doctor's disposition to be charitable, but we apprehend that there is not much in this concession. The most abandoned of mankind have not this preference of vice to virtue in the abstract; they are as ready to approve what is excellent as others; but when they find any particular temptation to do wrong, this approbation, which of course does not amount to principle, offers no resistance to their passion. It is no very flattering defence of Byron to say, that he regarded nothing but poetical effect when he offended the moral sense of the world.

We have no doubt, that Lord Byron's principal motive for engaging in this expedition was a desire to recover the good opinion of his countrymen. He was conscious that he had lost it, and by his own fault, which made it harder still to bear. The very fury with which he set it at defiance, when he sat down to those writings in which lofty poetry was so often degraded by unworthy passions, shows that he never was indifferent to it. Had he felt concerning it as he affected to feel, this perpetual challenge would not have been upon his lips and in his heart. It seems to us, that no exile ever looked toward his country with fonder devotion than he. He rejoiced evidently in the thought, that then he was engaged in an enterprise which would force praise from those who had condemned him, and that all the faults of former years would be lost in his future glory. He saw but two ways of regaining the love and honor of his country; one was by repentance, to which his proud spirit could not bow; the other, by accomplishing some generous and manly purpose, which would open the way to a graceful and triumphant return. But his habits were too strong for him: he was not destined to see that day; and though he exerted himself honorably and generously for the Greeks, it was too late for his own renown. Nothing can be imagined more desolate than his condition in Missolonghi, with such a household as we have described; without a friend whom he could respect or trust; without anything approaching to the ordinary comfort of English life; with applications for money such as no resources could answer; with a barbarous force around his dwelling, over whom he had no control,—he found enough to convince him, that, although he could not retreat, it was impossible to go on with honor to himself or advantage to Greece. But he had not decision enough for the emergency, and therefore he lingered, sick in body and mind, till his destiny was sealed by death. It is affecting to think of him, lying down on the bed from which he knew he should never rise,—going down to the grave in the distance and solitude of a foreign land, without a single loved one near him to receive his parting breath,—vainly striving to utter some last messages of affection, and finally quitting this world without a thought of that which is beyond it. It was like the sun going down in a wintry cloud; a cold, heavy and oppressive gloom hung over the setting of his day.

The professed design of this work was, to take advantage of the interest which every thing connected with Byron has excited in the public mind, and in this way to introduce to the attention of general readers an explanation of the evidences of Christianity. The publication was well meant; but, for reasons intimated more than once in the course of our remarks, we do not think it at all calculated to answer the purpose in view. The motives and moral energy of the author deserve respect; but we do not think that, either in his conversations or in their more expanded form in his work, the evidences of

Christianity are presented in a way likely to impress an intelligent mind. Byron had no arguments to bring against Christianity ; his prejudice against it was founded principally upon the faults of Christians, their superstition, their want of charity, and other abuses which are acknowledged to exist in the Christian world. He had no patience therefore to listen to a discussion, which did not approach the subjects that interested him; and such, we fear, will be the feeling of most of those for whose benefit this work was intended. They will not read labored arguments in proof of what they never seriously doubted, and they will look in vain through this work to find the grounds of their prejudices explained away. It is but just, however, to say that since the death of Dr. Kennedy, who did not live to publish this work, one of the persons who had attended his conversations without conviction, wrote to the Editor, that Lord Byron held Dr. Kennedy in the highest respect; and that he was so gentle, patient and kind, so earnest to secure the happiness of others, and so sincere in his belief and practice, that no one could help regarding the man with respect and attachment, and feeling grateful for his exertions to induce others to embrace that faith, which had so happy an effect on his own heart.

Art. VII.—*Temperance.*

The Reports of the American Temperance Society, and of the New York State Temperance Society.

We confess we were, for some time, among those, who doubted the possibility of effecting much good, through the agency of temperance societies. There was a seeming disproportion between the magnitude of the evil and the insignificance of the means employed to stem it. It was proposed, by the mere dint of reason, on the part of benevolent individuals, unaided by the power of the State, and at first without a very strong co-operation of public sentiment, to enter the field against one of the strongest of the physical appetites, as indulged to a great degree by that class of the community, least accessible, in all respects, to the force of reason and argument. Without allowing sufficiently for the power of the social principle,—without foreseeing the thousand modes in which with a most heavenly ingenuity it has been applied in this blessed cause,—we were too ready to reason from the difficulty of reclaiming the victim of intemperance in single instances to the impossibility of effecting a great comprehensive reform. We confess our error, and make it a duty to atone for it, in the only way in our power, by contributing our mite to second the efforts of the meritorious men, who earlier caught a glimpse of the practicability of this great enterprise of human improvement, and, with untiring industry and enlightened zeal, have pushed it forward to its present most gratifying and auspicious state.

Among the local associations, which have been formed for this work of humanity and love, we believe that it is generally admitted that the New York State Temperance Society has been perhaps the most fortunate in its organization, in its administration, and in its results. Its first annual report was presented to the Society by its Executive Committee in January, 1830; and on the 1st of September of the year just expired, there had been formed, under its auspices, the astonishing number of one thousand one hundred and fifty-eight auxiliary societies, in the State of New York, with one hundred and sixty-one thousand, seven hundred and twenty-one members; being at least one in thirteen of the entire population of that State. During the past year, the New York State Temperance Society has added to its other means of impressing the public mind, and carrying on the noble work in which it has engaged, the publication of the Temperance Recorder, a monthly sheet of eight pages, exclusively devoted to this subject, furnished for fifty cents *per annum* to subscribers, but gratuitously distributed to a prodigious extent, by the munificence of individuals. While the political journals of the country have been carrying fierce controversy, detraction, and the aliment of almost all the bad passions, far and wide through the land, this modest sheet has been unobtrusively winning its way, upon its errand of social charity, and doing much to make atonement for the corruptions of the political press. It cannot be doubted, that such a vehicle will prove the means of carrying the principle of the temperance reform to many an individual, beyond the reach of the more elaborate publications. The thanks of the community are richly due to the Executive Committee of the New York State Temperance Society, for the establishment of this little journal, and all their other judicious, untiring, and disinterested labors in the cause ;* and we trust we do not offend against the delicacy, which forbids comparisons where many have deserved so well, when we say, that we believe that as much, probably more, has been done by the amiable chairman of that Committee, E. C. Delavan, Esq. of Albany, in promoting this noble work, than by any other individual in the country. Ages may pass away, and mighty revolutions in human affairs take place, without presenting the recurrence of a juncture of things, by which so much real, solid good can be done to man,—body and soul, for time and for eternity,—as has been done by these temperance associations, and especially the New York State Temperance Society, and those who have performed the work in these admirable institutions.

It was really high time, that this tremendous evil should be taken in hand. The discoveries made by modern travellers and navigators have brought us acquainted with several most degraded tribes of the human family. To say nothing of some of the natives of our own forests, who wander almost naked over the interior *steppes* of the continent or the north-western coast, who eat dogs' flesh and rank blubber,—we have accounts of some of the tribes of Southern Africa and of the Australian Islands, which cannot be read without nausea and horror. But suppose a navigator should come home and tell us, that he had discovered a new island in the Pacific Ocean, extensive, naturally fertile, blessed with all the bounties of nature,—happy climate, agreeable diversity of surface, accessible shores,—navigable rivers,—forests,—hills and valleys,—and ample supply of all the productions of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, which are useful, agreeable and necessary to man. But instead of man himself, as he exists even in the most degenerate forms of humanity,—the filthy Hottentot, or the cannibal warrior of New Zealand,—in whom the vices and the sufferings of savage life are mixed-up with some of its stoical virtues, and the exercise of the natural faculties of our race, according to their (most depraved it is true,) notions of what is right, useful and honorable,—suppose our navigator should tell us, that this region was (not inhabited, but) infested with a most anomalous order of beings, wearing somewhat of the externals of our humanity, but strangely travestied, brutified, and demonized. Thus, suppose he should say, that this island was cumbered with three hundred thousand of these beings, whose limbs, it is true, resemble ours, but in which the muscles yield no obedience to the will, so that the hands, instead of the grasp of steel possessed by the wildest savage, feebly close on their object, with a paralytic inefficient hold ;—and that when the poor being is fain to change his place, instead of planting his feet firmly on the ground, he can but reel forward a step or two, till he falls miserably prostrate. Suppose the features of his countenance, instead of being merely tatooed, (in doing which the curious skill and regularity of the process do a little to relieve its hideousness,) should seem wholly to have exchanged the variable hue and the curiously elastic texture of the human skin and integuments, for a kind of confluent leprous sheath, loathsome to behold, insensible to all agreeable impression, and living only to smart. Suppose the eye,—which nothing in mere savage manners robs of its lustre,—to be described in this degraded race as uniformly suffused with blood, or quenched in maudlin idiotic tears. Suppose the great organic functions of the frame, respiration, and digestion,—in the place of those natural processes, whose orderly co-existence and operation make up what we call *health*,—should be one unbroken succession of all that it is revolting to witness and agonizing and nauseous to suffer ; so that food shall be but as physic in the stomach, and the blessed air of heaven be returned as a fetid pestilence from the lungs. Suppose that the intellectual, the social, and the moral condition of these beings should be described as on a level with their physical degradation, that they should pass their wretched lives a prey to the worst passions, strangers to all the endearments of our nature,—perpetrating inhuman and brutal violences on each other,—ignorant of any language but that of oaths, execrations, and blasphemies ; frequently murdering each other with clubs, knives, and firebrands ; and when their horrid existence closes, dying in agonies and despair.

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* Chancellor Walworth is President of the New York State Temperance Society, and the Executive Committee consists of E. C. Delavan, John F. Bacon, John T. Norton, H. Trowbridge, Richard V. De Witt, A. Campbell, and Joshua A. Burke.

Suppose this were the account brought home by the navigator. What would be thought of it? That he had been guilty of an outrageous libel on humanity, if indeed beings like these would be considered as belonging to our race; that he had contrived a senseless, because an extravagant and impossible, fiction;—that he had represented beings that could not exist; and which none but a depraved fancy would imagine.

What then, if we should say, that, with a slight change in the locality, this monstrous, revolting and impossible fiction is a chapter of authentic geography? *The being we describe is the confirmed, habitual drunkard;*—and all can judge whether we have too highly colored the picture. There exist, by the best calculations which can be made, more than three hundred thousand drunkards, not herded together in one island, it is true, but scattered over the face of the United States at the present moment; and there are no doubt as many more, for every twelve or thirteen millions of population, in Great Britain and the North and West of the continent of Europe. Such a race, then, as we have attempted to sketch, is not reported by returning navigators, to exist in some newly-discovered and benighted islands never trod by the foot of civilized man; and unapproached by the heralds of gospel truth. No; it exists in our own beloved, free, enlightened country. It is estimated by Judge Cranch, of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, upon as good data as the nature of the case admits, that, in addition to 375,000 persons, who, upon an average, drink daily three gills of ardent spirits, and are in consequence, occasionally drunk, there are 375,000 more, who daily drink more than six gills per diem, and are confirmed drunkards. This is one for every thirty-two, in a population of twelve millions! This loathsome and wretched race is therefore actually in existence within our borders.

But they are unfortunately not concentrated in one spot, where they might be beheld at a distance, an afflictive but salutary spectacle. They are scattered all over the land. In other words, every thirty-two individuals of the United States have quartered upon them one of this degraded race. What should we think, were it made necessary, by some strange political state of things, that every thirty-two people of our twelve millions should have quartered upon them a savage from Nootka Sound, or a cannibal from the South Sea,—whom they were obliged to feed, clothe, furnish with the means of keeping up his calamitous existence, and whom they must tolerate before their eyes?

But this last a civilized people would never do. If compelled to bear these beings among them, and if it were absolutely impossible to make them labor as slaves in the field, they would be secluded in remote prisons,—pent up in hospitals, concealed from the sight of man. But not so with the actually existing tribe of the drunkards. They partake the liberty of the land, walk our streets and inhabit our dwellings, sit down by our fire-sides and share our beds. The moral contagion, which makes them what they are, selects its victims promiscuously in society ; and the individuals of this degraded race, instead of being placed like distant hordes of savages, almost without the pale of human sympathy, stand connected with the rest of the community, by all the ties of neighborhood and kin. The mind toils for images and language fails in terms, to set forth all the disastrous consequences of a state of things like this.

To this state of things the benevolence of the day, and first and most successfully in our own country, has been exerted to put an end :—to exterminate this degraded race of beings, not by violence and bloodshed, but by the mild conquest of humanity and love :—to exterminate the vices, which make them what they are ; to regenerate their corrupted nature ; to infuse health into the burning veins ; to bring them back to the possession and the sense of character ; to stop the wild flood of domestic misery, which they bring on all around them ; and where this cannot be done, to arrest at least the contagion of their example. Wonderful success has attended this heavenly work ; but great are the obstacles which oppose it. It will still require time, patience, labor, zeal, and money ; and, to a certain extent, will perhaps become of necessity *a standing duty of good men;*—a work, however successful, which must be always doing, and never wholly done.

A part of the difficulty to be overcome,—a great part,—is in the appetite which seems to be *innate*, (or, which comes to the same thing, to be almost *sure to be acquired* when not countervailed by the gratification of better tastes or by moral means,) for spirituous liquors. In addition to this, there is the sort of secondary attraction, which, in many cases, becomes perhaps the immediate cause of forming intemperate habits,—that intoxicating liquors, in moderate quantities, are thought to furnish a solace for trouble and a refuge from painful thoughts. In this way intemperance comes to be the immediate agent of the evils, which flow from almost every other source. All the operative causes of moral corruption, in one stage or another, connect themselves with it. Some philosophers think that matter itself tends to evil; and trace moral degeneracy to the indolent and gravitating nature of our material frames. Whatever be thought of this, as a proposition in metaphysics; it is undeniable, that intemperance is one of the surest attendants of a depraved sensual nature;—the companion and stimulus of all other sensual vices. It is most commonly by this immediate agency, that character declines and is ruined; that the once wealthy proprietor passes through the melancholy gradation of mortgage, debt, the prison or the almshouse;—that lawless excess alarms the silence of midnight with riots and revel;—that the wards of the hospital are crowded, and the bills of mortality swelled. So that if this agency could be wholly restrained and cut off, almost every other source and cause of moral decline would lose its destructive power. Were there no intoxicating substances in the world, it would seem that physical appetite, that violent passions, that the extravagant taste for association in what is called pleasure, that poverty and all the forms of misfortune, which now, by means of this agent, break down the character, would be rendered comparatively inoperative. A very large portion of murders and all other crimes are committed by drunkards, or in moments of drunkenness,—and would not probably have been committed by their perpetrators, had they been habitually temperate or sober at the time. But this very circumstance, that intemperance is not an isolated thing, but the natural and intimate ally of every other agent of depravity, the reacting cause and consequence of almost every thing else that is evil, will obviously increase the difficulty of eradicating it.

Well would it be, if we could stop here. But it is not the least of the difficulties to be contended with, that this foe to social welfare presents itself, on many occasions, in an inviting and a seemingly innocent form. At the social meeting, the cheerful cup is presented as the source or the pledge of hilarity. When we are dejected, we resort to it, to cheer the drooping mind. Are we fatigued, it has been thought (though erroneously) to restore the strength; and it is often given to the sick as a medicine. Such in a proper application no doubt it is, and its excessive and criminal use commences frequently in some of these innocent forms.

This must teach us, while it increases the difficulty of the work to be done, to temper our zeal with a shade of Christian charity. The intemperance which stares us in the face in the streets, which haunts the centre of our villages, and fills our infirmaries, almshouses, and penitentiaries, was perhaps, in many cases, the symptom of a different moral disease. That poverty,—often entailed upon its victims without crime,—which sinks them below the operation of generous motives, leaving the heart uninfluenced by the love of reputation or the fear of shame, betrays them to the few pleasures (as they deem them) within their reach; and this excitement is the chiefest. That station in life, which condemns men to unremitted labor of an unhealthy or odious character, which requires them to disregard the elements, to stand in the mud and water, or brave the fury of tempests on the top-mast; —sorts of labor which, in their nature, seem scarcely to admit that gradual emancipation and advancement, which,—especially in our happy country,—easily take place in many of what may otherwise be considered very low callings in life:—these seem to furnish some palliation for the crime of indulgence, which stands in lieu of all the innocent recreations and salutary refreshments. All those unhappy persons who, by the thousand vicissitudes of a large and prosperous community in its present highly artificial state, are condemned to subsist on a small quantity of solid food, neither nutritious in its quality nor savory in its form, take a deceitful refuge in strong liquor, for that excitement which nature craves, and which others find in a sufficiency of wholesome well prepared food. All these things must be charitably remembered by those, who, in the possession of competence and even wealth, have access to a thousand pleasures and diversions,—who have comfortable abodes, where neither summer's heat nor winter's cold puts the fainting or the shrinking frame to its proof,—and where they enjoy the blessings of a bountiful table, a happy fireside with its interests, amusements, and duties,—the intercourse of neighbors and friends, to fill up a vacant hour, and the resource of books to occupy the mind; and thus call in the intellectual energy as a balance for the bodily appetite. Such persons will never be the most severe in condemning the indulgences, (however criminal and pernicious) of him, who is driven into vice over the thorny path of want. They will not expect such an one to practise more philosophy and self-command at the wheelbarrow or in the dock, than many persons can command in the most eligible conditions of society.

These considerations show that all measures for suppressing intemperance must be accompanied with other measures, adapted to improve the condition of those classes, which furnish the greatest numbers of its victims. We do not mean, that the temperance societies should charge themselves with the promotion of any other object as subsidiary to their main design. On the contrary, in the great and beneficent division of moral as well as mechanical labor, which exists in modern society, every thing is done more zealously and effectively when it is done by itself, not in a spirit of jealous exclusion, but of concentrated attention. It is enough for the temperance societies to pursue, in all appropriate ways, the direct object, the suppression of the consumption of ardent spirits; to attack the foe at the source and at the mouth; in the distillery, the licensed dram-shop, the booth, the tavern, the bar-room of the steam-boat, the social table, the feast, and the apothecary's shop; wherever the thing is made, distributed, or used. With what success this warfare has been waged, need not further be stated. But to carry on and perfect the good work, additional influences are needed; and these also, for the honor of the age, and the present and eternal good of their subjects, have been most diffusively brought into action. We may perhaps with advantage make an allusion to some of the most considerable.

One of them is the savings banks. By these institutions the earnings of the poor are saved from the extreme risk of being squandered in excess, as soon as realized. These most admirable establishments have been hitherto almost exclusively confined to large towns and their neighborhoods. The interior of the country has not enjoyed their benefits. A system of branches or agencies, throughout the country, devised with a proper accountability, by which these benefits could be more widely diffused, would be of incalculable service. But even as it is, of the two millions of dollars now on deposit in the savings banks of Massachusetts, there is little doubt, but the half would have been wasted and worse than wasted, in the purchase of spirituous liquors.

The general diffusion of the means of education, as having the direct effect of bettering the condition of the poor, is another powerful auxiliary to the temperance society. Whether abject poverty, misfortune, or idleness be the occasion of contracting habits of intemperance, the possession of the elementary knowledge acquired at our schools has an unquestioned protective tendency. If the victims of habitual intemperance could be divided into two classes, in reference to this point, we have no doubt the proportion would be greatly in favor of those, who had been within the reach of the means of education and availed themselves of those means. In addition to this, as the temperance reform is in a great degree to be carried on by moral suasion;—by appeals made to the understanding and the heart;—those who are unable to read are almost inaccessible to its approaches.

The popular institutions, for the promotion of useful knowledge, which under various names have been considerably multiplied of late years, are a valuable auxiliary in the cause; and might probably be made more so. The time for which they provide an innocent, if not a useful occupation, is unquestionably much of it redeemed from dissipation and criminal indulgence. We have heard the remark made, by persons in a condition to observe the fact, that since the establishment of the several associations in Boston for the above named objects, —associations which now provide for the delivery of a lecture on some useful or entertaining subject almost every evening in the week,—the resort to places of dissipation has sensibly diminished. This consideration will furnish all benevolent persons, and particularly all parents, with the most powerful reasons for doing every thing in their power, to make these associations attractive to the public. It deserves consideration whether something more systematic cannot be done;—whether the efforts of the five or six different associations would not be rendered more effective, by being concentrated under the auspices of an institution. The public spirit of self-constituted committees, however praiseworthy the zeal which they have evinced, is not a principle sufficiently permanent, in its nature, to be safely relied on. The experience of the last five years has shown the prodigious appetite for useful knowledge, that exists among a class of the community, who before had scarce any means of gratifying it; but we apprehend, that without some change of plan, the supply of lecturers may be attended with difficulty, and that the instruction imparted will, from the necessity of the case, become too desultory and disconnected, to be very valuable and (what will be the result) very permanently attractive. But we have wandered a little from the matter in hand.

It would be highly improper to omit among the great auxiliaries to the progress of temperance the influence of all the means of religious improvement; though we are at a loss whether these should be mentioned, in this connexion, more as cause or as effect. As habitual intemperance and a strong religious sense are wholly inconsistent with each other, the temperance reformation is most emphatically a *præparatio evangelii;* while all the means, agents, offices, and ordinances of religion seem marked out, by a peculiar aptitude, as auxiliaries in the cause of temperance. And in proportion to the subtle and insidious character of the foe to be combated is the want of that *principle of thoroughness*, which the religious sense, and that alone, imparts to the efforts of duty. Interest, prudence, health, decorum teach men to use in moderation, shunning abuse. But religion scorns all easy compromises, and enjoins entire abstinence.

In enumerating these auxiliaries, in the work of the temperance reform, it will occur to the reader that we speak of society as it exists. But it is impossible, in reference to this and some other very interesting topics, to suppress the inquiry, *whether our social system cannot be greatly amended?* We do not need the passionate and extravagant declamations of the teachers of a new school of social and political law among us, to awaken serious doubts, whether something *cannot* be done, and if so, most imperatively, *ought not* to be done, materially to equalize the blessings of life, with a view to the diminution of the suffering and crime, which unquestionably flow from the existing inequality. In our political system, as compared with those of Europe, we have made a vast stride, in equalizing the social powers and rights of the citizens; and this *first* step was perhaps the *hardest* to take. But it presents itself to us as a matter of grave consideration, whether this step can, even with a common regard to safety, remain the *only* one, in the work of equalization. What will be the effect of it on our condition, if it is to be accompanied by the present enormous inequality in knowledge, and property and morals? Whoever would resolve the problem, in what way a reform could be made in this respect, under the auspices of justice, reason, and religion, (without which it would be no reform) would render a service to mankind, of which words cannot describe the value.

Our object in submitting these few and desultory remarks to our readers upon the subject of temperance, does not require us to enter into the detail of the operations of any of the temperance societies. Their several reports,—as well that of the American Temperance Society, as of the various State and auxiliary institutions,—are before the public, and have received no small share of the attention of benevolent men. We cannot, however, deny ourselves the gratification of transferring to our pages, the closing remarks of the third Annual Report of the New York Temperance Society.

> 'In closing their third annual report, the Executive Committee would acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in preserving their lives, and permitting them to labor for the cause of temperance another year. It is a happy employment that Providence has assigned them; for, as the good which it yields is boundless, so there are no limits to "the luxury of doing" it. But, thankful as the Committee should be, that the work of their hands, which the Lord has so signally prospered, is one that returns so much happiness into their own bosoms; yet have they far more abundant cause for gratitude in the rich and wide-spread blessings of that work upon their fellow-men.
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> A brief review of the progress of the temperance reformation among our countrymen, and of the miseries and dangers from which it is rescuing them, may not be out of place in these remarks. The prudent mariner does not forget the reef on which he was well nigh wrecked: but, for his future safety, he both remembers it, and how he avoided it. Much less does he forget his perils, when he is but just beginning to escape from them. And how unspeakably important is it, that the people of this State, and of the United States, should frequently look back and survey the wide dimensions and horrid features of that giant evil; of that Apollyon among earthly woes; to whose yearly widening desolations the discoveries of ages after ages had opposed no effectual resistance! And the only means too that have been successful toward redeeming the unequalled blessings of our "goodly heritage" from the ruin with which they were threatened. How much does it become us to dwell upon the value of those means, and thus to deepen the gratitude of our hearts for the merciful Providence which directed us to them; and thus invigorate our determination never to abandon the

use of them, until our beloved land shall be relieved of the miseries of the vice of intemperance! Nor have we yet gained such decided advantages over our great enemy, as to make it safe for us to forget our danger, and to forget our only security, and to abandon ourselves to the joys and carelessness of a perfect victory.

Origin of the Reformation.

It is but some five or six years, since a few individuals in the State of Massachusetts entered into an association for the purpose of sustaining and extending the principle of total abstinence from ardent spirits. From this humble beginning arose that mighty reformation, which, rapidly carrying its triumphs into every part of our country, is already seen opening its sources of consolation and scattering its bright and blessed hopes in various other portions of the world. This unparalleled instance of success is owing to two causes, which it is very important that the public mind should distinctly perceive. The first is, that, in adopting total abstinence, the right and the only right principle was taken up; and the other is, that, in organizing a society, the indispensable plan for giving efficacy and extensive operation to this principle was adopted.

That total abstinence is the principle to employ against the vice of intemperance is evident, as well from the deductions of reason, as from the success attending its adoption. The drunkard surely cannot fail to aggravate his disease by continuing to use what produced it: and as to others, they only are out of the pathway to drunkenness who wholly abstain from ardent spirits; for not only is the drinking of spirits, from its most moderate beginnings to its most shocking excesses, that pathway; but it is exclusively so. Not only has every drunkard trodden it, but this way, the entrance to which is made so attractive by the many respectable and temperate drinking travellers in it, is the only one, in which any person can become a drunkard. The principle of total abstinence, in its bearing upon society at large, is seen to be the happily chosen principle to oppose to the progress of intemperance. The practice of drinking spirits is the medium by which this vice is communicated; while, on the contrary, total abstinence insulates the vice, and leaves nothing around it capable of transmitting its contagion. When a raging fire has become irresistible, and threatens the destruction of the city, buildings are often purposely demolished, to make a space over which the flames cannot leap: and, as this space saves the city, so does the space, which total abstinence creates between the sound and the diseased, "between the living and the dead," provide safety for them, who might else have been food for the pestilence.

Nor is it more true that total abstinence is the proper and indispensable principle to employ in promoting the cause of temperance, than it is that it would be utterly inefficacious, were it not taken up and carried forward by temperance associations. There had always been individuals in our country living upon this principle; but their examples and efforts availed nothing, because they were isolated. Some of these individuals were amongst our most distinguished men; and yet the illustration of the blessings of the principle in their own healthful and happy abstemiousness was unheeded, and their appeals to the public mind were powerless; and all this because their influence was not united. Besides, before the existence of temperance associations, he who would have served the cause of temperance, needed a rare courage to impel him to a single-hand attack upon the community. Happy indeed, if, in such case, he had firmness enough to adhere to the cause himself, and not to fall back into the stream of universal custom. But now, when he looks around him upon the hundreds of thousands that are associated with him, he feels that "they that be with us are more than they that be with them," and he is emboldened to put forth all his exertions in the cause he loves, and is no longer afraid to serve. And when we consider the omnipotence of public opinion, in this land of free institutions, and how it is concentrated in these temperance associations, we are not left to wonder that they should exert such mighty and almost remodeling influences upon society. No sumptuary laws could have such force, as has this embodied public opinion: and hence we would admonish the friends of temperance to continue to confine their efforts within the limits of persuasion; to aim in all their measures to carry public opinion along with them, and never to have recourse to any means that may savor of coercion.

Extent and success of the undertaking.

Although to the superficial observer, and even to the public generally, the plan of the temperance reformation seemed, at first, to be ludicrously inadequate to the accomplishment of its vast object; yet our brief examination of it shows us its wisdom, and precludes astonishment at the great success of the efforts that have been made upon it. When, however, this plan is viewed in connexion with its success, where is the benevolent and candid man that can withhold his cordial assent from it, and refuse to enter into the great association for sustaining and extending the principle of total abstinence?

When the temperance reformation began, there were in this nation not less than from 3 to 4,000,000 of drinkers of spirit; and, as not less than one in ten of all those among us, who take up the fearful practice of drinking spirit become intemperate, so there were in this nation at that time from 3 to 400,000 drunkards. The plague of intemperance was in all the land: it was fast coming up into all our dwellings: we were emphatically a nation of drunkards. Nothing could stay its progress, until the hitherto undiscovered power of total abstinence was brought out against it. And now that power is to be seen in the fact that not less than one-fourth of the families in the nation, and probably one half of them in our State, have secured themselves on the principle of total abstinence against the woes of intemperance. And it is seen too in the fact that, together with a constant reduction in the manufacture of domestic spirits, the importation of foreign distilled liquors into the great emporium of our nation, has fallen off at the rate of one-fifth annually, during the progress of the reformation. It is seen too, in the facts with which all of us are familiar, that a considerable portion of the venders of ardent spirits have abandoned the traffic, and that most of the remainder give evident signs that conscience has begun its work in them, and is pressing the inquiry, whether it can be innocent to deal, " for filthy lucre's sake," in that which kills the body and the soul. The power of total abstinence is further seen in the fact, that the proportion of travellers in our steam-boats and stages, who now drink spirits, is not one-fourth so great as it was a few years since. But where shall we stop in the history of the good effects of the temperance reformation? Its beneficence tells every where among us: in the fresh vigor and economy it has infused into every department of industry; in its moderating the extravagance of the fashionable and the rich, and simplifying their habits of living; and in its substituting, in rum-debased families, among the humble and the poor, cleanliness, and comfort, and peace, for squalidness, and want, and contention. Happy, thrice happy, are the influences of this " angel of health " upon the mind and the moral affections. How many, who before were heedless and giddy, owe to these influences their present character for sedateness and usefulness! How many hearts, before callous and closed, have been softened and unlocked by these influences, and are now admitting the appeals that come up to them from the needy and wretched; and are admitting too the pure, peaceful, holy and saving instructions of the word of God! What vast numbers of our young men has the temperance reformation enlisted into the ranks of benevolence; not to serve the cause of temperance only; but, as almost necessarily follows, to go on alleviating human wretchedness in other forms, beside that one to which the reformation attracted their attention!

Nor can we forbear to mention another of the fruits of reformation.—Though its object was to *prevent* not to *cure* drunkenness, yet thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, are indebted to it for their recovery from a bondage, compared with which the chains upon the poor African are perfect liberty ; for the drunkard's bondage is that of the mind, and "the iron has entered his soul." Formerly the condition of the drunkard was hopeless ; for, under the universal custom of drinking spirits, turn whatsoever way he would, he was met by irresistible solicitations to his master appetite ; and his dearest friends, and those with whom he had the most familiar intercourse were unwittingly made, by their use of spirits, his most fatal snare. But there are still hundreds of thousands of drunkards in our land ; and where in all the wide earth shall we look for more pitiable beings? If rum has not transformed their bodies so far as the potions of Circe transformed the bodies of the men of Ulysses, yet it has equalled those potions in debasing and brutalizing the spirit. Temperate drinkers! it rests with you to determine, whether these wretches shall be restored ; restored to themselves ; to their families ; to their country ; to the hopes of heaven. Give up your temperate drinking, and they are so restored ; for, in an atmosphere of total abstinence they can be brought to life. But, if you continue to drink spirits, they will ; for they cannot unbind themselves from the power of your example. They must perish in that case, because you will let them,—will make them perish. We beseech you, temperate drinkers, not to continue indifferent to this numerous and wretched class of your fellow-men. We beseech you still more earnestly not to oppose and sneer at the only means of rescuing these victims of intemperance from their indescribable woes ; for there are some temperate drinkers, who are wont to be even thus cruel,—and that too, notwithstanding they may have among these victims a besotted father, or son, or brother, who are perishing for the safety, which the temperance reformation alone provides for them. How many more of these wretches would probably have long since attained to this safety, had it not been for the indifference and opposition of temperate drinkers to the cause of temperance, and for their thoughtless and inconsiderate ridicule of it!

Most of the work is still undone.

Much as has been achieved under the temperance reformation, far more remains to be done. There is a very common, but equally mistaken as common, notion, that the work in which we are engaged is done ; or at least so far advanced, that its completion must necessarily follow. But instead of exulting in the idea that the work is done, we have much more reason to fear, that what has been done in it will be lost, and lost too, in a great measure, by this same common and mistaken impression, that our cause has passed through its dangers, and is now safe. The price of temperance, the price of our great cause, like the price of liberty, is unceasing vigilance, unremitting activity for its promotion; and it is already found, that in many places in our country, where that vigilance is nodding and that activity is relaxed, there the cause of temperance has begun to retrograde, and drunkards and their only-one-stairs-above neighbors, the temperate drinkers, are again beginning to multiply.

A very great advantage, which our first efforts under the temperance reformation had, is now spent. We mean the charm of novelty. The public mind has been so much handled with this subject, that it has lost much of its sensibility to it; and temperance is becoming to very many an old and uninteresting topic; uninteresting, not because its intrinsic importance has at all abated, but simply because it has become old, and has by the frequency of its appeals hardened, where it has not subdued.

The cause of temperance, like any other virtuous cause in this depraved world, has to contend against strong currents in the natural dispositions and selfish interests of men; and it will no more go of itself than water will run up hill. Our contest with rum is still very doubtful. The vice of intemperance is intrenched in strong, fearfully strong interests, and it will require the most persevering concert of all its foes to dislodge it. Look at the maker and vender of spirits. How directly is their occupation interested in having intemperance go on, rapidly multiplying its victims! Look at the village demagogue. Take away rum from the field of his influence, deprive him of the aid of the distillery, the bar-room and the grocery, and you deprive him of his dearest hopes. It is rum, which opens the ears of his admiring listeners to his sage instructions, and melts their hearts to his patriotic appeals. Look at the race-course,—at the lottery,—at the gaming-table,—at the theatre,—and particularly at that "house," which "is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death,"—and see how essential to all these is the inspiration of rum!—When we consider that rum is the great animating principle of almost all our public and of not a few of our private vices; and that all of them would languish, and not a few of them expire without it; when we consider that rum is by far the most successful device of Satan for inflaming and strengthening the corrupt passions of men,—how can we hope for a speedy and easy conquest over it? So far from its being speedy and easy, we must have much help to be able to achieve it at all: and in the name of our country,—in the name of humanity, —in the name of God, we call for this help on all who love their country,—on all, who love their fellow-men,—on all, who love their Maker. Let each individual do his duty to our cause, and it is safe; and then our beloved land will be cleansed of the pollutions of this vice; and the fires of this Moloch, through which a custom, more cruel than the Suttee, has hitherto compelled our children to pass, will be extinguished; and then the people of these United States will be (most joyful thought!) a *sober* people.

Art. VIII.—*Nullification.*

1. *Correspondence between Governor Hamilton and Vice President Calhoun, July and August,* 1832.
2. *Addresses and Reports of the Convention held at Columbia, S. C. in November,* 1832.
3. *An Ordinance to nullify certain Acts of the Congress of the United States, purporting to be Laws, laying Duties and Imposts on the Importation of foreign Commodities.*

The discontents on the subject of the Tariff, which have so long existed in several of the Southern States, and particularly in South Carolina, and to which we have, from time to time, adverted in this Journal, have at length reached a crisis. As soon as it was ascertained that the party in favor of Nullification had prevailed in that State at the late elections, the Governor immediately summoned an extraordinary session of the Legislature, which was held accordingly at Columbia, on the 22d of October. In calling together the new Legislature before the end of the current political year, as generally understood, the Governor exercised an authority, which may perhaps be fairly considered as doubtful, although it appears to have been sanctioned by the highest judicial authority of the State. This, however, is a secondary question, upon which we shall not enlarge. In the message which he transmitted to the Legislature at the opening of the extraordinary session, the Governor recommended to them to pass an act authorizing the meeting of a Convention, to deliberate upon the measures to be taken by the State for the purpose of obtaining relief from the operation of the Tariff. The act was accordingly passed by large majorities,—two thirds being required by the Constitution;—and the Convention, which was chosen in pursuance of it, opened its session at Columbia on the 19th of November.

This body proceeded at once and without much discussion to adopt what they call an 'Ordinance to nullify' the Revenue laws of the country, which we propose to copy in the course of our remarks. Having published this act, with an accompanying exposition of their motives in passing it, and addresses to the people of the United States and of South Carolina, the Convention adjourned without day, leaving it in charge to a committee appointed for that purpose to summon another meeting, if it should appear expedient. The composition of the Ordinance is attributed to Chancellor Harper; that of the exposition accompanying it to Mr. McDuffie; and that of the addresses to the people of the United States and of South Carolina respectively to General Hayne and Mr. Turnbull. The Legislature of the State have since assembled, and, agreeably to the tenor of the Ordinance, will doubtless pass such laws as may be thought necessary for carrying the measure into full effect.

These proceedings constitute a very serious crisis,—the most serious that has occurred in the history of our country since the establishment of the Government, with the exception of that which attended the close of the last war with Great Britain, and from which, by the fortunate intervention of the Peace, we escaped without injury. In the present instance, there seems to be no prospect of evading the difficulty in any such way. We must meet it in front, and either overcome it, or submit to all its consequences.

The general principles by which the statesmen of South Carolina undertake to support their views, have been on former occasions pretty fully discussed in this Journal.* But, considering the great importance and urgent interest of the subject, it may not be wholly superfluous to take, once more, a calm, and as far as may be, impartial survey of the ground in dispute. In doing this, we shall of course leave out of view the topics of the constitutionality and expediency of the measures of the General Government, which are the motive or pretext for the present proceedings in Carolina.

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* See particularly the article on the debate in the Senate upon the Public Lands. N. A. R. Vol. XXXI. p. 462.

Believing, as we do, that the Protecting Policy is founded in a correct understanding of the principles of the Constitution, and of the true interest of the country, we still very cheerfully recognise in our fellow-citizens of all the States, the right to entertain a different opinion, and to act upon it in a legal and constitutional way. The precise question now before us is, whether the present proceedings in South Carolina are legal and constitutional. The most authentic and elaborate exposition of the arguments that are urged in defence of them, is to be found in the letter of the Vice-President of the United States to Governor Hamilton, of August 28, 1832, which we have taken as a text for this article.

In the course of our remarks, we shall generally employ the term *annul*, in preference to the new-fashioned word *nullify*. The meaning of the two, as given in the dictionaries, is exactly the same, but the former is in better use, and presents to most minds a more distinct idea than the latter. It is well known that one of the most frequent sources of obscurity and confusion in reasoning, is the use of terms which, from whatever cause, are in any degree vague; and we have very little doubt that in the present controversy, the error of the Carolina statesmen may be attributed in part to the unfortunate substitution of the new-fangled terms *nullify* and *nullification*, for the corresponding good old English words *annul* and *annulling*. Many a professed *nullifier* would, we suspect, shrink from the assertion that a State has a right to *annul* an act of the General Government. Mr. Calhoun seldom employs the latter term, and states expressly, that he does 'not claim for a State the right to *abrogate*' an act of the General Government. Now, according to Johnson, the meaning of *abrogate* is to *take away from a law its force*, to *repeal*, to *annul*. To *annul*, according to the same authority, is to *make void*, to *nullify*, to *reduce to nothing:* and finally, to *nullify* is to *annul*, to *make void*. The meaning of the three words, in correct usage, is exactly the same; and Mr. Calhoun, in disclaiming the right of a State to *abrogate* an act of the General Government, really disclaims the right to *annul* or *nullify* such an act, in any proper sense of those terms, and abandons in a single sentence the doctrine which he is at so much pains to establish in the rest of his exposition. In disclaiming the use of the word *abrogate*, abstaining generally from that of *annul*, and taking refuge in what Governor Lumpkin very properly calls the *mystical* terms *nullify* and *nullification*, the Vice President has, we think, betrayed a secret consciousness of the weak point in his cause.

The controversy is, however, not about words, but things. The right which the Vice-President disclaims under the name of *abrogating*, but claims for a State under that of *nullifying* an act of the General Government, is thus stated by himself in the letter allúded to above.

1. 'A State has a right, in her sovereign capacity in Convention, to declare an unconstitutional act of Congress to be null and void; and such declaration is obligatory on her citizens, and conclusive against the General Government; which would have no right to enforce its construction of its powers against that of the State.'

2. Upon the exercise of this right by a State, 'it would be the duty of the General Government to abandon the power, at least as far as the nullifying State is concerned, and to apply to the States themselves, according to the form prescribed by the Constitution, to obtain it by a grant.'

3. If the power thus applied for be 'granted, acquiescence then would be a duty on the part of the State; and in that event, the contest would terminate in converting a doubtful constructive power into one positively granted: but should it not be granted, no alternative would remain for the General Government but its permanent abandonment.'

Such are the three leading points in the *doctrine of nullification*, as laid down by its principal champion. It will be perceived that they contemplate not a single act, but a long and complex course of proceedings, involving the agency not only of the nullifying State, but of the General Government and of all the other States. The discontented State *nullifies* an obnoxious act: it then becomes the duty of the General Government to cease to execute the act within that State, and to apply to the States for the power in dispute: if the power be obtained, it is the duty of the nullifying State to acquiesce: if not, the act is definitively annulled.

Now, if all this be legal and constitutional, why do we find no mention or hint of any part of it in the Constitution or the laws? As respects the first and third steps in the proceedings, it may be urged, with some plausibility, that the Constitution is silent, because it does not undertake to regulate in any way the action of the States, as bodies politic, or of their Governments. But what account can be given of the silence of the Constitution upon the second step in the proceedings? When a State has exercised the power of annulling an act of Congress, it then becomes 'the duty of the General Government to abandon the power, (by which Mr. Calhoun doubtless means to discontinue executing the act) at least within the limits of the nullifying State, and to apply to the States themselves in the form prescribed by the Constitution, to obtain it by a grant.' Here is a two-fold duty of great delicacy and importance, which, according to the Vice-President, devolves, in a certain contingency, upon the General Government. The General Government is bound to discontinue the execution of one of its laws within a particular State, and the General Government is bound to apply to the States, in the form prescribed in the Constitution, for a grant of the power to pass such a law. Of all this the Constitution says not one word. If the passage which we have quoted from the exposition stood alone, we should, in fact, be entirely at a loss to know what the Vice-President means in this place by *the form prescribed in the Constitution*, as that in which the General Government is to apply to the States for a grant of new powers: but from other parts of the document, we gather that he alludes to the clause which prescribes a form for amending that instrument. Now it is undoubtedly true that the General Government might, if they should by constitutional majorities deem it expedient, recommend to the States an amendment, which, if carried, would have the effect of augmenting their powers; but it is equally certain that the clause, which provides a form for amending the Constitution, does not make it the duty of the General Government to recommend an amendment of this description in the case supposed by the Vice-President, or in any other. In this as in all its other parts, the Constitution is entirely silent upon the important duties which are supposed by the Vice-President to devolve upon the General Government, in consequence of the exercise by a State of its supposed right to annul an act of that Government. Are these duties to be imposed, and the rights and powers necessary to their execution conferred upon the General Government, by mere construction? Is it not a little singular, that the advocates of this very liberal construction are precisely the persons who are most decidedly opposed to all constructive powers, and whose principal object in all their present proceedings is to reduce, if necessary by main force, the constructive powers of the General Government to the narrowest possible compass?

The Constitution, we repeat, is totally silent in regard to the powers attributed by the theory of nullification to the States and to the General Government. This fact might, perhaps, fairly be considered as of itself a sufficient and decisive objection to the whole system. Let us next inquire, how far these powers are in themselves susceptible of being exercised. If it shall appear that the duties which, according to this system, devolve respectively upon the States and the General Government are not only not prescribed in the Constitution, but are also physically and morally impracticable, there will arise a pretty strong presumption that it could not have been the intention of the framers of the Constitution that any such acts should be performed.

The first step in the process is, as we have said, the annulling by the discontented State of the obnoxious act of the General Government. The State declares the act to be null and void, and takes measures to prevent the execution of it within its limits. How far this will be found a practicable operation we shall be better able to judge when we are informed of the proceedings of the Carolina Legislature. For the present, it may be sufficient to say that the various projects which have been successively recommended in the newspapers have been so obviously chimerical and visionary, as to render it altogether probable that no satisfactory scheme had suggested itself to the leaders, and very doubtful whether it would be possible to hit upon one. Without, however, anticipating what the wisdom of the Legislature may bring forth, let us proceed at once to the second step in the process; viz. the duties which devolve upon the General Government. This part of the theory, we may observe, though it has been less adverted to, is, in the opinion of the Vice-President, not less important and valuable than the other, and equally essential to the completeness of the system. If it be found impracticable, the whole theory must be given up.

A State having nullified an act of the General Government, it then becomes the duty of the General Government to abandon the power (of passing such an act), and to apply to the States, in the form of proposing an amendment of the Constitution, for the grant of such a power. Let us see how far these duties are practicable.

The General Government consists of three branches, the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judiciary, to each of which its peculiar and appropriate functions are assigned by the Constitution and the laws. What then is meant, when it is said that it becomes the duty of the General Government to abandon the power to pass a certain act, at least within the limits of a particular State? Is it meant that the Legislative department of the General Government is bound to repeal the obnoxious law, as respects that State or the Union at large? This is obviously impossible, because by the supposition the majority of the Legislature believe the act to be constitutional and expedient,—and therefore cannot conscientiously, in the ordinary exercise of the Legislative power, repeal it.

Is it meant, that the Executive and Judiciary departments of the General Government shall suspend the execution of the law within the limits of the State in question? This again is equally impossible. The functions of the Executive and Judiciary departments are entirely administrative. The persons entrusted with them have no discretionary power They are bound by their oaths of office to execute the laws that are given to them by the Legislature, and have no more right to augment or diminish them by one jot or tittle, than they have to declare themselves dictators of the country. The abandonment by the General Government of the power to pass the act complained of by the nullifying State is therefore a thing in itself entirely impracticable. Even the omnipotent Parliament of England, which, according to Lord Coke, can do any thing but convert a man into a woman, could not repeal a law which was sustained by a majority of its members; nor could even the hereditary executive power of England or any other constitutional monarchy suspend for a moment the execution of a law, which is still in force. The thing is in its nature a moral impossibility.

So much for the first part of the two-fold duty, which, according to the Vice-President, devolves upon the General Government, in the event of the nullification by a State of a law of the United States. But the General Government is not only bound to abandon the disputed power, but also to apply to the States, in the form provided for amending the Constitution, for a grant of that power. We have seen that the first of these supposed duties is in its nature impracticable. It is obvious to the slightest reflection, that the other is not less so.

By the General Government the Vice-President must of course intend, in this connexion, the Legislative department of the Government, the Executive, as such, having nothing to do with the process of amendment. Now, independently of the objection to which we have already adverted, viz. that the Constitution imposes no such duty on the Legislature, it is plain that the operation is in itself impracticable, for the same reason which would prevent the repeal of the obnoxious act. The Legislature cannot recommend an amendment of the Constitution, giving to itself the power to pass such an act, for the plain reason, that by the supposition a majority of the members believe that the Legislature already possess the power, and that it is consequently impracticable for them to adopt, on their official responsibility, a measure which implies that they believe the contrary.

It is only necessary to consider for a moment how the plan would work in detail, in order to be convinced that it is utterly impracticable. It becomes the duty of the General Government, by which we will suppose the Vice-President to mean the Legislature, to apply to the States for a grant of the disputed power. But what is the Legislature? The Legislature is a complex being, composed of the President and two elective assemblies, comprehending two hundred and eighty-five persons. It is the duty, it seems, of these two hundred and eighty-five persons, in their political capacity, to apply to the States for a grant of new powers. But who is to move? What is the business of every body is the business of nobody. Shall it be the President? The Constitution makes it the duty of the President to recommend from time to time to the consideration of Congress such measures, as he shall judge necessary and expedient. But the President, by the supposition, believes that the General Government already possess the power in question. It is impossible, therefore, that he should recommend to Congress to propose an amendment conferring this power. For the same reason, the proposition cannot be made in Congress by a member of the majority of either House. The duty, such as it is, of making the proposition, might no doubt be performed by some member of the minority of one of the two branches. But how are the majority to vote for a proposition which they do not approve? How is the President to approve a law which he does not approve? Individuals occasionally support or oppose measures for particular reasons, which have no reference to their own opinion upon their merits; but in arguing on general principles, it must of course be assumed that the members of the Government can only act on principle. The operation supposed is therefore in its nature essentially impracticable.

Indeed the supposition that it can in any case be the duty of one or more individuals to do an act which, if done by them at all, must be done in pursuance of their own free and unbiased belief in its expediency, is so obviously incongruous, that we really wonder how an acute logician, as the Vice-President unquestionably is, could have been led by any prepossession or political hallucination to admit it for a moment. If it be really the duty, under the Constitution, of the Legislature or of any branch or member of it to perform a particular act, there is no room for the exercise of discretion. The thing must be done. Thus it is the duty of the House to choose their speaker and other officers. This is accordingly done at the opening of every new Congress, as a matter of course, and it would be unconstitutional even to debate upon the propriety of so doing. But a proposition to amend the Constitution or any act performed in the ordinary exercise of the Legislative power, must be, from its nature, the result of the free and conscientious judgment of the President and a majority of the two Houses of Congress upon its merits; and it is impossible that it can be their duty, in any case, to decide in favor of a particular measure without reference to its merits, when their own free and conscientious judgment upon its merits is the precise and only rule which they are bound to follow, in the decision of every question that is brought before them.

The process of nullification is therefore, in its most important points. absolutely impracticable. This being the case, any consideration of its constitutionality or expediency is superfluous. It is unnecessary to inquire whether a plan, which cannot in the nature of things be carried into execution, would or would not be constitutional or expedient if it could. But the respect which we sincerely entertain for the talents and character of many of the citizens who are engaged in this project, seems to render it proper that it should be viewed under all its different aspects. Let us therefore suppose, for the sake of argument, that the project is practicable, and look at it in reference to its expediency. Passing over as before the first step in the process, the effect of which is less certain because the precise form in which it will be taken is not yet known, let us as before proceed at once to the second, and inquire how it will operate in the case immediately in question.

Let us suppose, then, that the State of South Carolina annuls the Tariff. On the theory of the Vice-President, it will then become the duty of the General Government to refrain from enforcing the Tariff within the limits of South Carolina, and to apply to the States for a grant of power to pass laws for the protection of domestic industry. We have shown that both parts of this duty are wholly impracticable; but let us imagine that they could be performed, and see what would be the result. Let us suppose that the General Government, at the present session of Congress, in defiance of their own opinion of the constitutionality and expediency of the Protecting Policy and of the express provision of the Constitution that all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States, suspend the execution of the Tariff law within the limits of South Carolina.—Let us also suppose that the General Government, conscientiously believing, as they do, that they possess the power to pass laws for the protection of domestic industry, shall yet assure the people that they believe they do not possess it, and recommend an amendment of the Constitution which shall give it to them. What will be the result?

The suspension of the Tariff law, within the limits of South Carolina, would of course render the ports of that State entirely free. As soon as this fact became generally known at home and abroad, the whole foreign commerce of the country would centre in these ports, and the receipts of the custom-houses, which constitute nearly the whole revenue of the country, would be reduced at once to nothing. In the mean time, the process of amending the Constitution is notoriously a very slow one. We have supposed that the General Government, at the same session of Congress, at which they suspend the execution of the Tariff law in Carolina, propose to the States to adopt the amendment in question. The recommendation goes out to the Governors of the States, and is laid by them before their several Legislatures, as they come into session at various times in the course of the following year. Some of these Legislatures act upon it at once; some lay it on their tables never to take it up again; others refer it, as they habitually do all questions of an embarrassing description, to their next following session. In this way the affair drags along for a number of years, and it is even very doubtful whether any returns at all would ever be received from half the States. Let us suppose, however, that in process of time, say in five years from the date of the proposal by the General Government, returns are received from all the States, and let it be granted for argument's sake, that the proposed amendment is not sanctioned by the number of States necessary under the Constitution to give it effect, which is three-fourths of the whole:—this is the supposition most favorable to the views of the Vice-President. What follows? Is the great object of settling the construction of the Constitution attained? Quite the contrary. Not a single step has been yet taken towards the attainment of it. The refusal of the States to sanction the proposed amendment, far from proving that the General Government does not, according to their construction of the Constitution, possess the disputed power, might be, and in many cases undoubtedly would be, the result of their belief that the General Government already possesses it. How, for example, could Pennsylvania, where the Legislature unanimously believe that the General Government possesses the power to protect domestic industry, sanction the proposal of an amendment intended to confer that power? The refusal of the States to sanction the amendment would therefore prove nothing at all as to their opinion upon the meaning of the Constitution, and would leave the whole subject exactly as it stood before. The Vice-President tells us, it is true, that if the proposed amendment were not sanctioned by the requisite number of States, no alternative would remain for the General Government, but the permanent abandonment of the disputed power. But, with all due deference to the judgment of Mr. Calhoun, we must be permitted to say that this is a conclusion entirely without premises, or, in less technical language, a naked assertion without proof, and we may add without even the appearance of plausibility. If the States refuse to amend the Constitution, it remains of course as it was before; and it is the duty of the General Government, as it was before, to act upon their own construction of its meaning, which is, by the supposition, in favor of the reality of the contested power. As honest men, acting on their official responsibility, they cannot possibly do otherwise; they would be obliged to re-enact the law which, by the supposition, had been repealed in reference to the nullifying State, and things would proceed exactly as they did before. At the end of the process, therefore,—supposing it even to result in the manner most favorable to the Vice-President's view,—the whole subject would remain precisely as it stood at the beginning. The affair would afford a new example of what a foreign writer has called the system of *All Action and No Go*.

In the mean time, what would have been the state of the country during the five years which have been devoted to this tedious, complicated and ineffectual attempt to settle the construction of the Constitution? The revenue would have declined almost to nothing, and there would have been of course an annual deficit of nearly the whole amount necessary to defray the expenses of the Government, and pay the interest and principal of the debt. How would this have been covered? The ordinary resource in cases of deficit is a loan, but it may well be doubted whether, under the circumstances supposed, the credit of the Government would be particularly good. If loans could be obtained, which is the most favorable supposition, we should be saddled with a debt of about a hundred millions, probably at exorbitant interest, as the cost of this political experiment. Were this the only inconvenience, most judicious citizens would be disposed to say, with the Grecian philosopher who was offered, at a pretty high price, the favors of a frail beauty of some celebrity,—that they did not choose to buy repentance so dear. But this debt of a hundred millions would be the least part of the mischief. The importation of foreign goods free of duty for five years would of course destroy all our domestic manufactures, and ruin that part of our population which is employed in them. The value of the manufactures annually produced in this country is estimated by Mr. Gallatin at about $150,000,000,—probably a very low computation. Supposing the ordinary rate of profit in this branch of industry to be at from six to seven per cent., this amount of annual products represents a capital of a thousand million dollars, which would be swept at once into nothing. This is another trifling item to be added to the cost and charges of nullification. Omitting all consideration of the effect upon the happiness of the six or seven hundred thousand persons who depend for subsistence upon these manufactures, and looking merely at the financial results, we must needs say that this is a most expensive, as well as in our opinion unsatisfactory, mode of expounding the Constitution. And these, as we have said, are the results of the process on the most favorable supposition; for if loans could not be obtained, which is a more probable one, the immediate consequence would be a national bankruptcy, which would of course be followed instantaneously by domestic convulsions, a complete breaking up of the Government, and a dissolution of the Union.

Such, if the process of nullification, which, as we have seen, would be found utterly impracticable at every step, could be carried into effect, would be its practical results. Such would be its results, supposing it to proceed without opposition from any quarter, and to operate throughout in the manner most agreeable to the views set forth in Mr. Calhoun's exposition. Is it possible that a statesman of distinguished talents and patriotic feelings,—that a large majority of the citizens of a high-minded, generous and intelligent State, can look forward to such results with satisfaction?—that they can consider a course of measures which, waving any question of its constitutionality or practicability, and supposing it to go into quiet operation without opposition in any quarter, and to work to their heart's content in every particular, could still produce nothing better than the results which we have described,—as *expedient*?—Is it not more probable that the Vice-President and his political friends, by confining their attention exclusively to one partial view of the subject, and employing with fanatical earnestness all their energies in recommending this one view to the public favor, have entirely lost sight of all others, and are rushing forward, without even realizing its existence, to a precipice which is accurately and distinctly laid down by themselves in their own political charts?

However this may be, it is plain from the most cursory survey of the doctrine of nullification, that it is wholly unsanctioned by the Constitution, although it contemplates important proceedings, not only by the States but by the General Government, which of course can only act under constitutional authority: that it is in all its important points utterly impracticable, and that could it even be carried into effect, and that in the manner most agreeable to the views of its partisans, it would at once break up the Government, and spread desolation and ruin through the country. We now proceed to examine some of the arguments, by which this enormous political heresy is supported in the document before us. We have already quoted the passages containing the statement of the doctrine in Mr. Calhoun's own language. The leading argument by which he sustains it is as follows.

1. The General Government is an agent with limited powers, constituted by the States as principals to execute their joint will, expressed in the Constitution.

2. But in private affairs, a principal has a right to revoke or modify the powers of his agent at discretion, to put his own construction upon them, and to disavow and annul any acts done by the agent upon a mistaken construction of his powers; while the agent, on his part, has no right to enforce his construction against that of his principal.

3. In the same way, *any one State* has a right to put its own construction upon the Constitution, by which the States create the General Government their common agent, and to disavow and annul any acts done by the General Government upon a mistaken construction of these powers, while the General Government, on its part, has no right to enforce its own construction of the Constitution against that of its principal.

The correctness of this reasoning, says the Vice-President, in its application 'to the ordinary transactions of life, no one will doubt, *nor can it be possible to assign a reason, why it is not as applicable to the case of a Government as to that of individuals.*' Not anticipating the nature of the objections that may be made to his reasoning, the Vice-President of course does not attempt to refute them, nor does he think it necessary to illustrate, explain or enforce his own theory, but, under the comfortable assurance that in its application to the ordinary transactions of life *no one will doubt it,* and that it *cannot be possible* to assign a reason why it should not be applied in the case of Governments, he jumps at once to his conclusion, that it is and ought to be applicable to that of the United States. Now it is obvious to us, that this reasoning, far from commanding the universal assent which the Vice-President seems to expect for it, will be considered by most intelligent and unprejudiced readers as open to various weighty and decisive objections. Admitting that the General Government may, in a certain sense of the term, be properly described as the agent of the States, the other proposition, that a principal has an unlimited right to construe the powers and disavow the acts of his agent is, even in private affairs, far from being equally clear; and were this even true in private affairs, it would by no means follow that *any one State* has an equally good right to annul at discretion the acts of the General Government. We shall enlarge a little upon each of these points.

1. It is not true that a principal has, in the ordi-

nary transactions of life, an unlimited right to construe the powers and disavow the acts of his agent. Although an agent may have construed his powers in a different manner from that in which his principal intended that they should be understood, yet if he can make it appear that he has exercised ordinary diligence and acted with good faith, he has a right to enforce his construction against that of his principal, and the law will sustain him in it. A merchant, for example, addresses a letter of instructions to a shipmaster or supercargo, and the latter in consequence makes contracts which the principal did not intend that he should make; the principal will nevertheless be bound by them, unless he can show that the agent has been guilty of neglect or fraud; for it is his own fault if he has not made his instructions intelligible, or has chosen his agent so badly that he cannot understand plain language.

The argument from analogy, and it is the only one by which the Vice-President undertakes to support his main position, therefore fails entirely. If the attitude of the General Government toward the States be the same as that of an agent in relation to his principal, it then follows that the General Government has a right to enforce its construction of the Constitution against that of the States, provided always that it act with good faith, and in the exercise of all the diligence and attention which the case requires.

2. But admitting even that, in private affairs, a principal has an unlimited right to construe the powers and disavow the acts of his agent, we cannot agree with the Vice-President, that it is impossible to assign a reason why *any single State* has not an equally good right to annul at discretion the acts of the General Government. We think that at least two very sufficient reasons may be given, why this conclusion would not follow.

The first reason is that the General Government, if it be regarded as an agency, is an agency for a joint concern, compreprehending four and twenty principals. Now if we admit that principals have an unlimited right to construe the powers and disavow the acts of their agents, it is quite obvious that, in the case of a joint concern, this right cannot belong to any one of the partners acting separately from the others, but must belong to the whole firm, expressing their intentions for this purpose through the organs and in the form which they habitually employ for all other purposes. But the propos tion of the Vice-President is, that any one State has a right, without consulting the other States, to nullify at discretion any act of the

General Government. That is, that any one partner in the joint concern has a right, without even consulting his co-partners, to construe the powers of the common agent in his own way, and to assume or avoid, at discretion, his share of responsibility for the acts which an agent may have performed in the name of the firm.

It is almost needless to say that this is not the principle on which partnership concerns are generally managed, and that a partnership concern, which should be managed on this principle, would not be likely to possess unlimited credit or to carry on for any length of time a very lucrative business.

The Vice-President anticipates this objection, and for the purpose of meeting it has introduced the second and third points in his theory, as stated at the commencement of this article. As the manner in which he treats this part of the subject is quite curious, we shall quote his own words.

> 'It may, however, be proper to notice a distinction between the case of a single principal and his agent, and that of several principals and their joint agent, which might otherwise cause some confusion. In both cases, as between the agent and a principal, the construction of the principal, whether he be a single principal, or one of several, is equally conclusive; but, in the latter case, both the principal and the agent bear a relation to the other principals, which must be taken into the estimate, in order to understand fully all the results which may grow out of the contest for power between them. Though the construction of the principal is conclusive against the joint agent, as between them, such is not the case between him and his associates. They both have an equal right of construction, and it would be the duty of the agent to bring the subject before the principal to be adjusted according to the terms of the instrument of association; and of the principal to submit to such adjustment. In such cases, the contract itself is the law, which must determine the relative rights and powers of the parties to it. The General Government is a case of joint agency,—the joint agent of the twenty-four sovereign States. It would be its duty, according to the principles established in such cases, instead of attempting to enforce its construction of its powers against that of the State, to bring the subject before the States themselves, in the only form in which, according to the provisions of the Constitution, it can be, by a proposition to amend, in the manner prescribed in the instrument, to be acted on by them in the only mode they can rightfully pursue, by expressly granting or withholding the contested power. Against this conclusion there can be raised but one objection, that the States have surrendered or transferred the right in question. If such be the fact, there ought to be no difficulty in establishing it.'

It seems from these remarks that, according to the Vice-President's notion of the proper mode of proceeding in a joint concern, if one of the principals suspect that the common agent is exceeding his powers, it forthwith becomes the duty—not of the principal, but—of the agent to submit the doubtful question in regard to the construction of his own powers, to the consideration of the other principals. The discontented partner begins by disclaiming publicly his share of responsibility for the acts of the agent. The agent then consults the other partners: if a majority of them approve the proceedings of the agent, the discontented partner is bound to submit: if not, the agent ceases to exercise the disputed power. Thus, when the President and Directors of the Bank of the United States employed Mr. Sergeant to perform a certain service for them at London, if one of the Directors had happened to hear that that gentleman was exceeding his powers, according to the construction put upon them by this Director, it would have been the duty of the latter to publish the fact in the newspapers, and to give notice to all the world that he, as one of the Directors, would not hold himself responsible for Mr. Sergeant's proceedings. The newspaper containing this notice would in process of time have reached London, and Mr. Sergeant on reading it would have been bound to write to the President of the Bank, informing him that he had seen a notice to a certain effect in a Philadelphia paper, and inquiring whether he had or had not mistaken the meaning of his instructions. The President, on receiving Mr. Sergeant's letter, would have been bound to call together the Board of Directors, and submit the subject to their consideration. If the Board, proceeding in the usual form of transacting business, had decided that Mr. Sergeant had not exceeded his powers, it would have been the duty of the discontented Director to withdraw his objections, and to give public notice that he was ready to resume his share of responsibility. On the other supposition, Mr. Sergeant would have ceased to exercise the disputed power.

Such is the notion entertained by the Vice-President of the proper and usual mode of proceeding in a partnership concern. Our readers, who are at all familiar with business, will, we think, agree with us in the opinion that he has mistaken the matter entirely. In the case supposed, a Director of the Bank, who had heard of any facts which led him to suppose that Mr. Sergeant was exceeding his powers, instead of publishing the intelligence in the newspapers, and making it an occasion for open scandal, would have gone quietly to the Bank, and mentioned what he had heard in private to the President. The President would have submitted the facts to the Directors at their next meeting. If the Board, represented by the necessary number of members, were satisfied that Mr. Sergeant was in fact exceeding his powers, the President would have written to him to that effect, and the Board would have taken the proper measures for remedying any mischief that might have resulted from his mistake. In the other event, the discontented Director would have been relieved from his apprehensions. In either case, the affair would have passed off quietly, without scandal, and, according to our apprehension, in the ordinary and regular way of transacting business.

Reasoning therefore analogically, from the relation between an agent and his principal in a partnership concern,—the only semblance of an argument which the Vice-President offers in support of his main position,—we should draw a conclusion of a directly opposite character, viz. that instead of proceeding at once to *nullify* and throwing upon the General Government the responsibility of bringing the subject before the other States, it would be the duty of a discontented State to begin by addressing herself in the way of consultation to the other States, her co-partners in the great political firm of the Union. We have already shown that it would be wholly impracticable from the nature of the case for the General Government, believing itself, as it does by the supposition, to possess the disputed power, to adopt any measure implying a contrary opinion. We have shown that the General Government has no authority under the Constitution to adopt such a measure. But admitting that it were both constitutional and practicable, what propriety would there be in it? If Carolina conceive that she has a right to complain of the proceedings of the common agent of the political partnership to which she belongs, and think that her partners ought also to attend to the subject, is she not perfectly capable of saying to them herself all that is necessary or proper on the occasion? Is it not obvious that the agent, who is supposed to be in fault, is the very last person who can be depended on to bring the question before the tribunal which is to decide upon it? Is it reasonable to expect that he will intermeddle in a matter in which he has really no concern, for the mere purpose of denouncing himself as a usurper of power, not granted by his commission? Is there not a wanton and almost ludicrous absurdity in the very idea of such a proceeding? And independently of all this, how ungraceful in the General Government to apply for an augmentation of its own powers, and this too at the very moment when it is accused of exceeding them! Is it not apparent, that such an application would come with infinitely greater propriety from any other quarter? We can hardly believe that, on cool reflection, the Vice-President himself would sanction with his final judgment a theory pregnant with so many and such various incongruities.

It would therefore be the duty of the discontented State, instead of proceeding to *nullify* and throwing upon the General Government the responsibility of bringing the subject before the other States, to *begin* by addressing herself directly to the other States in the way of consultation. But in what form is this to be done? The Vice-President tells us, that the subject must be brought before the States 'in the only form in which according to the Constitution it can be, by a proposition to amend in the manner prescribed by that instrument.' But how does it appear, that this is the only or the proper form in which the business can be done? The object is to *ascertain the meaning* of the Constitution. Why resort for this purpose to a process intended for a totally different one, and, as we have seen, wholly unsuitable and ineffectual for this? Suppose that all the insuperable preliminary objections to which we have adverted are overcome;—that the General Government has applied for a grant of the disputed power, and that the States, as the Vice-President would of course desire, have refused the application;—how would the case then stand? Precisely as it does now. The question would still be, what is the meaning of the Constitution as it is? And after all that had taken place, it would still be just as far from a solution as before. Instead of resorting to a process intended for another purpose, and wholly ineffectual for this, why not employ the one which the Constitution provided and organized for this special object? 'The judicial power,' says the Constitution, 'shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States and the treaties made or which shall be made under their authority.' Why not submit the question at once to the Supreme Court? This is the method by which the States, when they established the Constitution, intended that all questions respecting the construction of it should be decided. Nor does a resort to this method involve, as some suppose, the inconvenience of making the General Government the judge of its own powers. The Judiciary department, though nominally a branch of the General Government, is, and was for this express purpose meant and made to be, wholly independent of the other branches of that Government. It is properly a separate agency, established for specific purposes by the same authority which for other purposes established the Executive and Legislative branches. It has no community of interest, direct or indirect, with these branches, and is in all respects the most competent and capable, as it is the proper constitutional judge of the extent of their powers, as defined by the great charter of the Union.

But waving this point, upon which we are aware that the Vice-President's views would not agree with ours, and admitting for the moment and for argument's sake, that the Supreme Court is not the proper tribunal to decide in this case, the question still returns, Why resort to the form provided for making amendments? This is a form, in which the States act for a certain purpose within the pale of the Constitution. But this whole process of *nullification*,—if not, as we believe it to be, *unconstitutional*,—is at least, and is admitted to be by those who approve it, *extra-constitutional.* The State of Carolina throws herself back, (such is the received phrase) upon her *reserved rights*, and undertakes to decide, in her capacity as an independent State and a party to the Union, which she considers as a confederacy of independent States, whether the compact has been faithfully observed. She satisfies herself that it has been violated, and she now wishes to ascertain whether the other States agree with her in opinion. But how are these States to be consulted and to act in this matter? Obviously in the same capacity in which Carolina proposes it. She appears in this affair as a sovereign and independent power; as such she must address herself to the other States, and it is only in their capacity as sovereign and independent powers, resting on their reserved rights, that they can receive and act upon her communication. The whole affair, reasoning of course on the principles of the Vice-President, is *extra-constitutional.* Why then resort to a process, intended for the direction of the States while acting within the pale of the Constitution for its ordinary purposes? The Vice-President, in proposing this course, obviously forgets his own principles. The true one, on his system, would be very different. Having taken her stand upon her reserved rights and assumed the attitude of a sovereign power, Carolina should exhibit a little more of the lion port and awe-commanding face. Instead of resorting to a paltry humiliating process, which supposes throughout the subordination of all the parties concerned in it to the common authority of the Union, our *soi-disant* sovereign, in order to be consistent, should send ambassadors to all the other States to communicate the business in hand. These again, being thus called on, must in like manner throw themselves back upon their reserved rights, and assume, for the time, the attitude of independent States. If a consultative meeting be deemed expedient, it must be a congress of ambassadors held by arrangement among the States, and in which they will appear by their ministers as independent powers. At such a meeting, the rule of deciding questions according to the opinion of the majority has of course no application. Although three-fourths or even all the States, except Carolina, should agree that the compact had not been violated, she would still be at liberty as a sovereign power to adhere to her own construction, and to hold herself in future exempt from the obligation imposed by the articles of union. Such, as we conceive, is the only process consistent with the theory of nullification, which the Vice-President, with submission to his better judgment, does not follow out to its proper and natural conclusion. We find accordingly that Georgia, who, although she has said but little about nullification, has, to do her justice, practised it for two or three years past with a vigor and consistency that rather put to shame the Carolina doctors of the science,—having thought proper to consult the other Southern States upon the propriety of assembling an anti-Tariff Convention,—instead of depending upon the General Government to bring the subject before them in the form provided for amending the Constitution, forthwith despatches her ambassadors to their several seats of Government to communicate her sovereign intentions, where, for aught we know to the contrary, they have been carrying on their negotiations up to this day.

So much for the first reason, why the doctrine, that a principal has, in ordinary cases, an unlimited right to construe the powers, and disavow the acts of his agent,—were it even true, as we have shown that it is not,—would in no way help the Vice-President's argument. Carolina is one of a number of principals, composing a partnership concern ; and if she have any doubts about the propriety of the proceedings of the common agent, her only course is to consult with her co-partners, and to acquiesce in the opinion of the majority. But there is another reason still more substantial, why the doctrine in question, even if true, would be of no service to the Vice-President:—a reason leading at once to the heart of the whole argument, of which the matters thus far touched upon are merely the 'limbs and outward flourishes;' and that is, that a Government, although it may in a certain sense be called an agency, is an agency of a peculiar kind, carrying with it rights and obligations, of which the nature and extent cannot be deduced by analogy from those which are incident to the relation of agent and principal in private life, and can only be determined by a correct analysis of the structure of society and the original principles of the human constitution.

That the Government of the United States, though described as an agency, is to all intents and purposes a real *Government*, is frankly admitted by the Vice-President himself. 'In applying the term *agent* to the General Government, I do not intend to derogate in any degree from its character as a Government. *It is as truly and properly a Government as are the State Governments themselves.* I have applied it simply because it strictly belongs to the relation between the General Government and the States, *as in fact it does also to that between a State and its own Government.* Indeed, according to our theory, *Governments are in their nature but trusts, and those appointed to administer them trustees or agents to execute the trust powers.* The sovereignty resides elsewhere,—in the people, and not in the Government.' 'The Constitution of the United States, with the Government it created, is truly and strictly the Constitution of each State, as much so as its own particular Constitution and Government, ratified by the same authority in the same mode, and having, as far as its citizens are concerned, its powers and obligations from the same source.'

In these principles we fully concur, but in laying them down in this distinct and unequivocal manner, the Vice-President has, as we humbly conceive, conceded the whole matter in controversy, and given up every inch of ground which he had to stand upon. If it could be made out that the two Houses of Congress, the President, and the various executive and judicial officers acting under them, are not a proper Government, but a mere agency constituted by four and twenty mutually independent States for certain specific objects, it would follow, not precisely that the theory of nullification is true, for this, as we have seen, is, at least as stated by the Vice-President in the document before us, not merely unconstitutional, but in itself essentially impracticable, incongruous and absurd:—but that any State which might be, for any or no reason, tired of the arrangement, would have a perfect right, after such consultation and advisement with the other parties as might be necessary to secure their interests, to revoke its powers. But the moment it is admitted that the two Houses of Congress, the President and the executive and judicial officers acting under them,—by whatever name they may be called,—are a *real Government:* —that the instrument by which they hold their powers is a *real Constitution*, the case changes. By the *Constitution of Government*, is meant, in every community, the great *social compact* which binds together the individual members into one body politic or political society. Whatever may be its form, character, or origin,—whether it be written or unwritten;—free, limited, or despotic;—whether founded in force, fraud, or voluntary association;—whether created by a number of previously independent States or by a number of previously independent individuals, so long as it is and is admitted to be a real *Constitution of Government*, it carries with it certain incidents which belong to it as such, and which are inseparable from its nature. Of these incidents, essential properties or characteristics of the *social compact*, the first in order are that the parties to it have not a moral right to withdraw from it at discretion, or to construe at discretion the powers of the Government created by it, but are bound to remain parties to it, and to acquiesce in the acts of the Government created by it, excepting in those extreme cases which justify open rebellion. These are principles universally acknowledged. No one has ever questioned them; no one has ever undertaken to maintain that the members of a political society have a right to withdraw from it at discretion, or that the laws of the land are not in ordinary cases binding on the citizens. The principle is equally true under all forms of government, as the Vice-President himself very correctly intimates, when he states that the relation between the General Government and the States is the same with that between the States and their own Governments, or in general between all Governments and the societies in which they are established.

Such are the principles which, by *universal acknowledgment*, determine the relations between Governments and the political societies in which they exist. When therefore the Vice-President fully and formally admits that the two Houses of Congress, the President, and the executive and judicial officers acting under them are a *real Government*;—that the instrument by virtue of which they hold their powers is a real *Constitution* or *social compact*, he admits,—if he choose at the same time to describe them as an agency,—that they are an agency which the parties that constituted it, whether States or individuals, have not a right to revoke at discretion; an agency which construes its own powers, and has a right to enforce its own construction of them upon its principals, excepting in the extreme cases which justify a *violent resistance to the law:* he admits that nullification is either wholly unjustifiable or justifiable only as *resistance:* he admits, in a word, that nullification, if it have any proper and intelligible meaning at all, is only another name for *rebellion.* This is, in fact, the real truth of the whole business.

And this being the case, it is apparent that, even if the acts which the nullifiers propose to perform were justifiable, it would be on principles other than those which they profess; that their theory would still be erroneous, and their language incongruous and absurd. In certain extreme cases, the citizen is justified in resisting the execution of the law; but even then he has neither the right nor the power to *annul* or *repeal* it. This is an operation, which from its nature can only be performed by the same authority which enacted the law, viz: the Government of the country. The supposition made by the nullifiers, that in certain cases a citizen or a certain number of citizens have a right to annul or repeal the law of the land, is not merely an error, but a manifest absurdity, involving a contradiction in terms. In the cases which justify resistance, the principle upon which the citizen proceeds, is not that he has a legal or constitutional right to annul or repeal the offensive law,—which is the doctrine of the nullifiers,—but that he has a right, which he admits to be illegal and unconstitutional, but which he claims as a natural one, to make a violent opposition to its execution.

Such is the second reason, why the doctrine that a principal has, in ordinary cases, an unlimited right to construe the powers and disavow the acts of his agent,—were it even true, as we have shown that it is not,—would in no way help the Vice-President's argument. The General Government, if it be an agency, is an agency of a peculiar kind, which, from its nature, is not revocable at the discretion of the parties that constituted it, which construes its own powers, and which has a right to enforce its construction of them against that of its principals, excepting in those extreme cases that authorize rebellion.

This, as we have said, is the principal and leading consideration which governs the whole subject. Once admit, what the Vice-President fully recognises, and what no man in his senses can deny, that the General Government, call it agency or what you will, is a real Government;—that the instrument from which it derives its power is a real *Constitution* or *social compact*, and the argument is brought to a close: there is not a word more to be said about the matter. The acts of the Government are, as such, the law of the land. This results from the nature of the case, and is also affirmed in the Constitution, which, in order to avoid all doubt or difficulty about the point immediately in controversy in the present instance, expressly provides that the acts of the General Government shall be the Supreme Law of the land, *any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.* But to say that a citizen, or any number of citizens, can *annul* or *repeal* the law of the land, is, we repeat, a manifest absurdity. *Resist* it they *can*, and in certain extreme cases *may*: but that they should *annul* or *repeal* it, is a thing not illegal or unconstitutional, but impossible and unimaginable. The repeal of a law is as much an exercise of legislative power as the enactment of it, and from its very nature cannot be performed, unless by some person or persons invested with that power, in other words, by the Government. To assert the contrary, is in substance to assert that the same person can be sovereign and subject, or in a free State, in and out of office, at one and the same time.

We have thus endeavored, by a few plain considerations, to show, first, that the doctrine of nullification is not only unsanctioned by the Constitution, but wholly impracticable, and that its results, if it could be carried into effect, would be of the most disastrous character:—secondly, that the only semblance of argument, by which the Vice-President attempts to sustain it in the document before us, is entirely without foundation. It follows from the view which we have taken of the subject, that the controversy respecting the origin of the Constitution, which has been often agitated in connexion with this question, is in a great measure foreign to it. Whether the General Government had its origin in the will of the State Governments, of the *people* of the States, or of the *people* of the United States is a point of no importance in the present inquiry, for those who admit that it is the real and rightful *Government of the country.* For those, if any such there be, who wish to establish the proposition that the Union is a confederacy of independent States, *subject to no common Government*, the question of the origin of the Constitution is an essential one, because it is in the circumstances attending it, that they must look for the proofs of their theory. But for those who believe that that instrument is a *social compact*, and the Government created by it a real Government, it is unnecessary, for the present purpose, to go beyond that fact, which proves, of itself, that its acts are the law of the land, and that in respect to them there is no middle course between obedience and rebellion.

As respects the origin of the Constitution, we will therefore merely remark, without enlarging on the subject, that we agree with the Vice-President in the opinion that it derives its authority from the States acting as distinct communities, and not from the aggregate mass of the people of the United States. The latter theory receives some countenance from the opening words of the preamble:—*We the people of the United States;*—but is obviously inconsistent with the facts attending the formation and adoption of the Constitution. Throughout the whole proceedings, the States appeared as distinct communities. Those States, which did not at first approve the Constitution, considered themselves and were considered by the other States as at liberty to remain without the pale, and actually did so remain for some years. This could not have happened if all the States had previously constituted one people, that is, one body politic. In that case the decision of the body, in whatever form it might have been collected, must have been obligatory upon all the members. Indeed, the preceding instrument of Union, commonly called the Old Confederation, expressly recognises the sovereignty and independence of the States, and describes the Union as a league. The Congress which assembled under this Confederation was not a General Government, but a meeting of delegates or ambassadors, in which each State had an equal vote, and which merely recommended to the States the adoption of certain measures, which being adopted by them and in that case only, obtained the character and force of *laws.* It is obviously impossible to reconcile this condition of things with the theory, that the States, at the period immediately preceding the adoption of the Constitution, constituted one people. We find accordingly, that President J. Q. Adams, who, in his late Fourth of July Oration, professes the doctrine that the acts of Union which preceded the declaration of Independence combined the States into one people, and that they never existed as separate sovereignties, treats the old Confederation as a temporary departure from the true political system of the country. In other words, he admits that the character of it is inconsistent with his theory. But this Confederation, whatever may be thought of its value, undoubtedly determined for the time being the *actual* relation of the parties to it. There is reason to suppose, from the tenor of another late publication by Mr. Adams, that he considers the union of Great Britain and Ireland as a departure from the true political system of those countries; but he would probably not think of maintaining, as a consequence of that opinion, that Ireland is at this moment an independent State. On our view of the subject, therefore, the States, from the period of the Declaration of Independence to that of the establishment of the Constitution, existed, in form at least, as distinct communities, independent of each other, and, though confederated for certain purposes, not subject to a common Government. The Constitution, by which they subjected themselves to a common Government, was the act which gave them the character of *one people.* The form of distinct communities, under which they existed during the period alluded to, may have been, as we agree with President Adams that it was, an unfortunate expression of the substantial condition of the population of this continent; but this is a question not of substance but of form, and such undoubtedly was, for the time being, the form of their political existence.

We are therefore disposed to agree with the Vice-President in the opinion, that the parties to the great social compact, entitled the Constitution, were not the individual citizens composing the whole people of the United States, but the several distinct communities into which they are divided, and which were at that time,—to use the ordinary language,—sovereign and independent States. We may remark *en passant* that the phrase *Sovereign State*, which certain persons employ so frequently and appear to consider as pregnant with important political conclusions, though it may, perhaps, be sufficiently authorized by usage to be received as good English, is not, in the strict and proper use of language, admissible, and is therefore better avoided in all precise and scientific discussion. The word *sovereign* has the same etymology with *supreme*, of which it is another form, and properly implies, as that does, comparison with something else. Thus the *Supreme* Being is the highest of all beings : the *Supreme* Court is the highest of all the Courts : the *Sovereign* power in a State is the highest political authority. But States, being as such politically independent of each other, cannot in the nature of things stand towards each other in the relation of superiority or inferiority, and can of course be neither *sovereign* nor *subject*. We find, accordingly, that in the Declaration of Independence,—a document remarkable throughout for great propriety in the use of language,—although it was once quoted by Governor Hamilton, on some public occasion, as saying that the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free, sovereign and independent States, the word *sovereign* is not employed. The language used is that the colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. As applied to States, the word *sovereign*, if it have any meaning at all, can only mean *independent*. In this sense it is no longer applicable to the several States composing the Union, which, since the adoption of a common Government, are not politically independent of each other. This is not a merely verbal criticism. Words are things ; and we strongly suspect that the frequent use of this incorrect, ambiguous, and,—to recur again to the language of Governor Lumpkin,—*mystical* phrase *Sovereign State*, has created a good deal of embarrassment, which the substitution of the more correct and intelligible term *independent* would have in part prevented.

To return, however, from this digression :—although we agree with the Vice-President in the opinion, that the Constitution had its origin in the will of the States acting as distinct communities, we cannot acquiesce in the conclusions which he deduces from this fact, or admit that, for the present purpose, it makes any difference whatever in the case. Independent States may form themselves into a body politic, as well as independent individuals. Such is in fact the historical origin of most of the communities now existing throughout the world. They are in general aggregations of smaller communities, previously existing in an independent form. Where the States, so forming themselves into one body politic, retain for certain purposes a distinct name and character, their position in the body politic, of which they form a part, is precisely the same with that of the individual citizens in an ordinary community. This, as we have seen, is fully and distinctly admitted by Mr. Calhoun himself. He admits that the General Government is as fully and properly a Government as are the State Governments themselves, and that the relations between the General Government and the States is precisely the same with that between the Governments and citizens of the States, or in general between the Governments and citizens of any other community. How then can he possibly claim for the States a right of annulling the acts of the General Government, when he certainly would not think of claiming such a right for the citizens of the several States, or of any other political societies, in reference to their respective Governments?

It may be true, as Mr. Calhoun intimates, that a State Government has no right to enforce its construction of the Constitution of the State against the people of the State, appearing in their sovereign capacity; or, more generally, that in our theories of government the people of any country, acting in their sovereign capacity, have a right to construe, alter or totally destroy the Constitution at discretion. But supposing this to be true, would it follow that every individual citizen has a right to annul the Constitution, or any part of it, at discretion? Would Mr. Calhoun himself think of drawing such a conclusion, in reference to the individual citizens of the States, or of other communities?—Undoubtedly not. How then can he with the least regard for consistency draw it in reference to the individual States, which, as he tells us himself, stand in precisely the same relation to the General Government, in which the individual citizens of the States and of other communities stand in relation to their respective Governments?

The right claimed for the States of annulling the Constitution and laws of the United States, must, says the Vice-President, belong to them, unless they have expressly surrendered or transferred it. We have already seen, that no member of a body politic, whether composed of States or individuals, does or can possess a right to annul or repeal the law; and that the contrary proposition involves a contradiction in terms. Were the Constitution wholly silent on the subject, the mere fact that they had formed themselves, by a solemn social compact, into one great people, subject to a common Government, though retaining, as distinct communities, no inconsiderable share of the legislative power,—this fact alone, we say, would have carried with it a peremptory obligation upon the States to obey the law as construed by the courts of justice, excepting in the extreme cases that justify resistance. It would, however, be natural enough for independent States, in forming a compact of this description, to introduce an expression of this obligation; and it may be a matter of curiosity to consider for a moment what language could have been used, in order to express the idea in the most direct and unequivocal manner. To one who was seeking for such an expression, some such phrase as the following would probably occur. *No State shall have a right, either in the exercise of the sovereign (constitution-making) or the ordinary legislative (law-making) power, to annul or arrest the execution of this Constitution, or any law made in pursuance of it by the General Government.* This, we say, or something like it would probably be the language, which would occur to any one who was seeking for the most direct and unequivocal expression of the idea, that the States have no right to set up their authority against that of the General Government. Now the language of the Constitution on this subject is still more decisive, because it expresses the same ideas conveyed by that here supposed in two forms, the one positive and the other negative. *This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made or which shall be made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land.* This positive declaration carries with it, as we have said, by implication, the full import of the negative one which we have supposed above: but in order to make assurance *doubly* sure, the framers of the Constitution added a negative declaration, which, though more concise than the one we have supposed, is of precisely the same meaning; *and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.* This declaration, we repeat, though more concise, is equivalent in meaning to the more extended expression of the same idea, which we have imagined as the most direct and unequivocal that could possibly be used.—*Any thing in the laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.*—No State, in the exercise of its ordinary law-making power, shall have a right to annul or arrest the execution of this Constitution, or the laws made in pursuance thereof by the United States. *Any thing in the Constitution of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.* —No State, in the exercise of her sovereign or constitution-making power; no State, acting in her sovereign capacity, shall have a right to annul or arrest the execution of this Constitution, or the laws made in pursuance thereof by the United States. Any act that may be done for this purpose is to be, *ipso facto*, null and void. *The judges shall not be bound by it.* Will the Vice-President or any person of plain common sense undertake to say, that this is not a correct paraphrase of the negative clause in the Constitution? If it be admitted that it is, will the Vice-President or any man of plain common sense undertake to say, that if the framers of the Constitution had employed the language of this paraphrase instead of the concise equivalent phrase which they used, there could be any doubt respecting the character of the present proceedings in Carolina? There is, in fact, no doubt about it.

It is painful to see a person so distinguished for talent, and, as we have hitherto been willing to believe, for uprightness of purpose, as Mr. Calhoun is, attempting to escape by a side path from the plain and obvious meaning of this clause, which he shrinks from meeting in the face. He alludes to several propositions that had previously been submitted to the Convention which framed the Constitution, for the purpose of making the acts of the General Government paramount to those of the States; and because these were rejected, he concludes, that the one which was adopted is not to be carried into effect according to its plain and natural sense. Is this fair argument? Is it even plausible? It is impossible, within the narrow compass of an article, to go fully into every part of this vast subject; but any one, who will take the trouble to examine the proceedings of the Convention, will readily see why they rejected the first propositions, and why they adopted the last. As the States retain a very considerable portion of the legislative power, and remain, for many purposes, distinct communities, it was thought important that, in regard to the exercise of the powers so retained, they should not be under the formal control of the General Government:—in other words, that so far as they were sovereign, they should not be subject. Hence the rejection of the proposal of General Hamilton to give the President a negative on all State laws; and hence subsequently the amendment of the Constitution, by which it was ordained that no State should be sued at law. This was all perfectly proper: but it was also essential that the paramount authority of the acts of the General Government should be secured, and the object was attained by the proposition finally adopted, which declares distinctly, both in a positive and negative form, that such is the understanding of the Convention, and leaves it to *the Courts of Justice* to enforce the provision. This plan is just as effectual as the other would have been, because the decisions of the courts may and must be sustained, if the occasion require it, by the whole military force of the country; while at the same time it removes the possibility of any actual collision between the two law-giving powers, in the regular performance of their functions. Each exercises a complete and uncontrolled discretion as to the objects and extent of its own legislation;—puts its own construction upon its own powers;—passes, in short, any laws which it deems constitutional and expedient. Neither, in this form of action, has any control over the proceedings of the other.—The General Government has no more right to annul an act of the State of South Carolina, than the State of South Carolina has to annul an act of the General Government. But when the proceedings of the two powers come into collision,—as it may well be supposed that, under such circumstances, they occasionally will,—the silent operation of the Courts of Justice gives the ascendancy, where the Constitution declares that it belongs, to those of the General Government. The provision, like most others in the Constitution, is obviously the simplest and best that could have been adopted. The rejection of other propositions of similar tendency only proves that the Convention considered the subject very maturely, and successively laid aside the several imperfect and inexpedient methods of effecting the great object in question, which were proposed to them, until they finally hit upon one that was satisfactory.

In alluding to this decisive clause in the Constitution, the Vice-President omits entirely the negative part of it, and quotes it in the following form:—*This Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof shall be the supreme law of the land.* He then adds that he shall not go into a minute examination of its effect, the subject having been already so frequently and so ably investigated, that he deems it unnecessary. This might have been a good reason for not discussing it at all; but if it was expedient to discuss it at all, it seems hardly proper that the most material point in the argument should be passed over in silence. The omission looks very much like conscious weakness. For ourselves, we have met with no suggestion, whether made on this or any former occasion, which, according to our views, has thrown even the shadow of a doubt upon the meaning of the passage. The pretext for a question would probably be sought in the qualification, *made in pursuance of the Constitution.* It may be said that, under this qualification, laws not made in pursuance of the Constitution are not paramount to those of the States. But this phrase has obviously no bearing on the point in question. The meaning is, that the Constitution and the laws of the United States, made *in the manner prescribed by it*, or *for the purpose of carrying it into effect*, shall be the paramount law of the land, just as in the other part of the phrase it is said, that treaties made *under the authority of the United States* shall also form a part of this paramount law. In both cases, there is no reference to the question, whether the law or the treaty has been made in a rightful or wrongful exercise of the legislative or treaty-making power. It is merely affirmed that the acts of the General Government, performed in the exercise of their powers under the Constitution, are paramount to those of the States. The same language is used in the Ordinance of Nullification, which declares that 'this Ordinance and the laws *made in pursuance thereof* by the legislative power of the State, shall be binding on the citizens.' It is obviously not intended, that the citizen shall judge for himself whether the laws so made are or are not agreeable to the tenor of the Ordinance, but merely that the laws which the assembly,—acting under this Ordinance or in consequence of the recommendation contained in this Ordinance,—may pass, shall be obligatory.

This qualification, which has sometimes, we believe, been regarded as very significant, has therefore no bearing on the point in question, nor is it, as Mr. Calhoun imagines, by the clause conferring on the Supreme Court the power of deciding in all cases arising under the Constitution, that the States are supposed to be deprived of their right of putting their own construction upon the powers of the General Government. The right of deciding on the constitutionality of the laws of the United States, belongs, from the nature of the case, to the courts, and is expressly given to the Supreme Court by the Constitution; but the possession of this right by the courts does not carry with it that of deciding, that an act of the General Government is of paramount authority to one of a State. On this subject, we are quite surprised at the looseness of the Vice-President's reasoning, and its apparent inconsistency with the general scope of his doctrine. 'Where there are two sets of rules,' he remarks, 'prescribed in reference to the same subject, *one by a higher and the other by an inferior authority*, the judicial tribunal called on to decide the case, must unavoidably determine, should they conflict, which is the law; and that necessarily compels it to decide that the rule prescribed by the *inferior power*, if, in its opinion, inconsistent with that of the higher, is void.'—This doctrine is strange indeed in the mouth of the Prince of nullifiers and great champion of State Sovereignty. Where, we would ask, has the Vice-President learned that the State Governments are inferior and the General Government a superior power?—We must inform him, that without being nullifiers, and without believing in the doctrine of State Sovereignty, we make no such admission for Massachusetts. The State and General Governments, each of which exercises, independently of the other, a portion of the sovereign or legislative power of the people, are neither superior nor inferior to each other: they are precisely on a level. The right of deciding on the constitutionality of the acts of the General Government would no more of itself authorize the judges to decide that they are paramount to those of the States, than it would authorize them to decide that the acts of the States are paramount to those of the General Government. The two Governments, considered as distinct legislative powers, are on a footing of perfect equality. The question, which shall prevail when their acts come into collision, must be decided by the nature of the case, and by the specific provisions of the Constitution. It follows, from the nature of the case, that the acts of the General Government, which represents the body politic of which all the States are members, must have an authority paramount to any other existing in the community; and this conclusion is confirmed by the letter of the Constitution, which expressly declares, in so many words, that the acts of the General Government are paramount to those of the States. It was by forming themselves into one body politic, and by expressly stipulating with each other in the compact by which this body politic was formed, that the acts of the General Government representing it should be paramount to their own, that the States surrendered the right of putting their own construction on the powers of the General Government; and this is the foundation of the authority possessed by the judges, when, by virtue of a different clause, they take cognisance of cases arising under the Constitution, to decide, as they undoubtedly must and would do, that any act of a State, whether in its sovereign or legislative capacity, pretending to annul an act of the General Government, is of itself, *ipso facto*, null and void.

Finally, says the Vice-President, 'it belongs to the authority which imposes an obligation, to declare its extent, as far as those are concerned on whom the obligation is placed. The obligation upon the individual citizens of the United States to obey the laws, results from the acts of their respective States, by which they became parties to the Union; and a similar act of the same authority declaring the extent of the obligation must be of equal authority, and of course releases the citizen from the obligation which he came under, by the effect of the former one.'

This is a point of great importance. It is here admitted, that the individual citizens are under an obligation to obey the law which the State is attempting to annul; but it is affirmed, that they may be discharged from this obligation by an act of the State annulling the law, *because* the same authority which imposed the obligation upon them has a right to release them from it. It is a matter of high concern for all who wish to know, and knowing, mean to perform their *duties*, to inquire how far this principle is true, or, if true, applicable to the present case.

The same authority which imposes an obligation must of *necessity possess the right of dispensing with it, or declaring its extent.* This principle, properly explained, may be received as true. But what is the authority which imposes the obligation,—for example, to execute a contract? Does the Vice-President suppose that it is the *will* of the parties who make the contract, and that the same will which brought each of them under the obligation, can, at any time, release him from it? Does he suppose, for example, that it is the will of the two parties to a contract of marriage which imposes upon them the obligations incident to that contract, and that either party can, by a mere act of the will, exempt him or herself from these obligations? We are quite sure, that Mr. Calhoun would not himself think of maintaining a doctrine so monstrous. What then is the authority which imposes the obligation? The answer is plain. The authority imposing the obligation is the one which makes the law, from which the obligation results. In ordinary cases, when the obligation results from the laws of the land, the authority imposing it is the Government of the country. In the case of contracts between parties not subject to the same Government, the obligation results from the moral law, and is imposed by the will of the great Lawgiver of the Universe. The present is the case of an obligation resulting from the law of the land. The citizens of South Carolina are bound to pay the duties required by the existing Tariff, because it is a part of the law of the land. They were brought under the obligation to obey the laws of the United States, by the act of the State of South Carolina, by which she and twelve other States formed themselves into one body politic, under a common Government, just as an individual is brought under the obligations resulting from a contract of marriage, by his own will to enter into it. But the authority imposing the obligation is in both cases not the will of the party, but the Government of the country. The Government has the same right to repeal or alter the law which it had to enact it, and in this sense the principle is true, that the same authority which imposes the obligation, has a right to dispense with it or to declare its extent. But the citizens of South Carolina, whether in their individual or joint capacity, have no more right to exempt themselves, by any act of their own, from the obligation to obey the laws which they have come under by adopting the Constitution, or to declare its extent, than they have to exempt themselves by their own act from the obligation to support their wives and children, which they have come under by entering into contracts of marriage. Nor does it make any difference that the act, by which the citizens of Carolina became parties to the social compact, was performed by them in their joint and not in their individual capacity. There are many cases, in which individuals are brought under obligations of various kinds by acts partly or entirely independent of their own will. A child is brought under the obligations which he owes to his parents by an act of theirs, over which he had no control. Will it be pretended that they have a right to relieve him from these obligations, or to determine their extent? A husband is liable for his wife's debts,—a principal is bound by the acts of his agents,—a ward by those of his guardian:—will it be pretended that the wife, the agent, the guardian has, either in law or morals, a dispensing or interpreting power over the obligations which they have brought upon other individuals by their acts? No person of sound mind could hazard so extravagant an assertion. Just as preposterous would it be to imagine, that because the citizens of Carolina were brought under their obligation to obey the laws by an act of the State, that is, of themselves in their joint capacity, they have therefore a right, acting in their joint capacity, to exempt themselves individually from this obligation. Common sense revolts at the suggestion. It is really wonderful, that principles so palpably erroneous should be depended on by a man like Mr. Calhoun, as a justification for measures of such transcendent importance and fearful tendency.

The principle that the same authority which imposes an obligation may dispense with or determine its extent is therefore, rightly understood, a true and salutary one: but instead of sustaining the Vice-President's doctrine, it completely refutes the very point which it was employed to establish. The authority which imposes upon the citizen the obligation to pay the duties is the Government of the country; and the same authority only can, by repealing or modifying the law, release him from this obligation, or in any way affect its character.

We have thus adverted, somewhat in detail, to the principal points in the Vice-President's exposition, and have endeavored to show that the doctrine of nullification is, upon the face of it, unconstitutional, impracticable and of ruinous tendency, and that there is no solid foundation for the few considerations of an argumentative character, by which Mr. Calhoun has endeavored to support it. Before taking leave of the subject, it may be proper to notice some views of a rather more general description which occupy a considerable portion of his letter, and are evidently regarded by its author as highly interesting and important.

It has often been objected, and as we conceive with great justice, to the pretensions of the Carolina politicians, that they contradict the acknowledged principle of republican Government, that the will of the majority should govern. That one State should undertake to annul the proceedings of the whole twenty-four, is a thing plainly at variance with this received and salutary axiom. In attempting to reply to this objection, the Vice-President takes a distinction between what he calls *absolute* and *concurring majorities.* By the former, he understands the numerical majority of the citizens taken in the aggregate; by the latter, a majority of the different sections, classes or interests into which they are divided. The absolute majority has, as he conceives, a constant disposition to encroach upon the rights of the minority; and in order to protect the sections or interests of which the minority is composed, it is important that each of these sections or interests should have a voice, as such, in the administration of the Government. In this country the distinct sections or interests are chiefly the States; and the doctrine of nullification, in authorizing a single State to arrest the action of all the rest, although it contravenes the principle of the absolute, is in perfect accordance with that of the concurring majority. This latter principle is recognised, according to the Vice-President, in the political institutions of most of the free States of all periods. He cites particularly the case of Rome, where the tribunes, representing the Plebeian class, had a negative upon the acts of the Senate. In this country, he conceives it to have been the intention of the framers of the Constitution, that the principle of the absolute majority should prevail in the ordinary business of administration, and that of the concurring majority in all questions belonging to the formation, amendment or construction of the Constitution. This is the great secret of the 'solidity and beauty of our admirable system;' and the doctrine of nullification, which proceeds upon this principle, instead of having a tendency to weaken this system, on the contrary confirms and carries it into effect in one of its most essential and salutary provisions.

To reasoning of this kind,—were it even more specious and plausible than this in our opinion is,—it would be a sufficient answer, that it is entirely of an abstract and speculative character, and affords of course no proper basis for important political action. It is, in fact, one of the most curious circumstances in this affair, that the leading Southern politicians have throughout founded their pretensions, and predicated the measures they recommend on principles, economical and political, not only wholly theoretical and vague, but before unheard of, broached by themselves for the first time, and repugnant to the received opinions of the whole practical and scientific world. Such is their doctrine, that the producer and not the consumer pays the taxes:—such is this of absolute and concurring majorities. The very language employed is entirely new. The phrase *concurring majority*, which, taken separately, is wholly unintelligible, and when explained as it is, involves a contradiction in terms, was, as far as we are informed, invented by Mr. Calhoun. Now we put it in perfect sincerity to the conscience of that gentleman and his political friends to say, whether it is fair and reasonable to expect, that the people of the United States will adopt instantaneously as a rule of action in the most important concerns, the new theories that may occur to a few citizens, however distinguished, in their abstract speculations on the sciences of politics and political economy. We cheerfully give full credit to the discoverers of these hitherto unheard of principles, for their talents, ingenuity and research, and should always listen with great attention to the suggestions they might make; but we cannot consent to receive them at once, and without reflection or examination, as infallible guides for conduct or even opinion. Before an abstract principle, however plausible it may appear, can be safely adopted as a basis of action in important matters, whether public or private, it must for a long time be canvassed, examined, opposed and defended, until it is finally admitted into the number of acknowledged and popular truths. We find, accordingly, that in the British Parliament, which affords the most illustrious example of deliberative legislation, no appeal is ever made to abstract principles, even such as are generally admitted. The argument turns entirely upon precedent and plain common sense. During the last fifteen or twenty years, propositions have been repeatedly made in the House of Commons of measures predicated on the pretended discoveries of Malthus, in regard to the law of population. But, although the belief in his doctrines was at one time nearly universal, and was probably shared by most of the members of Parliament, no measures predicated upon them could ever be got through. The event has fully justified this caution, the doctrine in question being now almost as universally rejected as it was at one time admitted. In the French Chambers, there is a greater disposition to abstract speculations, but the reference is always, in form at least, to acknowledged and received principles. No individual, as far as we are informed, ever undertook even there to broach an entirely new theory upon any subject, and demand, at the same moment, that it should be made the basis of immediate proceedings of the highest moment. To do this was reserved for the statesmen of the Carolina school, and they have done it at every stage in the progress of this business. At the very outset, Mr. McDuffie one fine morning rises in the House of Representatives, and, after entertaining his colleagues with a dissertation on the abstract principles of political economy, concludes by saying to them,—'Gentlemen, all this is entirely new: nobody ever heard of it before; it is directly opposed to all the received opinions on this subject; Adam Smith, Say, Ricardo, Hamilton, Gallatin know nothing about it, but so it is;—*ipse dixi;*—I have said it, and you will of course act upon it, and change at once the whole basis of your economical legislation.' The majority, as might naturally have been expected, decline complying with this polite proposal. This refusal is the intolerable grievance, of which the Carolina gentlemen are now complaining. What shall be the remedy?—At this point Mr. Calhoun in his turn takes the field, with an entirely new theory on the principles of the Constitution; for the very statement of which he is obliged to invent new forms of language, and which goes to nothing less than giving to one member of the body politic a right of controlling the action of all the rest. Novel, dangerous as, on the face of it, it is, this speculation too must be made the basis of immediate action: and sorry we are to say, that its author has found, in his own State, a majority of the community prepared to act upon it. For ourselves, we cannot recognise such a mode of proceeding as judicious, customary, or at all admissible in the practical administration of a wise and great people.

This being the true answer to this part of Mr. Calhoun's argument, it is unnecessary to go at length into an examination of the doctrine of absolute and concurring majorities.

We shall therefore merely remark that it is, as far as we have considered it, as incorrect and unsubstantial, as it is novel. It is important, no doubt, that the respective interests of the various territorial, professional, religious and other sections of society should be, as far as may be convenient, represented in the administration of the Government. This was the first rude form, in which the great modern discovery of the principle of *Representation* in Government dawned upon the minds of our European ancestors. The idea was acted upon in the political assemblies of the middle ages, denominated States General and Parliaments, in which the nobles, the clergy, the cities, the commons, and in some cases the peasants had each a separate representation. But in these and all other similar cases, the object was to obtain a concurrence of the different classes of society in *making* the law: nor do we believe that any example can be produced, either from ancient or modern history, with perhaps the single exception of the *Confederations* of Poland, in which the Constitution, written or unwritten, that is, the form prescribed by express agreement or usage for *making* the law, expressly authorizes any individual citizen or class of citizens to *break* the law. The idea is obviously self-contradictory and absurd. The case of the tribunes at Rome, to which the Vice-President alludes, is not in point. The tribunes possessed, by law, a negative upon the acts of the Senate, precisely as the President of the United States and the Governors of all the States possess a qualified negative upon the acts of Congress, and the State Legislatures. An act of the Roman Senate, which was negatived by a tribune, never became a law, and of course could not be *nullified*.

In our Constitution, the idea of representing different interests in the machinery for making the law, has been retained in favor of the States. These, independently of their representation on the principle of the numerical amount of their population in the House of Representatives, have a distinct representation on a footing of perfect equality in the Senate. A bill, which has obtained the sanction of the two Houses of Congress, has *ipso facto* been approved by a representation of the *absolute majority* of the whole people of the Union, and of what the Vice-President is pleased to call the *concurring majority*, that is, a majority of the representatives of the States, considered as distinct communities. The arrangement is one, which the Vice-President, reasoning consistently upon his own theory, ought to consider as perfect. But this does not satisfy him. Not content with obtaining for each of and all the States a full representation, on the principle both of the absolute and concurring majorities,—the very thing which he professes to wish for,—he insists that each shall have *in addition* for itself a right to *break* the law, which it has itself concurred in making:—that each State, after co-operating by its presence in imposing upon the other States the obligations resulting from a law, has a right to exempt itself by its own separate act from bearing its own share of these burdens; and,—as the rights of all the States in this respect are of course the same,—that the law, which is in form binding upon every body, is in fact and in reality binding upon nobody, since each of the parties supposed to be bound by it possesses individually a right to break it. —A right to break the law!

This is really too extravagant, and were it not for the respect which we have heretofore been disposed to entertain for the talents and character of Mr. Calhoun, we should find some difficulty in believing that he can be honest in expressing such opinions. The case furnishes a very strong example of the extent, to which party feeling and disappointed personal ambition can bewilder the conceptions of a naturally acute and powerful mind. If the Vice-President will review his principles, with only a small portion of the sagacity and correctness of judgment which he could bring to any other subject, he will see at once that the right which he claims for the States, is not that of being represented as distinct interests in the making of the law, (which they are by the Constitution) but that of *resisting* the execution of it, when made; and that the proceedings in which he is engaged, whether justifiable or not, are essentially *revolutionary*.

The Vice-President indulges in another course of remarks of considerable extent, which, though not directly applicable to the leading points of the argument, are of too serious a cast to be passed over without notice. He undertakes to show, that the Government of the Union would not be authorized to employ force against a State which should annul one of their acts; and, anticipating the objection that nullification is equivalent to a secession from the Union, which would place the seceding State in the attitude of a foreign one, he proceeds to reply to it by pointing out what he considers the distinction between *nullification* and *secession*. Secession is the actual retirement of one of the partners to a common concern; nullification is the refusal of the same partner to be bound by an act of the common agent. The object of the former is to dissolve the partnership,—of the latter, to confine it to its proper object. The right to secede, that is, to avoid the obligation of all the acts of the partnership, supposes the right to nullify, that is, to avoid the obligation of one: and there is therefore an obvious inconsistency in the theory of those, who, as the Vice-President tells us is the case with many persons, admit the former and deny the latter. For himself, he liberally concedes both: a State, according to him, has a right at discretion either to exempt itself by its own act from the obligation to obey any particular act of the General Government, or to nullify the whole, Constitution and all, at one fell swoop, and secede entirely from the Union.

Presented in this crude, unsophisticated and unqualified shape, the system of the Vice-President becomes almost ludicrous; but when we recollect the respectability of the quarter from which it proceeds, and the serious aspect which the practice upon it is assuming at the South, a painful feeling irresistibly predominates. Did Mr. Calhoun, when he was entering on these forbidden speculations, recollect the impressive language in which the Father of his country, forty years ago, pointed out their danger? 'It is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immoveable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; *discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned;* and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together its various parts.' Is it *discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that the Union can in any event be abandoned*, to affirm explicitly and without qualification, that every State has a right at its own discretion to secede from the Union? Is it *frowning indignantly upon the first dawning of every attempt to enfeeble the sacred ties which link together the United States*, to maintain that these links are a mere cobweb, which any one of the States has a right to break through or shake off at its own discretion? Is this a fit and proper lesson to come from the high places of the Federal Government, from the second in rank of the citizens who have been selected from the whole country, as the immediate executors of the great charter of the Union? We agree with Mr. Calhoun, that of the two heresies to which he alludes, the greater includes and supposes the less:—that it would be inconsistent for any one, who admits the right of nullifying at once, by secession, the Constitution and all the laws, to deny the right of nullifying one; but we utterly deny that either can be reconciled with the letter or spirit of the Constitution. The social compact,—like the contract of marriage,—is one in which the parties take each other for better or worse, for sickness or health, for life and for death. It is one from which they have no right to retire at discretion. They can have no right, as States or individuals, to avoid, either wholly or in part, the obligations of this compact, and the laws made under it, for the plain and unanswerable reason, that this compact and the laws made under it are the rule which determines for them what is right, and that opposition to the rule of right must of course be wrong. Extreme cases may undoubtedly occur, in which the obligation may, either wholly or in part, be innocently avoided; but they cannot, from the nature of the subject, be either contemplated in or reconciled with the law. The patriot shrinks from dwelling upon the circumstances under which they would happen, as he would from imagining a case, that should justify him in lifting his hand against his own father. His heart sickens at the thought that any such contingency can possibly occur. If forced to meet it, he makes no vain attempt to reconcile his conduct with the rule which he violates; no pretension to obey and break the law at one and the same time:—he boldly avows that his act is unconstitutional, and appeals for its justification to the Supreme Governor of the Universe, who has engraved upon the heart of man a law which, in some extreme cases, he is permitted to regard as paramount to every other.

We have now finished what we thought it necessary to say in the way of direct commentary upon Mr. Calhoun's exposition. On the leading points of the question, we have argued chiefly from his admission, which is made in the fullest and most explicit manner, that the United States are under a common Government, holding the same relation towards them that the Governments of the several States and all others hold to the communities over which they are respectively established

From the fact thus admitted, it follows, of necessity, as we have repeatedly remarked, that the Constitution is not a league or treaty, but a social compact, and that the Union is not a cluster of twenty-four independent States, but one body politic composed of twenty-four members,—each exercising a certain portion of the legislative or sovereign power, but having no pretension to independence. If this admission had been made unguardedly by Mr. Calhoun, and were not assented to by other champions of the same creed, it would be unfair to take advantage of it in the argument; but this is not the case. This exposition by the Vice-President is recognised by the nullifiers as the most authentic statement that has yet appeared of their sentiments, and is constantly referred to as the standard and symbol of the true nullifying faith. Other writers of high authority on the same subject hold the same language with the Vice-President, particularly the authors of the addresses issued by the late Columbia Convention. The Report, attributed to Mr. McDuffie, declares that 'the States entered into a *solemn compact* with each other, by which they established a *General Government*,' and quotes in support of his position the remark of Mr. Jefferson, that the States, by a *compact*, under the style and title of the Constitution of the United States, constituted a *General Government*. In like manner Mr. Turnbull, in his address to the people of South Carolina, tells them that 'the Constitution of the United States is admitted by contemporaneous writers to be a *compact* between (formed by) sovereign States, and that the subject matter (object) of that compact was a *Government*.' Finally, General Hayne, in the address to the people of the United States, remarks that the 'Constitution is a *compact* formed between the several States, acting as distinct communities, and that the *Government* created by it is a joint agency of the States.' They all pursue the same line of reasoning with the Vice-President, frequently quote his language, and evidently consider his writings as the creed of the party.

So far, indeed, is the admission to which we have alluded from being made by the Vice-President unguardedly or unintentionally, that in other parts of his exposition he in fact goes by necessary implication a great deal farther. He not only recognises the existence of a common Government, and consequently of one body politic, but lays it down as one of the leading points of his doctrine, that this body politic has *unlimited power* over its members, the States. Strange as it may appear to readers who have not looked attentively at the subject, it is actually one of the leading articles of the nullification creed, as expounded by the Vice-President in the document before us, that the United States are a body politic, possessing under the Constitution unlimited power over all its members. A State nullifies an act of the General Government; the General Government is then bound to apply to the States for a grant of the disputed power, in the form prescribed for amending the Constitution.—If three-fourths of the States grant the power,—what follows? *The nullifying State is bound to acquiesce.* 'If granted,' says the Vice-President, 'acquiescence would then become a duty on the part of the State.' No matter how large the concession,—no matter how important the alteration made in the character of our institutions,—should the General Government even claim a right to exercise all the powers of an unlimited military despotism, let but the change be proposed and carried through in the form of an amendment of the Constitution, and the individual States are *bound to acquiesce!*

And yet these States, who have not only formed themselves into one body politic under a common Government, to which they have delegated the most important powers that are exercised by other Governments, but who have bound themselves to each other to acquiesce in any extension of these powers that may be agreed upon by three-fourths of the number, remain nevertheless as completely sovereign and independent, since the conclusion of the compact containing these provisions, as they were before!

In what way the characters of sovereignty and independence are to be reconciled with the obligation, not only to obey a Government possessing certain specified powers, but to acquiesce in any extension of these powers that may be agreed upon by certain other parties, without the consent of the supposed sovereign and independent State, neither the Vice-President, nor Gov. Hamilton, nor Gen. Hayne, nor Mr. McDuffie, nor Mr. Turnbull, nor any other writer on the subject of nullification has condescended to inform us. They all freely admit, that the States are bound in ordinary cases to obey the laws made by the General Government:—that even in the particular cases where they have a right to nullify these laws, they are bound to submit to the decision of three-fourths of the States; and that in general they are bound to acquiesce in any extension of the powers of the General Government, that may be agreed upon without or against their consent by three-fourths of the States; but still maintain with one voice and an air of honest wonder that any body can differ from them, that each State is still, to all intents and purposes, as completely sovereign and independent, as before the adoption of the Constitution. 'The several States,' says the Report of the Columbia Convention, 'retain their sovereignty unimpaired.' 'The States are as sovereign now,' says the address to the people of Carolina, 'as they were prior to entering into the compact.' It is admitted that 'a *foreign* or inattentive reader, (*Qu:* Is Mr. Turnbull a native citizen?) unacquainted with the origin, progress and history of the Constitution, would be very apt, from the phraseology of the instrument, (a pretty good ground, one would think, for argument upon its meaning) to regard the States as having divested themselves of their sovereignty, and to have become (*regard to have become*, is not good English, Mr. Turnbull) great corporations, subordinate to one Supreme Government.' 'But this,' it seems, 'is (would be) an error.' 'The Federal Constitution is a treaty, a confederation, an alliance,' the parties to which are 'so many sovereign States.' General Hayne, in like manner, describes the States, in the address to the people, as 'the sovereign States of the confederacy.' 'The Constitution,' says the Vice-President in the exposition before us, 'is as strictly and as purely a confederation, as the one which it superseded.' 'The case of a treaty between sovereigns is strictly analogous to it.' '*At the bottom* of almost every misconception as to the relation between the States and the General Government, *lurks the radical error* that the latter is a national, and not, as in reality it is, a confederated Government.'

In other times, when other doctrines were fashionable in South Carolina, we were told by one of her distinguished statesmen of a very different *radical* error, which was *lurking at the bottom* of a doctrine which he then thought it his duty to oppose. 'The States, as political bodies,'—said Mr. McDuffie in his well-known pamphlet, *The Trio*, published about ten years ago,—'the States, as political bodies, have no original inherent rights. That they have such rights, is a false, dangerous and anti-republican assumption, which *lurks at the bottom* of all the reasoning in favor of State rights.'—Is there not room to apprehend that the error, which really lurks at the bottom in both these cases, is not precisely the one alluded to by either of these distinguished statesmen, but another which was also signalised by Mr. McDuffie on the same occasion and in the same pamphlet? 'Ambitious men of inferior talents, finding that they have no hope to be distinguished in the councils of the national Government, naturally wish to increase the power and consequence of the State Governments, the theatres in which they expect to acquire distinction. It is not, therefore, a regard for the rights of the people, and a real apprehension that those rights are in danger, that have caused so much to be said on the subject of prostrate State sovereignties and consolidated empire. It is the ambition of that class of politicians who expect to figure only in the State Councils, and of those States who are too proud to acknowledge any superior.'

This quotation was too provokingly apposite to be omitted; but we frankly own that the question preceding it must, in reference to the present case, be answered in the negative. The leading nullifiers, though sufficiently ambitious, are not men 'of inferior talents, who can have no hope of distinguishing themselves in the councils of the national Government.' They possess talents of a high order, and had already reached the most elevated stations in the National Government, before their judgments, previously sound and acute, had given way to the strange delusion which has now got possession of them. It is therefore necessary to look for the motives of their present proceedings in other quarters. Perhaps we may find them pretty satisfactorily accounted for, in the following passage of the same publication by Mr. McDuffie. 'He must have read the lessons of history to little purpose, who does not perceive that the people of particular States are liable to fall occasionally into a dangerous and morbid excitement upon particular subjects; and that, under this excitement, they will impel their rulers into the adoption of measures in their tendency destructive to the Union.'

But without undertaking to scrutinize the motives of the leading statesmen of South Carolina, we repeat that none of them have yet condescended to inform us, how they reconcile their admissions as to the authority of the General Government in ordinary cases, and that of the United States under the amending clause, with their doctrine of 'unimpaired sovereignty.' Mr. Calhoun, in the document before us, appears to be aware of the difficulty, but does not meet it in the full and frank manner which we had a right to expect from a man of his character. He takes refuge in vague and indefinite forms of language.

'Previous to the adoption of the present Constitution,' says he, 'no power could be exercised over any State, by any other or all of the States, without its own consent.' In other words, the States were then independent of each other, and, in the common phrase, sovereign. How are they now?—'The present Constitution,' continues Mr. Calhoun, 'has made in this particular *a most important modification in their condition.* I allude to the provision which gives validity to amendments of the Constitution, when ratified by three-fourths of the States, a provision which has not attracted as much attention as its importance deserves.'* It appears, then, that although the sovereignty of the States is *unimpaired*, their condition in this particular has undergone *a most important modification.* Now the long word *modification*, though it be, like Bardolph's *accommodated*, 'a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command,' means, with all its six syllables, neither more nor less than the old-fashioned English monosyllable *change.*—*Modification*, says Johnson, is the act of *modifying*; and to *modify* is to *change.* It seems, then, that the condition of the States has undergone in this particular a most important *change.* It is no longer what it was. But they were before independent: of course they are now not independent. Such appears to be the plain English of the vague term *modification.*

But to what extent has this modification been carried? Before the adoption of the Constitution no power could be exercised over a State without its own consent. Now, by the admission of Mr. Calhoun, the United States can exercise unlimited power over a State without its own consent. This is indeed a most important *modification* of the sovereignty of the State. Such, however, is the virtue of this valuable word, that it prevents all the effect that would otherwise ensue to the sovereignty of the State from the change signified by it. 'To understand correctly the nature of this *concession*, (the *modifi-*

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* It is, in fact, rather singular, that until this mention of it by Mr. Calhoun, the amending clause of the Constitution had, as far as we are informed, never been alluded to in connexion with the much-debated subject of *State Sovereignty.* It is obviously, of itself, decisive against any such pretension. There were originally two specific limitations to the amending power, one of which expired in the year 1808; the other, which is still in force, provides that no State shall in this way 'be deprived, without its consent, of its equal suffrage in the Senate.' Of every other political power, privilege, liberty and franchise, a State may be constitutionally deprived, *without its consent.* And yet the States retain their *Sovereignty* unimpaired!!!

cation is after all a *concession,*) we must not confound it with the power conferred upon the General Government, and to be exercised by it as the joint agent of the States. They are essentially different. The former is in fact but a modification of the original sovereign power, residing in the people of the several States.' It seems, then, that this *most important modification* is in fact *a modification.* '*Accommodated* is when a man is, as they say, *accommodated,* or when a man is being —whereby he may be thought to be *accommodated.*' 'But,' continues the Vice-President, 'the original sovereign power residing in the people of the several States, though modified, is not delegated. It still resides in the States, and is still to be exercised by them, and not by the Government.' He had just told us, that the condition of the several States had undergone in this particular a most important modification, by the concession of power made in the provision for amending the Constitution:—now there is no delegation,—no concession,—the sovereignty is modified, but the condition of the State remains as it was before. Did the Vice-President himself understand exactly what he meant to say?

'It still resides in the States, and is to be exercised by them, and not by the Government.' How is this?—Before the adoption of the Constitution, the whole political power of each State resided in the State: now, a large portion of it has been transferred, by the provision for amending the Constitution, to the United States. How then can it be said, that the whole still resides in the State? Of what consequence is it whether the power has been conceded to the General Government, or to the United States? Provided it be gone from the State, it is obvious that the sovereignty of the State is equally impaired, whether it now belongs to one or the other. The point which Mr. Calhoun wishes to make out is, that each State now possesses all the political power which it possessed before the adoption of the Constitution. It is admitted that a large concession has been made. But, says Mr. Calhoun, the power thus granted has been granted to the United States, and not to the General Government,—therefore, it still remains in the possession of the granting State! The owner of a tract of land conveys away a part of it for a valuable consideration; but the sale being made to B. and not to C., it follows, says Mr. Calhoun, that the whole remains in possession of A.

If arguments like these were found in a document purporting to be a mere specimen of forensic ingenuity, or in the speech of a legal advocate who might be supposed to defend his client, whether he thought his case a good one or not, we should conclude, at once, that the person employing them had, from a consciousness of the weakness of his cause, resorted expressly to ambiguous language, and loose sophistical reasoning. But the document before us is of a very different character and consequence. The subject which it treats is a great practical question. The author,—no less a person than the Vice-President of the United States,—has placed himself at the head of an enterprise, which, according to the degree of purity and singleness of heart with which he engages in it, must be regarded as in him the noblest exercise of patriotism, or the highest offence known to the law. Such is the individual, whom we find under such circumstances resorting for his justification to a sort of language, which, in ordinary cases, would be received as the obvious resource and undoubted evidence of *insincerity*. We shrink from characterizing such a course in the way which appears most natural, and gladly avail ourselves of the pointed and fearless denunciation of Mr. McDuffie.

'A man, who will contend that our Government is a confederacy of independent States, whose independent sovereignty was never in any degree renounced, and that it may be controlled or annulled at the will of the several independent States or sovereignties, can scarcely be regarded as belonging to the present generation. The several independent States control the General Government! this is anarchy itself.'

It is unnecessary, we trust, to pursue this discussion any farther. The nullifiers, we repeat, scarcely attempt to reconcile their full and express admissions, that the Constitution is a social compact, by which the States have formed themselves into a body politic under a common Government, which body politic possesses, under the amending clause, an unlimited power over the political condition of its members, with the assertion, openly and obviously inconsistent with these admissions, that each State still retains its independence and sovereignty entire and unimpaired. Their whole argument, such as it is, consists in the eternal repetition of two ideas. The States were independent at the time when they made the Constitution,—therefore they are independent now. A. and B. were single persons at the time when they entered into a contract of marriage, therefore they are single still. The precise and avowed object of the contract, in both cases, is to put an end to the relation which the parties previously held towards each other, and to substitute for it another and a different one. Yet it is sagely concluded, that because they held towards each other this relation, which it was intended to terminate, before, they must of necessity hold it afterwards; and this is the conclusion which the Vice-President and his followers declare themselves determined to enforce upon the people of the United States, if necessary, at the cannon's mouth!

What then, it may be asked, is in fact the situation of the States under the Constitution? Are they mere corporations, like our cities and towns, deriving all their powers from the acts of the Government under which they are placed? Assuredly not. The States are the original parties to the social compact, and are recognised in it as entitled to exercise a certain portion of the legislative power. In the exercise of this power, they are, as we have already remarked, just as independent of the General Government, as the General Government is of them in the exercise of the powers with which it is invested by the same Constitution. But although the General Government has no authority over the State Governments, the United States, besides the control which they exercise through the General Government over the citizens of the States, also possess, under the amending clause of the Constitution, an almost unlimited control over the political situation of the States themselves. Under these circumstances, it is obvious, that the States, though holding, not by law, but by an original right recognised in the Constitution, the legislative power which they are entitled to exercise, have yet no pretensions to sovereignty or absolute political independence, and that, the only sovereign power, recognised in our institutions is that of the people or body politic of the United States.

In the quotations which we have made from the pamphlet of Mr. McDuffie, we have employed to a very moderate extent the *argumentum ad hominem,* which, as our readers are aware, might be carried without difficulty a great deal farther. There have probably been very few cases, in the history of this or any other country,—especially relating to matters of so much importance,—in which individuals have placed themselves before the public, in a position so diametrically opposite to that which they occupied but a short time before. Their inconsistency is equally glaring in reference to the nature of the evil of which they complain, and the means by which they propose to remedy it. But a few years ago, these very persons not only supported and professed to believe in the policy of protecting domestic industry, but actually originated the plan, and employed the whole weight of their talents and influence in carrying it through Congress. At the same time, they denounced the claim of a right in the States to annul the acts of the General Government, as anarchy itself. Now, the protecting policy is not only not advantageous but utterly ruinous to the country; and not only ruinous but unconstitutional, and not only unconstitutional but so plainly and palpably unconstitutional, as to justify a resort to the most desperate extremities to get rid of it. Now, the right of the States to annul at discretion the acts of the General Government is not only not anarchy itself, but is the simplest and most beautiful part of the whole machinery of our political institutions. It would be easy to collect from the writings and speeches of these gentlemen at the two periods alluded to, whole pages of passages, presenting, on the same authority, exactly the *pro* and *con* of every prominent point in the argument. This has in fact been done to a considerable extent by Mr. Carey, and if the subject were not a serious one, the contrast would be irresistibly amusing. Our limits will not permit us to enlarge upon this point, and the strength of the direct argument renders it unnecessary. In general, we are not disposed to insist too rigorously upon formal party consistency, and are willing to allow to political men a reasonable latitude in reconsidering their opinions, and adapting their abstract principles to the circumstances under which they are called to act. But in a case so very peculiar as this, where the party is so clearly bound to put himself in the right in the great court of public opinion, he certainly gives his opponents a fearful advantage when he enables them, on every leading point, to *condemn* him unequivocally and peremptorily *out of his own mouth.*

Is it in fact to be endured, that men of talents, reputation, commanding stations in society, shall denounce as inexpedient, unconstitutional, intolerably oppressive, as furnishing legitimate motives for resistance, measures, which not ten years ago they openly supported, nay, themselves originated and pressed upon the country? That they shall claim and insist upon, as their dearest and most essential rights, pretensions, which not ten years ago they denounced as chimerical, unconstitutional, anarchical, involving in practice the destruction of all government? Can the people of the United States believe, that the persons by whom these diametrically opposite opinions have been successively maintained with equal warmth and zeal, have been perfectly sincere in both? Or if, in the exercise of a perhaps excessive charity, they believe them to have been sincere, will they consider them as persons of a sufficiently sound and cool judgment to be followed with safety, through the dangerous paths into which they would lead us,—over the unfathomable precipices, to the brink of which they have already brought their deluded retainers?—We think not.

We have left ourselves but little room for direct remark upon the Ordinance of the Carolina Convention; and if the views which we take of its operation and character be correct, it does not necessarily call for any extended commentary. We copy the entire document, as a sort of political curiosity, and shall annex a few observations.

'*An Ordinance to nullify certain Acts of the Congress of the United States, purporting to be laws laying duties and imposts on the Importation of Foreign Commodities.*

Whereas the Congress of the United States, by various Acts, purporting to be Acts laying duties and imposts on foreign imports, but in reality intended for the protection of Domestic Manufactures, and the giving of bounties to classes and individuals engaged in particular employments, at the expense and to the injury and oppression of other classes and individuals, by wholly exempting from taxation certain foreign commodities, such as are not produced or manufactured in the United States, to afford a pretext for imposing higher and excessive duties on articles similar to those intended to be protected, hath exceeded its just powers under the Constitution, which confers on it no authority to afford such protection, and hath violated the true meaning and intent of the Constitution, which provides for equality in imposing the burdens of taxation upon the several States and portions of the Confederacy;—And, whereas the said Congress, exceeding its just power to impose taxes and collect revenue for the purpose of effecting and accomplishing the specific objects and purposes which the Constitution of the United States authorized it to effect and accomplish, hath raised and collected unnecessary revenues, for objects unauthorized by the Constitution:—

We, therefore, the People of the State of South Carolina in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the several Acts and parts of Acts of the Congress of the United States, purporting to be laws for the imposing of duties and imposts on the importations of the States, and more especially an Act entitled "an Act in alteration of the several Acts imposing duties on imports," approved on the 19th day of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight, and also an Act entitled "an Act to alter and amend the several Acts imposing duties on imports," approved on the 14th day of July, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, are unauthorized by the Constitution of the United States, and violate the true meaning thereof, and are null, void, and no law, nor binding upon this State, its officers or citizens; and all promises, contracts and obligations made or entered into, or to be made or entered into, with the purpose to secure the duties imposed by the said Acts, and all judicial proceedings which shall be hereafter had in affirmance thereof are and shall be held utterly null and void.

And it is further ordained, That it shall not be lawful for any of the constituted authorities, whether of this State or of the United States, to enforce the payment of duties imposed by the said Acts within the limits of this State; but that it shall be the duty of the Legislature to adopt such Acts as may be necessary to give full effect to this Ordinance, and to prevent the enforcement and arrest the operation of the said Acts and parts of Acts of the Congress of the United States within the limits of this State, from and after the 1st day of February next, and the duty of all other constituted authorities, and of all persons residing or being within the limits of this State, and they are hereby required and enjoined to obey and give effect to this Ordinance, and such Acts and measures of the Legislature as may be passed or adopted in obedience thereto.

And it is further ordained, That in no case of law or equity, decided in the Courts of this State, wherein shall be drawn in question the authority of this Ordinance, or the validity of such Act or Acts of the Legislature as may be passed for the purpose of giving effect thereto, or the validity of the aforesaid Acts of Congress, imposing duties, shall any appeal be taken, or allowed, to the Supreme Court of the United States, nor shall any copy of the record be permitted or allowed for that purpose; and if any such appeal shall be attempted to be taken, the Courts of this State shall proceed to execute and enforce their judgments, according to the laws and usages of the State, without reference to such attempted appeal; and the person or persons attempting to take such appeal, may be dealt with for a contempt of the Court.

And it is further ordained, That all persons now holding any office of honor, profit or trust, civil or military, under this State, shall, within such time as the Legislature shall prescribe, take, in such manner as the Legislature may direct, an oath well and truly to obey, execute and enforce this Ordinance, and such Act or Acts of the Legislature as may be passed in pursuance thereof, according to the true intent and meaning of the same; and on the neglect or omission of any such person or persons so to do, his or their office or offices shall be forthwith vacated, and shall be filled up, as if such person or persons were dead or had resigned; and no person, hereafter elected to any office of honor, profit or trust, civil or military, shall, until the Legislature shall otherwise provide and direct, enter on the execution of his office, or be in any respect competent to discharge the duties thereof, until he shall, in like manner, have taken a similar oath; and no juror shall be impannelled in any of the Courts of this State, in any cause in which shall be in question this Ordinance, or any Act of the Legislature passed in pursuance thereof, unless he shall first, in addition to the usual oath, have taken an oath, that he will well and truly obey, execute and enforce this Ordinance, and such Act or Acts of the Legislature as may be passed to carry the same into operation and effect, according to the true intent and meaning thereof.

And we, the People of South Carolina, to the end that it may be fully understood by the Government of the United States, and the People of the co-States, that we are determined to maintain this, our Ordinance and Declaration, at every hazard,—do further declare, that we will not submit to the application of force, on the part of the Federal Government, to reduce this State to obedience; but that we will consider the passage, by Congress, of any Act authorizing the employment of any military or naval force against the State of South Carolina, her constituted authorities or citizens, or any Act abolishing or closing the ports of this State, or any of them, or otherwise obstructing the free ingress and egress of vessels, to and from the said ports, or any other Act on the part of the Federal Government to coerce the State, shut up her ports, destroy her commerce, or to enforce the acts hereby declared to be null and void, otherwise than through the civil tribunals of the country, as inconsistent with the longer continuance of South Carolina in the Union: and that the people of this State will thenceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connexion with the people of other States, and will forthwith proceed to organize a separate Government, and do all other acts and things, which sovereign and independent States may of right do.'

If, in a matter so serious as this, it were worth while to pay much attention to forms of expression, the language of this document would afford ample room for criticism. To begin with the very title: *an Ordinance*. It has been well observed, that the Convention could hardly have given to the paper expressing their intentions a less auspicious name, than this obsolete vestige of the French *ancien regime*, the last example of which, known to us in this country, was the celebrated Ordinance to nullify the liberty of the press and the right of suffrage. The result of this attempt at nullification by Charles X. was hardly such as to encourage imitation, or to bring the phraseology employed by him into very good odor.—*An Ordinance to nullify*,—why substitute the affected term *nullify*, of which no one knows the real meaning, for the standard English word *annul*, which every body understands? Obviously for no other purpose, than to *mystify* the good people of Carolina into a course, which, if the true character of it were honestly presented to them, they would shrink from with horror. The use of this term is an improvement, at the suggestion of Mr. Turnbull, upon the title as originally reported by Mr. Harper, which ran thus:—*an Ordinance to provide for arresting the operation of certain acts, &c.* This was at least intelligible. Again: *an Ordinance to nullify certain acts of Congress purporting to be laws.* Why *purporting* to be laws?—They are laws. The Acts of the General Government are, as such, laws. They may be inexpedient, oppressive, unconstitutional,—but they are still *laws*. This is their appropriate name as Acts of the Government, and has no connexion with the question of their validity. The phraseology of the first sentence of the Ordinance is still more singular:—*Whereas the Congress of the United States, by various Acts purporting to be Acts laying duties and imposts on foreign imports, but in reality intended for the protection of domestic manufactures.* Purporting to be acts laying duties and imposts on foreign imports! Can any one doubt that they are Acts laying duties on foreign imports? The objection to them is, that they lay duties for a purpose not recognised by the Constitution; but no man in his senses can pretend to doubt, that they do in fact lay duties on foreign imports.

The rest of the Ordinance is about as correctly drawn, as the title and the first sentence: but, without enlarging on mere phraseology, let us proceed to considerations of a more substantial character. The questions that naturally suggest themselves on a perusal of this extraordinary document are, What is its immediate operation? What measures will it call for, on the part of the General Government? What will be its ultimate effect upon the political situation of the country?

1. *What is its immediate operation?* In the view which we take of it, the Ordinance, standing by itself, is entirely inoperative. It pretends to release the citizens of South Carolina from the obligation to obey the Revenue laws, but it leaves the Government of the United States in possession of all the means which they had before to enforce them. If the importer refuse to pay the duties and give the usual bonds, the goods will of course be seized and sold without farther process. If he give bonds and refuse to pay them when due, the usual legal process will be had in the District Court; and, as the jurors serving in that Court are not called on to take the oath to obey the Ordinance, there will be no appearance even of a conflict of obligations. The Judge, whose duty it is to instruct the jury in the law, will of course tell them that the Ordinance, as far as it contradicts the laws of the United States, has no legal effect, and they will give their verdict accordingly. If, in some cases, juries, under the influence of the popular excitement, should undertake to judge of the law for themselves, and give verdicts in clear cases against the Government, there would be, no doubt, some practical inconvenience, but in theory the law would still have its course. There would be no collision between the authority of the General and State Governments, and no occasion for any interposition of force by the former. The situation of things would be substantially the same as it was in this city during the last war with Great Britain, where the juries habitually gave verdicts against the Government, in cases where the right was clearly on its side. Still the law ostensibly had its course, and the public peace was not broken. The Ordinance, therefore, standing by itself, is a mere dead letter.

2. *What measures does it call for, on the part of the General Government?* The Ordinance, being entirely inoperative, and having no legal or practical effect which the Government can or ought to notice, of course calls for no measures in the way of counteraction. Considered as an indication of the state of the public feeling in South Carolina, it calls undoubtedly for measures of precaution against the occurrence of a future state of things, which the adoption of this Ordinance by the Convention renders probable, and which would require the interposition of the military power of the Government. The Ordinance makes it 'the duty of the Legislature to adopt such measures and pass such acts, as may be necessary to give full

effect to the Ordinance, and to prevent the enforcement and arrest the operation of the Revenue laws. The Legislature will probably do something in pursuance of this direction; and upon the character of the measures which they may adopt will depend, of course, the character of those with which the Government of the United States will be called on to meet them. Should they pass an act, making it penal for the officers of the General Government to perform their duties, and attempt to enforce it upon the person of the Marshal, there would then be a case of open insurrection against the Government of the country. In ordinary cases, the Marshal, when obstructed in the execution of his duty, calls for aid on the bystanders; but if this resource prove ineffectual, or if circumstances render it inexpedient to depend upon it, the particulars of the case are communicated in the form of a certificate from the District Judge to the President, who immediately employs the military force of the country, either the regular army or the militia, at his discretion, to suppress the insurrection, as he is authorized to do by the letter of the Constitution and various statutes. The militia would of course not be resorted to, unless the regular military and naval force should be found insufficient. This course was pursued by General Washington, in the case of the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania, and was attended with complete success. The misguided persons, who might be taken and brought to trial for obstructing the execution of the laws, would probably plead in justification the law of the State; but the District Judge would of course instruct the jury, that 'the laws of the United States are the supreme law of the land, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.' If the popular excitement should be so great, that juries should in clear cases acquit prisoners, the latter would of course escape the punishment they deserved, but no material inconvenience would be suffered by the country. The President, by a proper development of military force, would be able to execute the laws and preserve the public peace. Should Carolina, in pursuance of the threat held out in the Ordinance, undertake, in consequence of the employment of military force by the President, to place herself still more openly in opposition to the Government, by attempting to withdraw from the Union, and arraying an army against that of the United States, the result would be civil war,—an occurrence every way deplorable, and one of which we shudder to contemplate the possibility, but of which we cannot permit ourselves to doubt the issue.

Such, however, being the state of things which may and probably will grow out of the adoption of this Ordinance, it is apparent that it calls imperiously for *measures of precaution.* Ample means should be in readiness to meet a crisis so serious and alarming. A seasonable display of energy and decision may, in this case, as it did in that of the whisky insurrection, save the country years of civil commotion, and probably decide the fate of the Union. We are, therefore, glad to learn that the President has already stationed in the disturbed district, as commander of the troops, an officer of the highest character for experience, talents and patriotism, and has made some other demonstrations for the same ultimate purpose. In general, the course of the Government, on this most important subject, as far as it has been developed, accords entirely with what we consider the true policy of the country. The tone of the President's Message to Congress, and of Mr. McLane's Report in relation to this topic, is temperate and judicious, and the view taken of the nature of the crisis correct: a promise is also made of farther and more energetic measures, should the occasion require them. If the General Government continue to pursue with discretion, but at the same time with firmness and energy, the course upon which they have thus entered, they will find themselves supported by the friends of the country of all parties, and in all quarters of the Union.

The only parts of the late communications of the Government, having any bearing upon this subject, which we have read with regret, have been those which recommend a reduction of the revenue. Independently of the ruinous tendency of a repeal of the protecting duties, considered as such, it appears to us that the moment is singularly unpropitious for the agitation of any plan, tending to diminish the receipts into the Treasury. In general, our statesmen have shown an unnecessary solicitude about the disposition of a future possible surplus revenue, which has thus far never existed for a single moment since the organization of the Government. Mr. Jefferson felt this solicitude to a very great degree, and looked forward to the payment of the then existing national debt, as a period when we should find ourselves not a little embarrassed by the amount of our superabundant treasures. Long before the expected period came, a foreign war intervened, and instead of having any surplus wealth to dispose of, we were compelled to borrow at very high interest. The present Administration have shown a strong, and in itself very laudable and politic anxiety to extinguish the debt ; and have also, for two or three years past, begun to look forward with alarm to the influx of an overwhelming flood of surplus revenue, which is to burst upon us after the debt shall be paid. In the mean time, however, before any surplus whatever is realized,—while a considerable portion of the debt still remains unpaid,—two States have taken such a position in relation to the General Government, as will probably lead to a development of military force. The proceedings of Carolina have been already noticed at length. Georgia, on her part, peremptorily refuses to permit the judgment of the Supreme Court in the Missionary case to be executed. A return of this refusal will be made this winter to the Court, which will then, in the regular course of law, direct the Marshal of the district to execute the judgment himself. In this he will probably be resisted, and upon the fact being certified to the President, it will be his duty to employ the military force of the country to give effect to the laws. Although the President, in pursuance of what we consider an erroneous construction of the Intercourse Act of 1802, did not undertake to prevent by force the irruption of Georgia into the Cherokee territory, we are bound to presume that he will feel no hesitation about enforcing a judgment of the Supreme Court, regularly rendered in due course of law, and of which he cannot question the validity, without assuming the functions of an appellate tribunal. The result will be open collision. With every appearance of the occurrence of civil commotions in two States within the next year, it seems to us to be scarcely expedient,—independently of any other consideration,—to think of measures for reducing the revenue. As no surplus has yet been actually realized, the very first movement of troops would make it necessary to resort to new loans, which, if the troubles should continue, must be increased to an indefinite extent, and would effectually prevent the so much dreaded evil of an eventual surplus. We are inclined in fact to doubt very much, whether it will ever be found practicable to bring down the revenue below its present amount, even supposing it to afford ten or fifteen millions more than is wanted for the ordinary expenses of the Government. Such is the condition of human affairs, that periods of trouble of one kind or another must in the nature of things occur, at least as often as once in twenty or thirty years. These will, in general, render it necessary to resort to loans, which during the intervals of tranquillity must be extinguished. If, with taxes as light and as little felt as those which we now pay, we are able to defray the ordinary charges of the Government,—sustain the public credit,—meet the exigencies of foreign and civil war when they occur, and pay off the debts they impose upon us in time of peace, we shall do more,—far more,—than any other nation of ancient or modern times has done before us. At all events, the moment when we are about to enter on a period of civil commotion, of which the extent, duration and consequences cannot even be conjectured, is obviously the last that should be chosen for commencing a system of reduction.

3. *What will be the effect of the present troubles upon the political condition of the country?*

This will depend entirely upon the conduct of the General Government, and especially of the Executive branch, upon which, under present circumstances, the weight of responsibility principally falls. If the crisis be met with the necessary firmness and discretion, there can hardly be a doubt, that the resources of the Union are amply sufficient to secure the execution of the laws. If, from a want of firmness and discretion in the Executive, or of a disposition in Congress to sustain the Executive in the measures required by the crisis,—contingencies of which we cannot anticipate the possibility,—the nullifiers are permitted to carry their projects into effect, the Government is of course at an end. The state of things which would then ensue, has been described somewhat in detail in a preceding part of this article. The ports of Carolina would be free, and the country would be deluged through them, with foreign goods imported without duties. The revenue would fall off to nothing; the manufactures would all be destroyed; the public credit would cease, and the public service come to a stand for want of funds; a general bankruptcy of private fortunes would overspread the country, and the body politic would fall into a state of complete dissolution.

Of these disastrous results we are, however, unwilling to admit the possibility, although they would necessarily follow from the success of the projects of the nullifiers. It has been well observed, that the attempt of a State to place itself in direct opposition to the authority of the Federal Government, is one of the evils naturally incident to our political system;—that the occurrence of such an attempt is a sort of crisis, which we must have expected to go through at one time or another, as the individual, in his progress to maturity, is subject to the attacks of certain diseases, from which he can hardly hope to escape;—and that the circumstances, under which this attempt is now made, afford perhaps as favorable a prospect as any that could well be imagined for such a termination of it, as will at once prevent any immediate mischief, and discourage the renewal of similar attempts in future. The State which now places itself in open opposition to the law, however distinguished in other times for intelligence, patriotism, and generosity, is physically and politically one of the least effective in the Union.—With a white population of less than two hundred and fifty thousand souls, of whom at least a third are opposed to the project;—with a dangerous internal enemy in her bosom;—unsupported by the co-operation of any other State, her nearest neighbors being among the most determined opponents of her views;—it is apparent that Carolina takes the field against the Union under every disadvantage. The fanaticism with which the nullifying party are inspired may perhaps give occasion to some distressing scenes: but should the General Government meet the crisis in a proper manner, the odds on the first development of military force will be so desperate, that we incline to think there will be very little occasion for actual violence, and that tranquillity will be restored with hardly any injury to life or property. Should such be the event, the probability of future occurrences of a similar kind will be diminished; our institutions will acquire new force and stability; and the general result of the whole affair will be favorable, rather than adverse to the prosperity of the country. Had the experiment of a violent opposition to the authority of the General Government been tried for the first time by New-York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, New-England in a body, or any State or combination of States which would have been able to carry with it a great array of actual physical force, the crisis would have been of a very different character.

We may add, that it is difficult to conceive of any case in which the right could be more clearly with the General Government, and against the discontented State, than it is in this: a circumstance, which adds to the vast preponderance of material power at the disposal of the former, the moral influence which is so important and even essential to the success of any cause. However the nullifiers may, under the influence of the enthusiasm which now possesses them, have wrought themselves up into a sincere belief in the justice of their cause, it is impossible but that in cooler moments they should feel its weakness. This conviction will press itself upon them with new force when the power of the Government is actually displayed, and will produce an indecision on their part, which will contribute very much to bring the struggle to a favorable issue.

Still, the crisis,—though as little dangerous as any one of the same description that could well be imagined,—is yet one of fearful importance, and the friends of the country cannot but look forward with deep and painful anxiety to its termination. The question of the continuance of our present form of Government,—of the existence on this continent of republican institutions of any description,—is now to be decided. The precise problem, as we understand it, is not whether the Union shall be preserved, but whether the Union shall be preserved under our present mild and beneficent system of polity, or whether, after a temporary dissolution of the bonds that now unite us,—we shall be brought together again into a new body politic, consolidated by the iron bands of military power. That the States composing this Union can ever remain for any length of time politically separate from each other, is in the nature of things impossible. The experiment was tried in the short interval between the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution, and was found impracticable. If repeated, under whatever circumstances, the result would be the same. We have shown in a preceding part of this article that, by the present Constitution, the States formed themselves into one body politic under a common Government, and that they are now, in form, *one people.* If the Constitution were in this respect a false representation of their actual and substantial political condition;—if they were really separated from each other by important substantial differences, whether of geographical position, origin, language, physical conformation, or any others, there would then be a constant tendency to a dissolution of the Union; and separation, being the natural state of the parties, would probably, when it had once taken effect, become the permanent one. Thus the attempt of the British Government to combine their European possessions and the colonies now composing the United States under one system of civil polity, was obviously at variance with the law of nature, and could only terminate sooner or later in the way in which it did. The same may be said of their present attempt to combine under the same political system with their European possessions, the northern part of this continent,—the vast peninsula of Hindostan with its hundred million inhabitants,—the southern termination of Africa, and half the islands on the face of the globe,—including the Australian Continent, with its dependencies, which, of themselves, may be said to constitute another *new world.* All these scattered limbs,—*membra disjecta,*—of the mighty Queen of the Ocean,—are destined to fall off successively from the parent body, and form themselves into independent States. With the members of this Union, the case is different. Descended from the same original stock; united by community of language, literature, manners, laws, religion and government; enclosed, notwithstanding the vast extent of their territory, by a border of unbroken geographical continuity;—brought up from their first plantation, through the long period of colonial infancy, to their present flourishing and glorious maturity, as sisters of one family;—bound together by the million various indissoluble ties of personal relationship, that have been created by a constant intercourse of more than two centuries,—the States composing this Union not only are, according to the form of the Constitution, but they are in fact and in feeling *one people.* They were united, before they framed the Constitution, by the high and paramount decree of the great Lawgiver of the universe: and whom God hath joined, man *cannot* put asunder. It is not enough to say, that the Union ought not to be dissolved,—that the States have no right to dissolve it,—that it is better that it should not be dissolved:—the truth is, that it *cannot* permanently be dissolved. Its members cannot exist for any length of time in a state of separation from each other. The present form of Union may, —should Providence intend to visit us with his severest judgments,—be temporarily broken up. What would be the consequence? The very act of its destruction would in all probability be attended by a development of military power and a series of military movements, which would end in the recombination of the States into another Union, under a military Government. Should we even suppose,—what is next to impossible,—a peaceful temporary separation, what would still be the consequence? The continual relations between twenty-four neighboring States of kindred origin and civilization, would necessarily lead to collisions, which would grow into wars, and these would continue until conquest had again consolidated the whole country into a new Union, not as at present, under the quiet reign of constitutional liberty, but under the sway, in some of its various forms, of a lawless and sanguinary despotism.

The necessity of these results is apparent on the slightest reflection, and is confirmed by the examples of all the nations of which we know the history. To look only to the mother country :—a thousand years ago, the British islands were occupied by hundreds of independent communities, essentially different in their origin, languages, manners, laws, every thing that constitutes civilization. Continued wars gradually brought them under common Governments, until, at the close of the last century, the union of Great Britain and Ireland finally completed the consolidation of the whole into one political body. So it has been in France, in Holland, in Spain, in Germany, in Italy, in Russia. So it has been in ancient times and other regions ;—in Egypt, China, Greece, Rome. So it has always been and always must be every where. The European nations have all arrived through centuries of carnage and confusion at their present condition ; they are still tending violently to a more complete union, which, after other centuries of carnage and confusion, they will ultimately reach. It has been our blessed fortune to begin where they have ended or are likely to end ; to grow up from the hour of our political birth, in those happy bonds of fraternal kindness, which have been forced upon all other great nations by a long experience of the sorest evils. If, in an hour of wild delusion,—of mad insensibility to the causes of our present prosperity,—of criminal ingratitude to the Giver of all good,—we should burst these flowery fetters, the only possible result would be, that after a period, more or less protracted, of that confusion and carnage which we have thus far escaped, we should exchange them for the chains, that are now clanking round the limbs of every other people on the globe, and from which the enlightened and civilized nations of Europe are at this moment straining in agony to set themselves free.

The question, therefore, is not whether we shall maintain the Union, which must at all events exist, but whether we shall maintain our present republican institutions, or exchange them, after an intervening period of anarchy and civil war, for a Government of a different, probably an arbitrary character. The crisis, we repeat, though as little alarming as any one of the kind that could well be imagined, is nevertheless fraught with painful interest. But, though there is much in the present aspect of political affairs to create apprehension ;—although we are certainly very far from considering the country as perfectly secure ;—we are nevertheless inclined to look forward with hope rather than despondency. We derive consolation, as well from the circumstances already mentioned, which induce us to believe that, with the exercise of suitable firmness and discretion on the part of the Executive, the troubles in Carolina may be appeased without much difficulty, as from a general survey of the history and present situation of the country. It so happens in the progress of human affairs, that the secret principles, which determine the welfare of nations, appear to operate with much greater activity at particular times and places than they do at others, although it may not be in every case very easy to point out exactly the causes of the difference. Why, at the same period, and under nearly similar circumstances, some communities should be active, virtuous, civilized, prosperous and free, while others are roaming through the woods in the untamed wildness of barbarism, or bowing down like beasts of burden under the yoke of a taskmaster,—why the metropolis of civilization is to be found in one age upon the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates or the Nile, and in another upon those of the Tiber, the Thames, or the Potomac ; are questions, which philosophy has not yet brought to a quite satisfactory solution. An English lady, in a fine poetical fiction, has attributed the various fortunes of the different nations and races of men to the influence of a Spirit to whom she has not given a name, but whom she would probably have called the Genius of Civilization, if a word so long could have been conveniently compressed into one of her verses. The presence of this Genius in a country is described as the fruitful cause of every blessing, and his retirement as the signal of impending decay and ruin; but his origin is unknown, his progress secret, and his movements are governed by caprice rather than by any obvious and assignable cause.* Without pursuing this train of thought, which would soon carry us very far beyond the limits of an article, it may be sufficient for our purpose to remark, that the presence of the most active principles of national prosperity, whatever they may be, has no where and at no time been more clearly perceptible than in the condition of this country, from the period of its first settlement to this day. When we look back to the handful of obscure adventurers and persecuted outcasts who formed our small beginnings, and compare their humble dwellings, scattered thinly along the coast, with the great and flourishing empire that now stretches in pride and beauty far and wide over half the continent, we cannot but feel that the history of the world offers no example, in any way parallel, of a rapid and extensive development of all the elements of national prosperity. When we contemplate the condition of the country at this very time; population proceeding in the same steady untiring progress,—wealth augmenting in a still more rapid ratio,—every branch of industry animated by the highest degree of activity and enterprise,—agriculture and commerce supplying the markets of the world with our products,—manufactures rapidly rivaling the most perfect establishments of Europe,—improvement in science and learning, education, morals, and religion, the object of general attention and solicitude;—when we contemplate this state of things, we cannot doubt, that the causes to which we have owed our prosperity are still as busily at work as they have ever been before. What they are, it might not be safe, even in reference to our own country with which we are most familiar, to attempt to say. When we venture to assign, as one of them, the character of our Government, the sages of Europe smile in conscious superiority at our simplicity, and assure us that we have become what we are in spite of our institutions, and not in consequence of them. When we hint at the fixed religious principles, the stern morality, the persevering industry of the pilgrim fathers of New-England, who have formed the kernel of the whole population of the Union, we are scornfully told that the mass of the original settlers were, after all, the refuse of the British jails. The only principle of our success, which is readily admitted by our friends abroad as real, (it being one which confers no credit upon us) is the immense extent of our territory; although, if this circumstance alone could make a people prosperous, it is not easy to see why civilization should not be as active on the vast central *plateaux* of Tartary and Mexico, as it is in the valley of the Mississippi. But whatever may be the cause, such at all events is the effect. We are undoubtedly at a period of our national existence corresponding with the youth of a vigorous and healthy individual, when the body is daily developing new resources in all its parts, and possesses an elasticity which enables it to throw off without difficulty almost every principle of evil that may be introduced into it. We say not this to encourage a reckless confidence, or a disposition to bold and hazardous experiments on our political institutions. We are well aware that the strength and buoyant spirits, which betray to excess, may be themselves the very causes of ruin. We would rather in ordinary times allay than exalt the sentiment of national pride, which so easily runs into presumption. But when the crisis is actually upon us,—when the hour of danger has come, and many good and wise men are perhaps too prone to despond, and even despair of the Republic, it may then be well to remind them and ourselves, that if the trial is likely to be severe, our political Constitution, as we have reason to hope, is strong enough to enable us, with the favor of Providence, to go through this and many other trials of equal severity, should it be our fortune to encounter them, with safety.

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* We allude to the following passage in Mrs. Barbauld's Eighteen Hundred and Eleven.

There walks a Spirit o'er the peopled earth;
Secret his progress is, unknown his birth;
Moody and viewless as the changing wind,
No force arrests his foot, no chain can bind.
Where'er he turns the human brute awakes,
And, roused to better life, his sordid hut forsakes;
He thinks, he reasons, glows with purer fires,
Feels finer wants, and burns with new desires.
Obedient Nature follows where he leads,
The steaming marsh is changed to fruitful meads;
Then from its bed is drawn the ponderous ore;
Then Commerce pours her gifts on every shore;
Then kindles Fancy, then expands the Heart;
Then blow the flowers of Genius and of Art;
Saints, Heroes, Sages, who the land adorn,
Seem rather to descend than to be born;
While History, midst the rolls consigned to fame,
With pen of adamant inscribes their name.

The Genius now forsakes the favored shore,
And hates, capricious, what he loved before.
Then Empires fall to dust;—then arts decay,
And wasted realms enfeebled despots sway.
E'en Nature's changed:—without his fostering smile,
Ophir no gold, no plenty yields the Nile.
The thirsty sand absorbs the useless rill,
And spotted plagues from putrid fens distil.
In desert solitudes then Tadmor sleeps,
Stern Marius then o'er fallen Carthage weeps;
Then with enthusiast love the pilgrim roves
To seek his footsteps in forsaken groves,
Explores the fractured arch, the ruined tower,
Those limbs disjointed of gigantic power,
Still at each step he fears the adder's sting,
The Arab's javelin or the tiger's spring,
With doubtful caution treads the echoing ground,
And asks where Troy and Babylon are found.

Let the friends of the country, therefore, in their several spheres of action, meet the crisis with a cheerful, resolute spirit, and with the calm and steady courage that belongs to freemen and Christians. Let no differences of opinion upon minor questions,—no personal or sectional preferences be permitted to deter any one from a zealous and cordial co-operation in the great and good work of securing the Union. Among the private citizens, the Union party within the State of South Carolina occupy the post of peculiar honor and danger, and should receive our warmest sympathy. They have now a glorious opportunity of displaying in the face of the country, of the world, the noblest civic virtues. But whatever may be done by individuals within or without the State, the result will, after all, depend in a very great degree, as we have already said, upon the temper and conduct of the General Government. It is therefore with real satisfaction, that we find the Administration exhibiting, thus far, the union of firmness and discretion which the occasion requires. We are no partisans, political or personal, of General Jackson. We have in no way contributed to his elevation; and although, as journalists, we have taken no part in the recent contest, we have felt it to be our duty, as individuals, to oppose his re-election. But he is now the Chief Magistrate of the country. The people look to him to carry them safely through the present season of alarm and peril, and in all the suitable measures which he may take for this purpose, the friends of the country, without distinction of party, will give him their support. The maxim which ought to direct his course was distinctly stated by himself three years ago, in terms which cannot be surpassed for precision or energy, and which ought at this period to be the watchword of every citizen. THE FEDERAL UNION,—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.*

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* Since this article was prepared, and while it was going through the press, new events have occurred, which render the crisis still more interesting. The Legislature of South Carolina, in pursuance of the recommendation contained in the Ordinance of the Convention, are engaged in passing several acts, the substantial purport of which is to make it a penal offence for the officers of the General Government to execute the Revenue laws within that State. On the other hand, the President of the United States, on the 10th of December, published a Proclamation, in which, after explaining at length his views of the relation established by the Constitution between the General and State Governments, he declares his determination to cause the laws to be executed, if necessary, by force. It is not probable that either party will recede, without a struggle, from the ground thus taken. The immediate occurrence of actual collision between the General and State Governments, however much to be deplored, seems, therefore, to be inevitable. The duration and results of this conflict will depend upon the degree of countenance which Carolina may receive from other States, particularly at the South. We look with some apprehension to the proceedings of Virginia, where the first movements are less satisfactory than we could have wished. We cannot now enlarge upon the President's Proclamation, and shall probably have occasion to return to the subject hereafter. This paper, the composition of which is attributed to the Secretary of State, is written with great ability and in a very bold and determined tone. In some of the doctrines, particularly those which represent the States as having never been politically independent of each other, and the Constitution as having been the work of the aggregate mass of the people of the United States, and not of the States as distinct communities, we do not concur, for the reasons which we have stated in the present article; and we consider it unfortunate that they were introduced, as they will naturally tend to alienate the Southern States from the General Government, and dispose them to countenance the pretensions of Carolina. In the doctrines of the Proclamation, so far as it affirms that the United States are *now* one people under a common Government,—that the acts of this Government are the supreme law of the land, and that this must at all events be executed, we heartily concur. The firm tone of this document suits the occasion as well as the personal character of the President; and if the measures by which it is to be followed up are conceived in a corresponding spirit, properly tempered with discretion, and an affectionate regard for our mistaken brethren of South Carolina, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt, that the ultimate effect of the struggle will be to confirm and perpetuate our institutions, rather than to bring them into danger.

Art. IX.—*Ornamental Printing.*

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir. A Christmas and New Year's Present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston, 1833.

We remember to have seen an amusing tale, which represented Cicero, who had in some unexplained way returned to earth, as lost in wonder at the various inventions and improvements of the Germans; and if the perturbed spirit of the venerable ancestor of Mr. Oldbuck, the rival of the fame of Faust and Caxton, could be made visible to us, he would be scarcely less astonished, on learning what advances have been made in his own important art. This art has not unjustly been regarded as the mother of all subsequent reform; but its charity has not been forgetful of its own claims; and it is itself perhaps the best example of the general superiority of modern arts over those of former times. All this is well; it is fortunate that typography can thus adapt itself to the demands of luxury; for there are many at the present day who would hardly be induced to read at all, excepting by the magic of a beautiful edition: and if Mr. Irving's Sketch-book had been printed in black letter, with illustrations similar to those which formerly adorned the primer, it would have found but a cold welcome in the fashionable world. The author of Waverley intimates a doubt, whether such appliances are proper in order to induce people by their attractions to do, what they would not do from a sense of duty; but it is certainly better, that duty should be done from an inferior motive, than not performed at all. Men may be allured to the study of natural history by beautiful forms and golden plumage, rather than the deep things of comparative anatomy; but it is well if in any way, they can become conversant with nature. The beautiful fictions of Sir Walter Scott have attracted many to the study of history, who, but for them, would have cared very little for the past.

In this point of view, independently of other merit, the annuals of the last few years are not without their value; but there is another, in which they assume a character of more importance. The fine arts are not apt to flourish in a young and prosperous community: like many other luxuries, if they have not the transparent atmosphere and brilliant sun to bring them to perfection, they must be quickened into life by the artificial heat of the conservatory. Painters and sculptors find no encouragement to fix their residence on the Arkansas or the Yellow Stone; and even near the Hudson and the Charles, the ordinary demands of the publisher would by no means animate the engraver to the highest efforts of his art. No one doubts the importance of these arts in giving a grace and ornament to life; it is even believed that they aid society in its progress to liberality of feeling and refinement, by making men familiar with the beautiful. Whatever tends to introduce them where they might not otherwise have appeared, at least so early; whatever aids their progress to perfection, ought certainly to be regarded with an eye of public favor.

It would be difficult to enumerate the modes of industry, exhibited in works like these: the reason why so few have yet been published, is probably the difficulty of combining those modes with the requisite degree of skill. A publisher must first be found, who is willing to risk large sums on the doubtful venture of the public taste; an editor, apt to perceive the shiftings of the fashionable gale, and skilful to trim his sail, so as to float gallantly before it. The brilliant creations of the painter must not be wanting, nor the laborious talent of the engraver, with his slow and patient toil; and when to these we add the separate tasks of the printer, the binder, and a host of others, each endeavoring in his own vocation to surpass all those who have gone before him, we shall have an illustration of the division of labor, superior to those of Say and Adam Smith.

The art of the engraver, in particular, required in this country some such encouragement as this. Before the publication of these annuals was begun, a marvellous change had been accomplished, as any one who remembers the finest prints of forty years ago will readily perceive; but, owing to the extemporaneous manner in which most works are of necessity issued from the press, and the importance of rendering them as cheap as possible, there were no means of urging the engraver to the highest efforts of his art, or of recompensing him for making them. His calling is not that of a copyist merely; it combines some of the highest qualities of that of the painter; and the difficulty of succeeding in it is apparent from the smallness of the number of engravers, who have risen to distinguished eminence. The work before us has been the means of encouraging the efforts of a promising young artist, Cheney, whose beautiful prints have ornamented its successive volumes, and who is now pursuing his studies abroad. Various other deserving artists have been incited to excel by the liberal compensation, which the publisher of works like these is able to offer. If no other benefit be derived from them, this, at least, may be justly mentioned to their praise.

The literary character of these annuals is very various, in other countries as well as here; and whoever is disposed to speak with harshness of our own in this respect, will do well to remember, that it is no extravagant compliment to say, that those of England are not at all before them. The object of publishers has too often been, to adorn their table of contents with distinguished names; when, in nine cases out of ten, the articles attached to them are poor enough. In works, consisting of so many articles by many different hands, there must of necessity be much diversity in point of merit; but so far as we have observed, the Token has had no undue proportion of bad ones, and a fair proportion of the good. As far as names of literary distinction go, it has probably been richer than any other in the country; or if the Atlantic Souvenir has formed an exception to the remark, it could probably claim no superiority.

It was, however, principally with a view to the ornamental part of the execution of these annuals, that we have been induced at this time to refer to them; and certainly in this respect they have been very creditable to the country, notwithstanding some great disadvantages under which the publishers have labored. Several of them have, in fact, been discontinued in consequence of these disadvantages; among others, the Talisman, which acquired much reputation in New York, the Western Souvenir, published a few years since in the city of Cincinnati, whose site was forty years ago a desert, and another, which was issued in the Territory of Michigan. The Atlantic Souvenir and Token are the only very prominent ones which yet survive, and they have been at length united. The extent of public patronage will not probably admit of so liberal expenditures in the preparation of these ornamental publications here, as in England: there is not the same privilege of selecting engravers, or the finest subjects for engraving, nor is there the same facility in executing the finest specimens of typography: but, with all these circumstances of discouragement, these works have been executed with uncommon skill and beauty. Those who praise the superiority of foreign ones to ours may recollect, that if they would encourage the latter as liberally as they do the former, the distinction would soon be removed. In point of beauty of typography, and of binding, the difference is very slight; as respects the prints, there are some in the work before us which foreign artists cannot easily excel: we refer particularly to those entitled 'Guardian Angels,' and the 'Portrait.' It is not unreasonable to suppose that it has been enabled to retain that place in the public favor, which others have lost, by the superiority of its execution, and the labor which has been devoted to it, in order to render it generally acceptable.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANNUALS.

The American Almanack and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1833. Boston. Charles Bowen. 12mo. pp. 341.

The Old Farmer's Almanack for 1833. By Robert B. Thomas. Boston. Carter, Hendee & Co. 12mo.

The Pearl, or Affection's Gift. Philadelphia. T. T. Ash. 18mo. pp. 216.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir. A Christmas and New Year's Present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston. Gray & Bowen. 12mo. pp. 354.

BIOGRAPHY.

Family Library, No. 45. Indian Biography. By B. B. Thatcher. New York. J. & J. Harper. 2 vols. 18mo.

EDUCATION.

A System of Universal Geography. By S. G. Goodrich. Boston. Carter, Hendee & Co. 8vo. pp. 922.

Berney's Compendious Greek Grammar. Revised and Corrected by Herman Boken. Philadelphia. Towar & Hogan. 12mo. pp. 61.

Book Keeping; suited to the Business of the Trader, Farmer and Mechanic. By Michael Walsh. Boston. Carter, Hendee & Co. 8vo. pp. 78.

Cours de Langue Francaise. Manuel de Proverbs Damatiques. By H. W. Longfellow. Boston. Gray & Bowen. 12mo.

Dialogi deposita por facilitare lo studio della Italiana. Tradotti do Fillarcinelli. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 18mo. pp. 115.

Elements of Rhetoric. By Richard Whately, D. D. Cambridge. Brown, Shattuck & Co. 12mo. pp. 344.

Familiar Lessons in Mineralogy and Geology. By Jane K. Walsh. Boston. Clapp & Hull. 2 vols. 12mo.

History of the United States in French. Boston. Carter, Hendee & Co. 18mo. pp. 304.

A View of the Elementary Principles of Education. By G. Spurzheim. Boston. Marsh, Capen & Lyon. 12mo. pp. 318.

La Bagatelle ; intended to introduce Young Children to the Knowledge of the French Language. Boston. Carter, Hendee & Co. 18mo. pp. 152.

M. Tullii Ciceronis de Claris Oratoribus Liber, qui dicitur Brutus. Cambridge. Brown, Shattuck & Co. 12mo.

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The Little Reader, or Progressive Steps to Knowledge. Boston. Carter, Hendee & Co. 16mo. pp. 199.

The Young Voyager to the South Seas. Hartford. Durrie & Peck. 16mo. pp. 196.

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American Law. By James Kent. New York. O. Halstead. 2d Edition. 4 vols. 8vo.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXIX.

APRIL, 1833.

ART. I.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Some Account of the Life and Works of Sir Walter Scott. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. Boston. 1832.

During the last year, very many of the great in intellect have gone down to those mansions where the mighty rest;—but who of that illustrious number was more fortunate in the variety of his honors, or the meekness with which he bore them,—more eminent for the silver purity of his delightful fame, than Sir Walter Scott? It is in this light that he most deserves the homage, which the world has liberally paid; well may it kindle a vivid satisfaction in the heart of every friend of his race, to see God's highest gifts combined with virtue; to see the starry crown of earthly honor burning on his brow, who is clothed in the beautiful garments of a kind and gentle spirit. Such examples deserve to be remembered, and held up to the admiration of mankind; they redeem and vindicate our nature.

Whatever the cause may be, it is too late to deny the fact, that men have hastened to bow down to the literary as well as warlike idols, who insult and spurn them. We have followed with insane admiration the march of conquerors, even when their path of blood and fire has gone over our own dwellings; we have hung with rapture on the lips of the poetical philosophers, who laugh at virtue as a dream, and blot out the realities of a better life; all that makes up the value of our being here, and the infinitely higher hope of a hereafter, have been flung, as a worthy offering, upon their unholy altars. It is true, the fault is ours; we have no right to complain of the inflictions which we invite and welcome; but in these cases, as in many others, something is needed to save us from ourselves; and there is no greater benefactor than he, who corrects and ennobles human sentiment, by casting a healing bough into the poisoned waters. Such was Sir Walter Scott. He did not retreat behind a frozen misanthropy, to cast a midnight shade of mystery around his name; he did not court the favor of man, by defiance of his God; he did not withdraw himself from the public view, that familiarity might not destroy the impression of his presence; his conversation in the world was that of one alive to every human sympathy, of a heart full of kindness and good will to men. There is no fit emblem of such a spirit in the unhealthy light, which rises from the gloomy marshes, only to guide the traveller into the fens from which it sprung; his course was rather the ascension of a star, shining out from its still watch-towers, and regarded by the voyager with religious veneration, as it directs him in his pathway through the sea. He has taught us, that the way of fame is not less bright to human eyes, because it is illuminated with a holy light; we may now see, that the powers which Providence has given are not elevated, when they are applied to the purposes of injury and ruin; that he ill accomplishes the end of being, who leaves no trace behind him, but such as the lightning leaves in its fiery track: and we may not unreasonably hope, that men will hereafter be more true to themselves, more faithful to the destinies and glory of their race, than to look with cold esteem on the noble coalition of intellect and virtue. It is for this, that we reverence the memory of Scott; it is this which brings him to our recollections, like a welcome and familiar friend. We remember him as we call to mind the venerable features of the honored guardians of our early years, who have gone down to death, and left no bitter thought behind them but the single one, that we shall see their face no more.

All this is characteristic of a noble nature; but there are other elements of his character as a literary man, which bind him even closer to our sympathies. These are the lesser virtues, commonly so little thought of, that there is no credit in observing, and no great reproach in disregarding them; requiring more resolution than the greater and more shining ones, because there is nothing in them which flatters vanity or pride; we allude to the kindness of feeling and liberality of judgment, which men of letters ought to be the first, and are commonly the last to show. It would be a curious subject of inquiry, why the pursuits, which seem most friendly to a spirit of amity and peace, should animate those who follow them to eternal battle; for so indeed it is. We have sometimes thought, that so far as tranquillity is concerned, the name republic of letters was but a questionable compliment to the political form, from which the title is derived. Books have been written upon the quarrels of authors, and the materials for such works are as copious as the laziest compiler could desire; they occupy about the same space in literary biography, that war does in the history of nations; but they would in vain be sought for in the life of Scott; though he was at times not without provocation, under which most of his brethren would have forgotten the precepts of the Christian law. He assures us, that he very early formed the resolution to guard himself against those infirmities of temper, which so easily beset and waylay authors by profession. Such a determination was nothing more than an expression of his natural feeling; it would never have been formed by one, in whom virtue would not have found her way without its aid. Every one remembers how Lord Byron undertook to visit the iniquities of an illiberal reviewer upon all his literary brethren; as if writers were under a moral obligation to labor only for the benefit of printers, he rebuked Scott in a very lofty tone as sordid and mercenary, because he had received a large compensation for one of his poems. It so happened, that the amount received for the very work which Lord Byron had in view, had been applied by Scott to the relief of a friend's necessities: nor was it long, before the noble poet found cause to copy the very example he condemned. Here was an instance of gross interference with the private affairs of another, which might have justified retort, when the materials for it were so close at hand; few would have hesitated in such a case to use them: but the feeling of Scott was of a higher strain; he passed the accusation by in silence, and when some years afterwards he had occasion to allude to it, only vindicated his own course, without a single word of sarcasm or reproach. More than this;

no man hailed the rising star of Byron with more generous welcome than he, though conscious that before it his own was destined to grow pale; no man cherished his fame more kindly, looked with more tenderness and sorrow upon his faults while living, or sung a nobler requiem over his untimely grave. The severest reproach which one of his friends ever heard him utter against another, was his remark in regard to a living writer, that, great as his ability had been, he had never shown himself the friend of rising genius. He had a right to say so; for more kind encomium on others might be gathered from his writings, than from those of all his contemporaries put together; nor is it easy to recall a single word of harsh or illiberal censure, in the whole compass of his almost numberless productions. His praise was early given, and was therefore doubly kind; it cheered the young adventurer at the outset, instead of waiting until others had begun to raise the cry of victory; and we doubt not, that his single word of encouragement has breathed more animation into the heart of genius, as it pursued its slow and melancholy way, than the world's chorus of applause when its triumph had become complete.

There is a moral disease, which very frequently besets superior genius; it is compounded of excited passions, of jealousy and fear; perhaps it may sometimes animate it to unusual effort; if so, it is still a burning fever, which sends a warm glow to the cheek and radiance to the eye, while it silently consumes the heart. We are startled by the manner in which it is revealed; if the mind occasionally rise under its influences upon a seraph's wing, it presently sinks again to the lowest level of the earth. Pope thought he could bless the executioner who would relieve him of his Homer; Collins perished by slow torture; the history of literature is full of these examples, which are courteously called the eccentricities of genius; while they are only those maladies, which self-indulgence leaves the mind as little power to control, as the physical ones, by which the delicate and fair are early struck with death. Genius may inhabit a world of its own; it may have its being in solitary communion with the heart; high inspirations and glorious visions may be there; but dark and fatal passions may dwell there too: the affections are kindling into madness; the overwrought soul becomes its own destroyer; and when the realities of life force themselves in, they are like the breath of pestilence to the heart. Such is the law of nature: excessive sensibility was no more designed for the soul, than fiery cordials to sustain the frame; yet these extravagances are often looked upon as the real measure of intellectual power; and those who have seen the ocean in the terrors of the storm, find no magnificence or beauty in it, as its waves dash peacefully upon the summer shore. It is folly to suppose, that the mind can dwell forever in the clouds, or always soar towards the sun; it was made for something better than this vain and selfish contemplation of itself; it was designed by Providence to act on others. Of such defects, Sir Walter Scott had absolutely none; from this madness of the intellect, no man was ever more eminently free; some have for this reason been led to doubt his power; they might as well doubt, whether the power of directing the agitated elements is superior to that which lashes them into fury. His mind was of a bold and open cast; he had on the one hand none of the effeminacy of talent, nor any of its ecstasies on the other; his character was too manly for either; and he holds the same place between the solemn man of fact and the extravagantly enthusiastic, that the man of unpretending virtue occupies between the scrupulously cold, and the zealous unto blood.

The same unaffected superiority pervaded both the heart and intellect of this extraordinary man. In poetry and romance, he was a great reformer; but he went not forth to battle, animated by the spirit, or clad in the steel of many who have borne the name; he was mighty to pulling down the strong holds of false taste and vitiated feeling, only by the eloquent persuasion of a high example. This was so kind and gentle, so like the meadow gale of spring to the sick and weary frame, that men hardly knew its power. Yet never was intellect more clear and penetrating; every object in nature, every element in character, was presented to his mind in its true colors and just proportions; nothing was magnified through a mist, or half hid in the uncertain morning twilight; when he describes the works of God, or the beings which inhabit them, the folds of mist roll upward from the valley, and the sunbeams dart from their tabernacle of purple and golden clouds; every thing stands forth in the broad light of truth. Men saw, that he had led them back to nature; others had shown them the outward man, or man as he is under the influence of wild passion, while he revealed him under every aspect of existence, and in every variety of action; his characters are no Master Peter's puppet show, which ask the aid of an interpreter ; his scenes are no mummeries, showing bravely only by candlelight; wherever he leads us, whether to the cottage or the palace, whether to the Glasgow Tolbooth or the Highlands, we are sure to meet with man and nature.

It is impossible to doubt, that the private qualities of such a man were fitted to spread an atmosphere of happiness around him ; a poet's character is so legibly impressed upon his works, that other testimony respecting it need scarcely ever be asked for. Take for example Burns ; a man of great powers he undoubtedly was ; deep tenderness and kind sensibility often broke through the midnight gloom of his ordinary feeling ; but the repose of such a mind is the weariness of exhausted effort ; we see at once that quietness and just thought are not the prevailing habit of his soul. The quick sensibility of genius, instead of being the vital heat which nourishes, is the flame which consumes it. Scott had little of this ; had he possessed it, it would have been no less fatal to his power of estimating character, than to his domestic peace. Nor had he, on the other hand, that cold, ironical propensity, which mocks enthusiasm. He was a keen observer of his fellow men ; but he saw their weakness without scorn or anger ; he did not labor to find selfishness at the bottom of the current of their generous feeling ; he saw them as they were ; and the judgment of the truest observer is most likely to be kind. Perhaps these feelings are not preserved with difficulty by those who are happy in their constitution, so long as the world goes well ; in the case of Scott, they were sternly tried by adversity ; but in the severest hour of trial, he was still true to himself; the sunshine of his heart grew brighter, as the shadows fell on all around him. There is a sorrow, which accompanies the downfall of the great ; but far deeper and more enduring is that, which follows the departure of the good ; and when he died, he was lamented less for his exalted genius, than the many excellencies of his heart.

We have alluded to these traits of his intellectual and moral character here, because the world stands much in need of such instruction ; we think it will be henceforth somewhat less inclined to measure the power of genius by the extent of its aberrations ; his example has shown, that good sense is not the natural enemy of talent, and that infidelity and misanthropy are not the only paths to glory. Who can doubt, that he must have been happy in those early influences, which so much affect the character in coming years? He has told us little of his youthful history, and it is too late for other chroniclers to supply the loss; we know, however, that his mother was a lady of amiable disposition, and not without poetical pretensions; he has alluded in his poems to his father, as one undistinguished by rank or fame, though sprung from the gentle blood of Scotland; a man of humble merit and modest worth. He describes himself, in another, as a self-willed imp in childhood; a sad annoyance to the grave ones of his neighborhood. We do not learn that he gave much indication of his future eminence; nothing at all remarkable is recorded of the promise of his boyhood. Dr. Adam, one of his instructers, sagaciously believed him dull; it is said that Dr. Blair, on visiting his school one day, when assured by his master, that his skull was the thickest in the school, declared that he saw the light of genius shining through it. Mr. Cunningham intimates that the Doctor had not greatly the advantage of Scott in this particular; others will believe, that the cranium of the master was not the least solid of the three. The prediction of Dr. Blair was however confirmed by the keen discernment of Burns; 'this lad,' he is said to have remarked, 'will be heard of yet.' By far too much importance has been usually attached to these early omens: the mind does not rush at once into maturity; the first blossoms are not most likely to ripen into golden fruit; and if it were so, it would not follow, that all this must be seen by the casual observer. One indication, however, he gave, which was not afterwards fulfilled; that of a strong propensity for sport and mischief; he describes himself as having been a champion in the desperate wars, which were carried on some half a century ago between the boys of Edinburgh. But his pleasures at this period appear to have been chiefly of a contemplative kind. An interesting view is given of them in the introduction to one of the cantos of Marmion, which were once censured for the freedom with which they alluded to himself, but are read for that very reason with a melancholy satisfaction now; he was used to wander with one or two companions among the hills, where they amused themselves with relating tales of romance and chivalry to each other, the dawning, probably, of the glory which was yet to come; and few will be disposed to doubt him when he says, that he acquired among his associates the reputation of a tolerable story-teller. What would have been their feelings could they have foreseen, that the boy, whose mind was even then clinging to the rich associations which cover the scenery and history of his native land, was in a few years to write his name upon the broadest page of human glory; that his praise should traverse seas and mountains, and the farthest boundaries of nations, as the fiery cross swept over the headlands of his country! One of those accidents at this time occurred to him, by which good is brought out of apparent evil, and much of the bright coloring of the future drawn from what threatens to envelope it with gloom. He was attacked by a dangerous illness, which confined him for a long period to his bed, in a state of entire inaction; in order to relieve the weariness of this dispensation, he read all the novels which the solitary circulating library of Edinburgh could supply; and, if that repository bore the least resemblance to our own, it is easy to imagine into what a chaos he must have plunged. After exhausting all its treasures of romance, he went on through travels, voyages, and history, very much after the manner of Waverley, who spared nothing but the theological treatises of his tutor. Such a course of reading would have been fatal to the powers of an inferior mind; nor could it have benefited any, that did not possess the power of changing all it touched into gold.

His practical sense, the most remarkable element in his character, preserved him from the many evils, to which such spontaneous education must have naturally led; but it doubtless gave a direction to his mind, which the world has little reason to regret; the first suggestion of his best efforts in romance and poetry, and the very materials of many of them, were derived from this unpromising source. Upon his recovery from this illness, he devoted himself with assiduity to his legal studies; this was an occupation, which has little charity for errors of imagination, though there is none, which more directly leads to just reflection and wisdom in the practical concerns of life. He attended for some years to the practice of his profession, with what success it is not easy now to ascertain; Dr. Pichot of Geneva assures us, on his authority, that he at least so far trod the threshold, as to plead in criminal trials, under favor of the venerable custom, which gives the cause of indigent culprits to the youthful advocate, in the same way as the bodies of convicted ones are handed over to the young anatomist. We are told by some, that his demeanor at the bar was hurried and confused, and wholly destitute of self-possession: by others, that he was cool and penetrating, putting witnesses to the rack of cross-examination with infinite grace and satisfaction: but we have the authority of Mr. Lockhart for believing, that he gave few evidences of remarkable talent in his professional career. Nor is this at all surprising: this species of success requires some peculiarities of temperament, which are not always found in connexion with the highest reach of mind; but it is evident enough, that though scarcely any branch of study could be named in which he might not have been eminent, the practice of the law was not congenial to a mind like his: we suspect that some of the profession might even now be found, who would rather search the mysteries of the feudal system in Ivanhoe than Blackstone. We are, however, assured by the same high authority, that he appeared before the General Assembly of Scotland on one occasion with such brilliant eloquence, that Dr. Blair was tempted to renew his former prophecies. With all his capacity, he wanted that which human infirmity requires to prompt us to unwelcome labor; his paternal inheritance, though inadequate to the purposes of literary leisure, placed him above the necessity of constant effort; but, being unwilling to rely too much upon the profits of his pen, he took the resolution to find some permanent resource in office; and he soon found this in the Sheriffalty of Selkirk, to which he some years afterwards added the place of one of the principal Clerks of Session. It is singular enough, that the boldest notes of Scottish inspiration should have been uttered by a sheriff of Selkirk, and an exciseman of Dumfries.

No doubt, the field of effort which he made so peculiarly his own, was at this time distinctly open to his view. He saw the capacities which were set before the poet's eye by a land like his; he must have felt his power of throwing a glory over its streams and mountains, which should endure till the last should perish and the others cease to flow. Burns had already convinced the world, that inspiration was not confined to the lowland tongue: he had done that for the language and manners of his country, which could have been accomplished only by a master's hand; he had elevated a coarse provincial dialect into the chosen one of tenderness and fancy; he had led the muses from the high into the lowly walks of life, and taught them to find as welcome an abode in the cottage as the kingly hall. The way was thus prepared, for one mightier than himself to tread. Genius could ask no nobler field, than that which lay before him; there are not many lands, with richer subjects for its power. Her traditions rushed upon his soul, with high and kindling influence; his spirit was on fire with the recollection of her chivalry, and all her ancient glories; rude as she might be to the stranger's eye, she had charms for him, such as no other spot of earth could wear. These were the associations, of which his heart was full; he had gathered them from the lips of the aged at the cottage fireside; that retreat, where they continue to linger, after the historian has passed them by, and where Providence has ordained for the salvation of the nations, that patriotism shall burn with purer light, than in the bosoms of the proud and high; they twined round all the enjoyments of his childhood, and all his hopes of fame; he had made them all his own; and they were spread over the magnificent scenery of Scotland, like the veil of autumn haze upon the lake and river. He looked around him, and there were the Eildon hills, cloven in three by the rod of the enchanter; there were the rude towers, dark with many a wild and fearful tale; the venerable abbey, crumbling, but still magnificent, and grander in its ruins than the noblest work of modern art; the battle-field, red with the blood of the loyal and the true, and consecrated by the glory of Wallace and of Bruce; the mountain, where the persecuted remnant of the faithful had found shelter; and more than all, the cottage, where every variety of character was revealed; here were scenes, where he was to fix the foundations of no transitory fame. Just beyond him, were the highlands, an unknown region, except when the wild hordes swept from their declivities like a torrent in its wrath; a stern and savage race, ennobled by the iron virtue of a loyalty, stronger than death; fit dwellers of the mountain and the rock, claiming as little sympathy with the race beneath them, as the kingly eagle with the bird that soars on trembling wing below. If he asked for the heroes of the romantic legend, a long and bright array started into life before him; there was the stern and haughty Douglas; the queen, made immortal by her loveliness and sorrow; the Knight of Snowdon, fit hero of an Oriental tale; Claverhouse, with the fierceness of an avenging spirit beneath a brow of lofty beauty; there was the hardy borderer, rejoicing in the field of death; the Cameronian, steeled to human sympathies, and elevated by enthusiasm to act and suffer, like a soldier of the cross. Such were some of the scenes and characters, which stood forth in light at his command, like the rocks and headlands of Scotland in mysterious flame, as Bruce approached its shore.

We are told by Scott himself, that he made his first poetical essay in some schoolboy lines upon a thunderstorm; they were well received, until an apothecary's wife administered to him a potion worse than any of her husband's, by admitting the fact of their merit, but proclaiming at the same time, that they were not his own. He says he never thought of her again without indignation, though she was not greatly in the wrong; for he admits that the words and thoughts were borrowed, and there is nothing else which would afford much room for plunder. He did not attempt poetry again, until after the completion of his legal studies. Just about this time, German poetry, before unheard of, began to excite attention in England; it was introduced there by the recommendation of Mackenzie, already very high; and men were in as much rapture at the discovery, as the voyager with some unvisited and glorious island in the South Sea. Literary men set themselves instantly at work to become masters of the language: among others, Scott became a member of a class formed for that purpose, being attracted by its resemblance to the Lowland Scotch, and willing to follow the prevailing fashion, rather than from any enthusiastic feeling. His teacher soon grew weary of his pupils, and they on their side found more satisfaction in witnessing the unutterable contortions of a Frenchman, who was laboring to master the German and English at once, than in the new-found treasures of this peculiar literature. The impulse which Mackenzie gave was afterwards revived by a much weaker instrument. Matthew G. Lewis, observing the direction which the public taste had taken, spread his little sail triumphantly, and undertook, in his novel of the Monk, to introduce the German taste and style into English composition. His success was complete; his work, though it is now hardly to be found even in those catacombs of perished romances, the circulating libraries, was so popular in its day, that Fox is recorded to have crossed the House of Commons, to compliment the author; it was thought to have created a new epoch in the literature of his country. In this noon-tide of his fame, he chanced to visit Scotland, where an intimacy grew up between himself and Scott, which gave a new color to the young advocate's future life. Animated by observing Lewis's success, and conscious, as he could hardly fail to be, of the superiority of his own powers, he turned his attention anew to German literature, and published translations of Bürger's Lenora, and the Wild Huntsman. His little adventure did not keep the sea; he found nobody but the trunkmaker greatly benefited by his labors. One finds it difficult to credit this of him, whose works a few years afterwards were borne as fast and far as winds and waves could carry them, to the farthest regions of the earth.

It is interesting to dwell upon this portion of his life: those who are early discouraged by neglect may derive instruction from witnessing the severe discipline which he had to undergo. Two years after this, he published a translation of Goethe's Goetz of Berlichingen. His first original production was the ballad of Glenfinlas, written in imitation of the fragments of Gaelic poetry, of which he entertained a higher opinion than the critical remarks of Mr. Oldbuck would have led us to believe. This was followed by another ballad, called the Eve of St. John, composed for the pious purpose of preserving Smallholm tower from dilapidation; its proprietor having promised to protect it, upon condition of being paid in poetry. These pieces were communicated to his friends, not precisely in the same manner as the homilies of the Archbishop of Granada to Gil Blas, but accompanied with an earnest request that they should criticise them with the utmost freedom, and mark the portions, which might be improved: and with such friendly alacrity did they execute the trust, that not a verse was left untouched, and hardly a single line; until, in a sort of desperation, he restored the work to its original state, and bade defiance to the critics. His friend Lewis was at this time engaged upon his Tales of Wonder, in which, at his solicitation, Scott's two ballads were inserted: though not until Lewis had taken him to task, in a very lofty way, for the inaccuracy of his rhymes. Nothing can be more ludicrous than the grave and complacent style in which Lewis rebukes him, as Sir Geoffrey Hudson gives advice to his giant namesake of the Peak. The world, however, exhibited no great admiration of the Tales of Wonder; Lewis made a total wreck of all the reputation he had previously gained, and went at once to the bottom; and Scott was glad to reach the shore, without any loss of his; his portion of the work was in truth the only one, which was treated by the critics with the slightest mercy. All this was not remarkably encouraging: nor, according to his own account, did the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, a work composed partly of ancient ballads, and partly of imitations of them, bring him much nearer to the fulfilment of his 'hope deferred' of fame, though Mr. Cunningham assures us, that this was the foundation of his glory. Hogg's mother, a venerable lady, who was quite at home in the literature of the border, told him, that these ballads were made 'for singing, and no for reading;' and the public inclined to the same opinion: many of them are, however, remarkable for simplicity and beauty. It was not until the publication of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, that he stood forth like Eneas from the cloud, with the bearing of a son of light, and set the seal of immortality upon his name.

Fortunate as Scott certainly was in the powers and attainments, which fitted him for his new career, no less than in the discipline which had strengthened and matured them, he was still more so in the character of the poetry of his day. It resembled the listless stillness of a summer noon. The repose of the poetical regions had been not at all disturbed by the mighty convulsions, which, at the close of the last century, were subverting thrones and altars, and investing the minds of men with the fearful energies of a destroying angel: and the poets slept as quietly as Aswad, when awakened by the mother of Thalaba in the Paradise of Irem. We can hardly comprehend now, that Hayley should ever have been mistaken for a poet, much less a great one; and the Pleasures of Memory must have delighted, rather by the smoothness of the verse and the associations twining round the subject, than by any exhibition which it gave of real power. There were indeed two great names, which must be taken as exceptions, and by no means as examples of the inspiration of the time; two, as strangely contrasted in their moral qualities, as in the whole frame and texture of their intellectual gifts. These were Cowper, and Burns, of whom we have found occasion more than once to speak. The poetry of Burns was the reflection of a fierce and indignant spirit, on fire with a sense of its imagined wrongs, and alternately breathing forth its notes of reckless sarcasm, withering reproach, and wild sensibility, with the blasting power of a fallen angel, or the burning accents of a seraph's tongue; that of Cowper, in his better hours, was the inspiration of the meek and lowly, walking abroad, at the eventide, under the influences of a blessed faith, to meditate among the works of God. Men were astonished to see a peasant rising from the cottage fireside, with a proud consciousness of his superiority, to take his place in the front rank of genius; but it was the contrast between his condition and his pretensions which amazed them; the full measure of his intellectual energy was hardly understood then, nor is it adequately now; and so it was with Cowper: they admired perhaps his portraiture of nature, which is truth itself, but they would have loved it better, had it been covered by some other than religious light. Apart from them, the poetry of England was like the spirit of the frozen sea; no expression played upon the marble stillness of its face, and no glow of life relieved its deep repose. There is no period in the history of England for centuries, when its inspiration was bound by so paralysing a spell.

This was the very time for a great master to appear, whose voice should ring like a trumpet-call over field and flood; but it required no common power so to wind it, as to stir the heart. A certain measure of the admiration of the hour is at the command of all, who choose to play off an extravagant mimicry of models, which the public are content to praise. Scott's own experience was evidence enough of this, when he afterwards found himself attended, like Falstaff, by a train of imitators, who were prouder to follow a tall gentleman and gallant leader, than he was to march to Coventry at their head; but none but the highest talent can turn back the current of false taste, or induce the depraved appetite to drink at the unpolluted fountain. False taste is but another name for false opinion; nothing but the hand of a mighty reformer can dash its idols to the earth. This was the first part of Scott's undertaking; and he was next to throw the attractions of romance and poetry over the rugged features of border chivalry, a dispensation which the world had never admired before, and over a state of society, eminently destitute of those qualities, that sometimes give a grace and ornament to the wildest forms of savage life. His experiment was certainly a bold one, and he so regarded it; two of his friends, to whom he exhibited some portions of his unfinished work, shook their heads and went their way; but the critical *imprimatur* of Jeffrey was set upon it; and we need not attempt to describe the wonder and delight with which it was received. The impression of that event is yet recent; it burst upon the world, like the icy covering of the boughs, beneath the glories of a winter's sun.

It has been fashionable enough to say, that the poetry of Scott is not destined to be read hereafter; some infer this from its unusual popularity, as if nothing could be seen aright, except at the distance of a century. Even Sir James Mackintosh, no common judge, believed that it could not last, because none but the most elaborate poetry had yet defied the test of time. This is, after all, only saying, that it does not square with our notions of what poetry ought to be. Some believe, that the poet trespasses upon the province of another, when he deserts nature to find a subject in the world of art; others imagine, that the heart is his only true dominion; and there are very few, who do not set up a poetical definition of their own, like the image in the plain of Dura, and measure the desert of all by the zeal with which they do it homage. But this is partial judgment; it takes one quality for all, unlike the Oriental tale, which represents the foot that kicked a vessel of water to a thirsty animal, as conveyed to Paradise to enjoy its reward, while the remainder of the man found no such recompense. It is possible, after all, that the waters of Israel may be found of no less healing virtue than the rivers of Damascus;—that the very qualities which in our opinion lead to death, may be the very ones which shall make the works of genius live. The poetry of Scott falls within none of these definitions. His versification, perfect as much of it may be, betrays in many instances very little of the care of preparation; there is nothing so aristocratic in his love of nature, as to make him look with indifference on art; nothing so fervent in his contemplation of the heart, as to make him insensible to human action. Action is indeed the living soul, which quickens and informs the whole; the heart of his reader beats high as it is borne along with the rush and sweep of its movement; and it is vain to say, that there is nothing of poetry in what so excites us; we might as well deny, that there was music in the harpstring of the ancient bard. The truth is, that it was a development of the same qualities, which were afterwards manifested in his romances with such commanding power, in a form, less fitted to reveal them in their full perfection. Fortunate indeed it was, if that can be attributed to fortune, which is an accident befalling genius only, that he afterwards assumed another form, better calculated for the exhibition of character in all its shifting alternations of light and shade, its infinite varieties of stern feeling, of high resolve, of playful humor, of every thing, in short, from the loftiest to the lowest. The ancients understood this, when they placed the region of song upon the mountain's brow, open to communion with the grand and beautiful, the sunlight and the storm, and lifted above the crowd, that hurry onward in the paths of life around its base. Shakspeare understood it no less, and uniformly throws aside the restraint of verse, when he has to deal with the familiar and the common. The romance, as Scott afterwards presented it, was the discovery of his maturity; it was poetry still; but he had laid aside conventional restraint, and gone forth with the active bound of the mountaineer, when his foot is on his native hills. Any one will feel the force of this remark, who considers how perfectly impossible it would have been to present such a personage as Captain Dalgetty in verse; while Ellen Douglas is as delightful a vision as his pencil ever drew. It was thus that the form of verse became a limitation of his power. Still, though we do not incline to place the metrical romances among the highest efforts of talent, not even of his own, we believe that there are redeeming virtues in them, which will not suffer them to be forgotten. What can be richer or more glowing than his descriptions? They are not like the images reflected dimly in the dark chamber, when the sun is shut in by clouds; they stand out in full distinctness and reality, like the outline of the mountains on the evening skies of autumn. What was ever more beautiful or truer, than his picture of the scenery of Loch Katrine in the Lady of the Lake, a poem by which the pilgrim traces out his path, as if directed by a golden bough? This is the first of his poems, in which his descriptive power is revealed in a perfection, which not even he could afterwards excel; though probably no traveller will visit Melrose or Flodden, made so celebrated by his earlier ones, hereafter, without recollecting their departed minstrel, or gaze upon a lake or mountain of Scotland, without bidding his gentle spirit rest. It is a great prerogative of genius, thus to write its name upon every hill and valley of its native land, so that all coming generations shall read it there. Then his sentiments are always just, and flow naturally, without enthusiasm, as if they merely shadowed forth the prevailing temper of his soul. But the real, inwrought, undying charm is that of which we have already spoken;—the life and spirit of the action, rolling onward in a deep and flashing tide; and this, in spite of all definitions, will hardly fail to be regarded as an evidence of the existence and power of the art divine.

Certain it is, that no conqueror ever gained a victory more decisive and complete, than that which was accomplished by the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and yet it is far from being the best of the class to which it belongs. Its characters are dim and shadowy, and betray very little of that perfect mastery of the heart, which was afterwards so strikingly displayed. His heroes of border chivalry are no more distinguished by any peculiar qualities, than Gyas and Cloanthus; the Lady of Buccleugh is of a higher mood; but it is vain to attempt to feel much interest in the others. There are many defects in the construction of the story, which seems to have been formed without any regular plan, the writer having evidently drifted with the tide; and the superstitions, however characteristic and true, are sometimes startling and repulsive. All this is probably owing to the manner in which the tale was written. Scott was requested to write a ballad upon the legend of Gilpin Horner, which was expanded in its progress into this poem; and it was thus prepared under all the disadvantages of an involuntary, if not of a reluctant task. But all this and more would be atoned for by the bursts of genuine poetry, which are perpetually breaking forth; yet we remember it rather as a succession of beautiful fragments, than a well compacted and perfect whole. In Marmion, which appeared three years after, there were the same defects and beauties, each in less degree, but other excellencies were added, which the Lay had not revealed. The action of the Lay was spiritless, while that of Marmion was full of life; the construction of the story was not perfect, and the versification, though in many places rich and beautiful, was in many others rude and careless; but it led right onward to the glorious battle scene, one of the finest passages of narrative poetry in the language; of which it is hard to believe that, in its present form, it required the labor only of a single afternoon. Thus the various excellencies of Scott were gradually exhibiting themselves, like stars above the horizon: in the first instance, we find true sentiment, and passages of uncommon beauty; then comes the animated and varied action; and the fullness of his descriptive power is reserved for the Lady of the Lake, the most popular of all his metrical romances, and the best deserving of its reputation. Its characters are beautifully drawn, and the story proceeds with undiminished interest to its close; nothing in poetry surpasses the magic beauty of its scenery; it shows, on the whole, more inventive skill as well as varied power, than any of his former works. But it is needless to enter into an inquiry respecting the merit of poems, which have been read with admiration wherever the English language is known. Rokeby and the Lord of the Isles were the only remarkable ones which followed; these were distinguished by other traits than any which preceded them; they exhibited far more variety and precision in their views of character, and greater hurry in the preparation. Scott had evidently become in a degree weary of his task, nor was this at all wonderful: he says that he had taught others to use his weapon as skilfully as himself; a world of imitators had assumed his dress, and mimicked his voice and air, until he was completely ashamed of his company, and the world was tired of the motley train. Another circumstance had for some time prompted him to leave the field; this was the appearance of Lord Byron in the lists; whose original genius, together with the mystery that hung around him and the charm that rested on the classic scenes he sung, secured a complete monopoly of the public favor, and left no space for others; but he retreated with a grace, that deserved to win the honors of the highest victory; and, far from murmuring at the change, pursued the path on which he had already entered and was now to tread without a rival.

The Lord of the Isles and Rokeby were published after Waverley appeared; so that, before this resolution took complete effect, he had begun his new and memorable task. From the time when he commenced the publication of his poems, his wealth had kept increasing with his reputation; this was a period of his life, which we have passed over somewhat hastily; but his condition in respect to fortune, a blessing to which poetry is not uniformly found to lead, was all that poet could desire. In his beautiful retreat at Abbotsford, in the midst of a region full of song and legendary tale, he was at leisure to pursue his own inclinations in his own way; his fame was already beyond the reach of accident; but some secret misgivings led him to adopt that mystery in regard to his romances at first, which, partial as it always was, kept the world forever on the watch to pierce it. He evidently looked upon Waverley as a hazardous experiment; and so it was: for unless he could reform the public taste, already vitiated, there was no hope for him; the sentimental novels of the day must fly before it, or itself must perish; and well he knew, that the literature of his country had nothing to which it could be likened. There were romances in abundance, but something more was wanting. Nobody could deny to Richardson the praise of just and noble sentiment, and a familiar knowledge of some affections of the heart; nor was this light praise; he was popular in his day, because he was infinitely superior to all who went before him; but his day was long since past; his characters were looked upon as old family pictures, starched and stiffened in the costume of a century ago; and men had no patience with one who managed a love affair with as many notes and protocols, as a conference on the affairs of Belgium. Fielding and Smollett were great in their own sphere, but that sphere assuredly was not high; nothing could surpass the fidelity of their portraiture of certain modes of social life with which they were familiar; but neither of them had the least conception of poetical romance. With these exceptions, and one or two others, the field was entirely barren; for the sentimental trash of twenty years ago has no claim to be remembered; having performed its task of injuring the public taste, it was ready to pass quietly into oblivion, when the hand of a true magician should dissolve the spell.

It will not be expected, that we should enter on a critical examination of Waverley, and the brilliant train which followed it, when we have hardly room to enumerate them all; it would be the offering of a plea, after the decisive sentence has been passed: though it could now be done with greater impartiality, than before the hand which created them was cold and still. The historical romance was indeed of his creation, and he stands responsible for it in character and fame; if it be true, as some have said, that he has thrown a false coloring over the severe truth of history, with a view to lead other minds astray, we might still admire, but we could no longer venture to defend him. We know that some have gone so far, as to charge him, for his representation of the Covenanters, with deliberate and wicked falsehood ; but it would be well for those who thus accuse him to consider whether, if he is partial on the one side, they are not as much so on the other ; in fact, when we cannot read of the wars of Greece and Troy without taking sides, it is vain to talk of perfect impartiality in matters nearer to our own day. One might as well believe all the historians of England guilty of deliberate misrepresentation; for no one will deny, that they have shown little mercy to their political or religious foes. He probably gave a true transcript of his own impressions and prejudices in regard to the religious sects, with which he had to deal, and may have done them undesigned injustice, though he has certainly invested them with many noble qualities. Mr. Cunningham has told us, that the Cameronians acknowledged the fidelity of the portrait ; but if it were erroneous, we should no more think of charging him with falsehood, than we should charge his accusers with the same failing in regard to him. There was no motive for it : Scott was not one, who found it necessary to resort to extravagance or caricature ; his taste, if not his moral sense, would have prevented this. When again we are told, that by mingling fancy with fact, and changing the order of events, he has perverted history, and led us into error, we at once perceive, that the objection rests on an unfounded theory. There is no such virtue in a fact or date, as to make it criminal to disregard their order or connexion ; history itself has no value, except so far as its lessons have a moral influence ; a man may study chronological tables forever, and be no wiser than when he first began. If, according to the former charge, he perverts history by false views of the influence of events or character, it is a grave offence undoubtedly ; but throwing the rich veil of fancy over the rigid features of historical fact is not doing this ; it is only investing it with a graceful drapery, instead of a deceitful mask. We have no doubt that thousands have been induced to read history, by the influence of these romances, who would otherwise as soon have sat down to amuse themselves with Coke or Euler ; nor do we think that they have in general complained that the author has deceived them. It would be strange if he should misrepresent so well, as to send his readers to the very spot, where they may find the means of his conviction. Can any one doubt, that his pictures of James I., of Mary, of Elizabeth, and of Cromwell, are taken from the life? They go beyond the usual power of history, which gives their likenesses too often with the inexpressive features of the marble image on their tombs; while he makes them walk forth from the canvas, like the queen in the Winter's Tale, with all the freshness of reality.

The scene of the earliest of his romances is laid in Scotland; and for this very reason, they are probably the best; though when one is called upon to select the finest of the whole, the chances are, that he will enumerate a third part of the number. He could hardly fail to share the feeling, which he attributes to the generous Highland outlaw; though his heart did not shrink, nor his arm wither like fern in the frost, when he lost sight of his native hills; the world had no prospect that could console him for the loss of the rocks and cairns, wild as they were, which he saw around him. The characters of those, of which the scene is laid in other countries and other times, are powerfully drawn, and the action is not less quick and exciting; but the moral associations connected with the scenery are wanting, and we are sometimes tempted to look back with the feeling of the dying chief, to the blue hills of his country. There he was conversing with what he saw and knew; his Antiquary was so true a picture, that it led a friend to the discovery of the secret of the authorship; his characters were welcomed by his countrymen as old acquaintances, as in fact they generally were; Jeanie Deans, a most affecting portrait of unpretending nobleness of soul, was real; and when Mr. Jarvie assured his brethren of the council, who 'set up their nashgabs at him,' that Rob Roy, saving the misfortune of some folks losing life by him, and one or two other trifling qualifications, was 'an honester man than stude on any of their shanks,' is there any doubt, that he, and his worthy father the deacon, were perfectly remembered by the aged men of Glasgow? At a later period, he evidently feared that his readers had grown weary of the subject; and he therefore left the land of his departed ancestors and living friends, the happy family mansion, to go abroad in others; wherever he went, he found and represented man; but this was a spot, which he could not leave without a sigh. Wherever his scenes are laid, whether in Switzerland or in the Holy Land, man is at work and in action, as he is in the broad highway of life; he appears, not to sustain a character, or to play a part, but to talk and feel and act like man. The beings whom God had made were good enough for him; you do not find them heralded with pomp and acclamations, nor are you warned beforehand whom and what you are to meet; but you look on and observe them as they come and go without restraint; you find them out just as if you encountered them in the daily walks of life, and carry away as distinct an impression of their dress and every other peculiarity, as if you had just parted from them in the field or in the street. So it is with his descriptions: instead of being sensible that he reads them, one feels as if he were abroad in the open sky, where every object is distinct and true, and in perfect harmony with others; the power of association is at work; he suggests the outline, and fancy finishes the picture; and that picture is reality and nature, and not a poor resemblance of artificial life. There is no illusion or extravagance; and to say that such representations are not happy in their moral influence is only to declare, that nothing valuable can be learned by the study of mankind.

When Waverley appeared, men beheld it with as much perplexity, as the out-break of a revolution; the more prudent held their peace, and waited to see what might come of it; the critics were in sad straits, having nothing wherewithal to measure it; some were as stubborn in refusing to admire it, as was Dr. Johnson in refusing to laugh at the waggery of Foote, and with pretty much the same result; but the public, without asking their opinion, gave decisive judgment in its favor. Guy Mannering came next, and swelled the tide of favor to a torrent: here was a tale of our own times, and every body knew the characters as well, as the old shipmaster at Wapping remembered Captain Gulliver. There was not an old lawyer of Edinburgh, who had not played at high jinks with Sheriff Pleydell; of Meg Merrilies they were not so certain, though they thought they must have seen her; but great would have been their satisfaction, had they known the author half so well, as Andrew Dinmont and the whole race of Pepper and Mustard. The Antiquary was of a different cast: with less of fire and action, it had greater elegance of style, and more originality of character than either; Edie and Elspeth and Mr. Oldbuck are drawn with singular skill; none but a master could have kept alive the attention of the reader, after the fearful scene of Halket head. Though at first somewhat less popular than the others, it went in a short time beyond them in the public favor. The author's reputation was now established beyond the fear of change; he went on traversing almost the whole imaginable field of romance, and throwing off his tales from the press with the rapidity of enchantment; while in the mean time, to put the public more at fault as to their source, he wrote and published poems, and edited various works, which would have filled the time of any other man. While he was thus delighting the world with his creations, that misfortune fell upon him, which was probably the remote cause that brought him to the grave. All the fruits of his laborious industry were swept away by the bankruptcy of his publishers, and he was suddenly crushed beneath a load of debt, from which escape seemed hopeless, and which the stoutest heart might have witnessed with dismay. One hardly knows whether to regret or not, that he felt the weight of this calamity; for it revealed some noble traits of character, which prosperity has no chance to show; but it is affecting to think of him as he was afterwards, exhausting all the powers of his mind with more zeal in order to be just, and for the benefit of others, than he had done for his own; not in the expectation of wholly throwing off the burden, or of securing that provision for his age, to which the least selfish look with hope. To this we are indebted for the revelation of the secret which might otherwise have gone with him to the tomb, the authorship of Waverley; it could be kept no longer: and when he at length avowed it, prepared as men were for the discovery, it came upon them like the words of the Black Knight on the ear of Locksley, 'I am Richard of England!' And what a declaration was it for a man to make, that of all these romances, he was not only the author, but the sole and unaided author; that with the exception of quotations, there was not a single word in them which was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading! The wand of the enchanter was now, as he said, broken, and the rod was buried. From this time forth he applied all his energies to the task which no one but himself could have dreamed of executing; the biography of Bonaparte, a hasty but most imposing picture, the Tales of a Grandfather, and the History of Scotland, the one a delightful series of familiar tales, the other a dignified and authentic narrative, and his tales of demonology, together with a fresh and brilliant series of romances, flowed in quick succession from his pen; and if any of these betray the marks of haste or imperfect preparation, who but must wonder, that with his purposes thus broken off, and the shadows of age and sorrow closing round him, he was able still to fix that admiration, which he had claimed without a rival in his better days? The bow might be partially unstrung, but no hand but that of Ulysses even now could bend it.

But the close of his labors was appointed, and was fast approaching. In 1831, four years after the occurrence of that misfortune, to which allusion has just been made, a severe illness, the effect of his incessant application, gave emphatic warning, that his end was drawing nigh. With the vain hope of restoration, he was induced to go abroad, and dwell for a time beneath the sunny skies of Italy; in the language of Wordsworth, the whole world's good wishes went with him; but he was apparently sensible that it was too late for hope, and longed to return to his home, to be nearer a more permanent habitation. When he arrived in London, his fine intellect was overspread by a dim and disastrous eclipse; on his return to Abbotsford he seemed partially revived; it was however only for a moment; the powers of his mind and body sunk together, and on the 21st of September 1832, he died. With what feelings the intelligence of this event was heard, is well known to all; it was universally regarded as a personal misfortune. If Scotland wept over hill and valley for her darling bard, there was no country, where his name had gone forth, which did not share her sorrow.

It is hard to estimate the power of a mind, which stands alone and unapproached in its peculiar sphere; certain it is, that there is none, in the history of recent literature, with which it is to be compared; in the whole literature of England, there is but one, and that one is Shakspeare. Who but Scott could stand the test of such comparison? We do not pretend, that Scott was Shakspeare's equal; the genius of the Child of Fancy, far from being bounded by the real, ranged through the vast extent of all imaginable being; summoning at will the spirits of beauty and terror, and governing the heart, as his Prospero calls down the sunshine or directs the storm. He saw the soul, when it lay beneath the wrath of fearful passions, like a wreck upon the sea; the heart-wrung agony of Lear,—the unearthly vengeance of Iago,—the spirit of Hamlet, crushed beneath the burden of an awful mystery, which it cannot cast away:—all the forms of life, so unlike our ordinary being, and yet so fearfully true,—these were his chosen field, and it was open to none but him. Who but he could have created Ariel, the most delightful spirit that ever crossed the poet's dream? The power of the supernatural has so completely perished, that Scott never fails more signally than when he labors to revive it; and yet, there are many things in which he resembles, while in all he stands only next to Shakspeare. Both broke the chains of artificial life, and explored the deep treasures of the heart; instead of representing character as modified by those accidental peculiarities, which have no permanent existence, they described it under the influence of passions and emotions, forever and every where the same. The task of Scott was in some respects the lightest: his position in life made him familiar with the train of feelings incident to most of those whom he describes; while Shakspeare, though he did it with a sagacity which could not err, was compelled to attribute those of the beings whom he knew to those with whom he was not conversant. We are affected by both, as Mr. Partridge was with Garrick's acting; there seems to be no acting in the case; every body moves and does as other men would do, in the same situation. In these respects, the power of both is very nearly the same; in each, it is alike exhaustless. Both knew that great secret of human character and action, its relentings and compunctious visitings; the wild flowers and green places are not all covered by the black and scorching lava; even when the spirit may be wrought to madness by oppressive passions or fatal purposes, a gleam of tenderness comes over it, like that pause amid the storm which Gray pronounced so like the voice of a spirit. 'Do you see that saugh-tree?' said Meg Merrilies; 'it 's but a blackened stump now: I 've sat under it many a bonny summer afternoon, when it hung its gay garlands ower the poppling water. I 've sat there, and I 've held you on my knee, Henry Bertram, and sung ye songs of the old barons and their bloody wars. It will never be green again, and Meg Merrilies will never sing blithe songs mair.' So it is with the touch of heart-break which unmans Rob Roy, when Helen made a lament, as well as Macrimmon himself could have made it, on his exile from his own land; and there is nothing more touching or more true than the exclamation of Ellen Douglas, 'Oh what have I to do with pride?'—and that of the high-souled Jewish maiden, 'I will never wear jewels more.' It is this truth of nature and feeling which makes both the teachers of a living and excellent philosophy; and not only such are they, but they are at the same time so thoroughly familiar with the practical concerns of life, that the most just rules of conduct may be gathered from their writings.

Whatever may be the merit of Sir Walter's other works, it is on his poetical ones, of course including his historical romances, that his fame will chiefly rest. The former might create a high and lasting reputation for any other man; but they are lost in the surpassing splendor of his works of fancy. His biography of Napoleon is a rich and animated sketch; but when it is remembered, that men are still too much dazzled by that portentous meteor to gaze upon its track with steady eye, we need not wonder that Scott failed to view it in the light of mild philosophy. He designed it for a popular narrative; and, as such, it will long remain without a rival. It wants the dignity of history; the life of Bonaparte was the history of his age; and the time to write it in a spirit of impartiality is not yet come. The lives of Swift and Dryden are better examples of philosophical investigation; those of the Novelists are wrought with less care, though full of interesting facts and judicious criticism. In all his works, his style is as free and unaffected as his mind; energetic, solemn, bold and eloquent, as his immediate purpose may require; we know not whether its not unfrequent carelessness is felt by the reader as a blemish; it certainly is far more easily forgiven, than the appearance of stateliness or art.

We have already spoken of the graces of his private character; on this point there is no discordant testimony, and it is one on which we may profitably dwell. It is rarely given us to see a man so eminent, and yet so humble; so exalted in the world's esteem, and so lowly in his own; so ready to allow to others the praise, which all combined to render him. This was a victory over the strong temptations of honor and success, greater than our imperfect nature often has to show; if it is not virtue, it as truly indicates its presence, as the emerald verdure does the richness of the soil beneath. Kindness to others was the ruling passion of his life; his humour, bright and penetrating as it was, was always playful and forbearing, and while it flashed, refused to wound; not a shade of selfishness was in his heart; his greatest happiness appeared to spring from seeing others happy. 'I was told,' says Mr. Cunningham, that he was never moved to anger but once, and that was against a clergyman, who unthinkingly began to remove one of the large gray stones which mark the tragic event recorded in that mournful ballad,—the Dowie Dens of Yarrow.' A beautiful picture of his domestic life has been given by one of our countrymen, who visited him at Abbotsford, a year before its noble tenant took leave of it forever. In the days of his better fortune, he was never heard to say a harsh word of another; and when misfortune gathered heavily around him, it did not, as it is too apt to do, harden the heart it has no power to conquer; his temper and affections were still unchanged and kind. There is no higher eulogium to be paid to man, than to say, that he remains faithful to his character through every change of prosperity and sorrow; it can be only paid to him, who finds his pleasures in the way of duty. In his writings as well as in his daily conversation, he was always found on virtue's side; they are throughout a vindication of the humble and domestic virtues; they reflect his own high principles and sentiments as truly, as the lake reflects the sky.

In one of his fine tales of border chivalry, he has represented Nature as lamenting when the Poet dies, and uniting with man to celebrate the obsequies of her departed worshipper. A beautiful fiction indeed it is, that the places, over which the light of genius has been shed, shall partake of human sympathy when it is withdrawn, and when he, whom they once knew, shall be known to them no more. And for whom should Nature mourn, if not for him, who has made her dear to many hearts,—who has thrown a charm over all the scenery of his native land, which shall live when ages shall have passed away? On every one of her mountains he has set a crown of glory, like that which is flung upon them by the morning sunbeam; he has converted her valleys into a holy land, towards which the footsteps of the literary pilgrim tend; at his call, her bards and heroes have awoke, and brought back all that delights us in the legendary tale, or thrills us in romance or chivalry. If it be forbidden to inanimate nature to mourn for such a worshipper, his memory will not fail in any Scottish heart; but not to Scotland only will his name and praise be limited:—they have gone forth beyond the boundaries of nations, to the remotest islands of the sea; and they will endure, when those of the proudest conquerors shall have passed into oblivion.

Art. II.—*Spanish Language and Literature.*

Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al Siglo XV. Por D. Thomas Antonio Sanchez. IV. Tom. Madrid. 1779—1790. A Collection of Castilian Poems anterior to the XVth Century.

These volumes embrace the oldest Castilian poetry of authentic date. They contain the writings of four authors ;—the anonymous poem of the Cid ;—the works of Gonzalo de Berceo ; Lorenzo de Astorga's poem of Alexander, and the poems of Juan Ruiz, Arcipreste de Hita. All these were written between the middle of the twelfth century and the close of the fourteenth. Of course they are important documents in the early history of the Spanish, or Castilian Language ; and as such we have placed the title of the work in which they are collected together at the head of this article, in which we shall offer a rapid sketch of the origin and progress of the Castilian language, with some remarks upon the other less important dialects of Spain.

Much doubt and uncertainty rests upon the question, What was the primitive language of Spain? Some maintain that it was the Chaldean; others the Greek; others the Teutonic; others the Basque, or *lengua Vascongada;* and others the ancient Latin.* From all that has been written upon the subject, however, it appears pretty evident, that various languages, and not one alone, were spoken in the Spanish Peninsula before the Roman conquest.† Among these doubtless was the Vascongada.

The *Lengua Vizca, Viscaina, Vascuence, Vascongada or Euscara*, as it is indifferently called, or in other words the Basque language, has, we believe, undisputed claims to the title of a primitive tongue,—so far at least as the origin of languages can be traced back. From the specimens given in the preface to the English translation of Mallet's '*Introduction à l'Histoire de*

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*Aldrete. Del Origen i principie de la Lengua Castellana. Lib. II. Cap. x.

† Aldrete. Lib. II. Cap. x. Mayans i Siscar. Origenes de la Lengua Española. Tom. I. Sect. 14. et seq.

Dannemarc,' [*] there seems to be no affinity between it and any dialect either of the Gothic or Celtic stems. This opinion is confirmed by an 'Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language,' by Mr. Vallençay, in which the Basque and Irish languages are collated.[†] Still farther confirmation is given by the ample vocabularies in a small tract by Goldmann, comparing together the Basque, the Cimbric and the Gælic.[‡] Juan Bautista de Erro, a Spanish writer of the present century, maintains that the Basque language is a perfect idiom, and consequently could not have been invented by man, but must have been inspired by the Creator. According to his theory, it was brought to Spain by the first emigrants from the plains of Senaar.[§] It would, however, be foreign to our purpose to enter into any discussion upon these points.

The Basque is still a living language. It is spoken in the provinces of Navarra, Guipuscoa, Alaba, and Biscay, generally called the *Provincias Vascongadas.* It is also spoken in the cantons of *Labour*, *Soula* and *Basse-Navarre* in the south of France. Of course it is not uniform throughout these provinces, but diversified by numerous dialects.

The following is the Lord's Prayer in the *lengua Vascongada,* as spoken in the province of Biscay.

Aita gurea, Sseruetan sagosana,
Ssantificadubedi sure Isena;
Betor gugana sure Erreinua;
Eginbedi sure Borondatea, nola Sseruan, alan Lurrean;
Egun igusu gure egunean eguneango Ogià;
Eta pareatueigusu gure Sorvac, gue gure Sordunai parcaetan-deustegusarra leges;
Eta itsoni esseigusu Tentassinjoan chausten;
Baya libradu gagisus Gaitsetic. Amen.

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[*] Northern Antiquities. Translated from '*L'Introduction á l'Histoire de Dannemarc.*' Vol. I. The Translator's Preface, pp. 18, et seq.

[†] In the *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis,* Vol. II. pp. 232 et seq.

[‡] G. A. F. Goldmann, Commentatio quâ trinarum linguarum Vasconium, Belgarum et Celtarum, quarum reliquiæ in linguis Vasconica, Cymry et Galic supersunt, discrimen et diversa cujusque indoles docetur.

[§] See the Alphabet of the Primitive Language of Spain. An extract from the works of Juan Bautista de Erro. Translated by Geo. W. Erving. Part II. Chap. 2—Part I. Chap. 3.

Adelung, from whose work this extract is taken, gives also specimens of the language in the dialects of Guipuscoa and Labour.*

Whatever may have been the languages spoken in Spain before the Roman conquest, there is abundant proof to show, that after that event, the Latin became the general language of the country.† Nor is it wonderful, that during the six centuries of the Roman sway,—from the year 216 before Christ, when the first Roman army entered Spain, till the year 416 after Christ, at which time the first Gothic army crossed the Pyrenees,—the Latin language should have swept away almost every vestige of more ancient tongues. We say *almost*, for the Basque still maintains its dominion in the more solitary and mountainous provinces of the North, and even as late as the eight century, when the *Romance* had already exhibited its first forms, some wrecks of the ancient languages of the Peninsula seem to have been preserved.‡ When the Northern nations overran the south of Europe, Spain suffered the fate of the other Roman colonies. The conquerors became in turn the conquered. Their language, like their empire, was dismembered. The Goths, the Suevi, the Alani, and the Vandals possessed the soil, from the Tomb of the Scipios to the Pillars of Hercules, and during their dominion of three centuries, the Latin language lost in a great degree its original character, and degenerated to the *Romance*.

Such, in few words, was the origin of the Spanish Romance, a branch of the *Roman Rustic*, which took the place of the Latin throughout the South and West of Europe. The name of *Roman* or *Romance* is not an arbitrary one, but indicates its origin from the Latin. It is used by some of the earliest writers in the Spanish language, when speaking of the tongue in which they wrote. Thus Gonzalo de Berceo says,

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* See *Mithridates. Zweyter Theil. pp.* 24. 28.

† Aldrete, Lib. I. Cap. XIV. XV. and XX. Mayans i Siscar. T. I. sect. 34, and the authors there cited.

‡ The historian Luitprand, as cited by Raynouard, T. I. xiij. speaking of the year 728, says, 'At that time there were in Spain ten languages, as under Augustus and Tiberius.

1. The ancient Spanish; 2. the Cantabrian; 3. the Greek; 4. the Latin; 5. the Arabic; 6. the Chaldean; 7. the Hebrew; 8. the Celtiberian; 9. the *Valencian;* and 10. the *Catalan*.'

The expression, 'as under Augustus and Tiberius,' renders this passage obscure. The Valencian and the Catalan were the *Romance*.

> Quiero fer una prosa en *roman* paladino
> En qual suela el pueblo fablar á su vecino.*

As early as the commencement of the eighth century, three different dialects of the *Romance* were spoken in Spain. In the eastern provinces of Catalonia, Arragon and Valencia, the Lémosin prevailed,—a form or dialect of the Provençal or Langue d' Oc of France;—in the centre, that is, in the provinces of Castile and Leon, and thence southward, the Castilian, from which the modern Spanish originated;—and in Galicia and the provinces bordering on the Atlantic, the Gallego, from which sprang the Portuguese. Then came from the South another wave of the fluctuating tide of empire,—the invasion of the Moors. These invaders extended their power over all Spain, with the exception of Leon, the mountains of Asturias, and some strong-holds in Arragon and Catalonia. In all the south of Spain, the Arabic supplanted the rude and imperfect Romance; but the inhabitants of the unconquered provinces, and those from the South who fled thither for safety, preserved, amid the rocks and forests of the North, their religion, their laws and their language. Again, as the land was reconquered by the swords of the Infante Pelayo, Juan de Alarés, Garci Ximenes, the Cid, and the other ancient champions of Spain, the Spanish Romance reclaimed its own. It followed the progress of the Christian arms, and at length spread itself through all the provinces of Spain. In this, however, the dialect of Castile bore the palm from its sister dialects of Catalonia and Galicia, probably because, of all the Spanish provinces, that were leagued in recovering the enslaved territory of the South, Castile and Leon, in whose borders the Castilian Romance was spoken, were the most powerful, and the most active in their exertions. Their armies were constantly in the field; and wherever their conquering banners waved, there their language was spread among the people. At the present day, the three dialects of the Spanish Romance thus divide the country: the Gallego maintains its solitary province in the north-west; the Catalonian prevails in Catalonia, and, with slight variations, in Valencia; and the Castilian is spoken in Castile, Leon, Arragon, a part of Navarre, La Mancha, Estramadura, and upper and lower Andalusia.

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* Vida de Santo Domingo de Silos. v. 5. 6.

The Moorish dominion of nearly seven centuries left its traces in the language of Spain, as well as its ruins and alcazars. 'And this name *albogues*,' says Don Quixote in one of his conversations with his Squire, 'is Moorish, as are all those in our native Castilian tongue, which begin in *al*; as for example, *almohaza*, *almorzar*, *alhambra*, *alguacil*, *alhuzema*, *almacen*, *alcancéa*, and the like;—but there are only three Moorish words in the language without the prefix *al*, which end in *í*, and these are *borcegui*, *zaquizami*, and *maravedi*; the words *alheli* and *alfaqui* are known as Arabic, both by their commencement in *al* and their termination in *i*.'* The nature of most of the Arabic words preserved in the Spanish language would be a proof, were proof wanting, of the intimate relations which existed between the Moors in Spain and their Christian subjects, or *Mozarabes*, as they were denominated. Such are the words *Ataud*, a coffin, from the Arabic *atud*;—*Azaleja*, now obsolete, a towel, from *azulet*, wiping;—*Bellota*, an acorn, from *bellut*;—*Borzegué*, a buskin, from *borzeghé*;—*Taza*, a cup, from *tas*;—*Usted*, Sir,—not, as generally supposed, contracted from *Vuestra Merced*, (your grace), but derived from the Arabic *Usted*, master; *Zumbar*, to buz, from *zumbour*, a bee, etc.†

We now proceed to a more particular consideration of the three divisions of the old Romance, as spoken in Spain. 1. the Castilian; 2. the Lemosin; 3. the Gallego, or Galician.

I. THE CASTILIAN. As the Castilian is the principal language of Spain, and the depository of all her classic literature, we shall devote much more space to its history, than to that of its sister dialects, and trace its progress from the fountainhead with some minuteness of detail. This at once carries us back to the twelfth century.

The earliest literary production of the *Lengua Castellana*, which has reached our day, is the Poem of the Cid, *el Poema del Cid*.‡ The name of its author is unknown, and the date of the poem not very definitely fixed. It is supposed to have been written about the middle of the twelfth century ; and consequently about fifty years after the death of the hero, whose name and achievements it celebrates. Our first extract is from this fine old poem. It is the commencement of the description of the tournament between the Champions of the Cid and the Infantes of Carrion.

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* Don Quixote. Part II. Cap. 47.

† Remains of Arabic in the Spanish and Portuguese Languages. By Stephen Weston.

‡ This poem is published in the first volume of the work before us.

Cada uno de ellos mientes tiene al so.
Abrazan los ecudos delant' los corazones ;
Abaxan las lanzas abueltas con los pendones ;
Enclinaban las caras sobre los arzones ;
Batien los cavallos con los espolones ;
Tembrar querie la tierra dod eran movedores.
Cada uno dellos mientes tiene al só.
Todos tres por tres ya juntados son
Cuedanse que esora cadran muertos, los que estan aderredor.
Pero Bermuez el que antes rebtó,
Con Ferran Gonzalez de cara se juntó ;
Feriense en los escudos sin todo pavor ;
Ferran Gonzalez à Pero Bermuez el ecudol' pasó ;
Prisol' en vacio, en carne nol' tomó ;
Bien en dos logares el astil le quebró ;
Firme estido Pero Bermuez, por eso nos' encamó ;
Un colpe recibiera, mas otro firió ;
Quebrantó la boca del escudo, apart gela echó ;
Pasogelo todo que nada nol' valió ;
Metáol' la lanza por los pechos, que nado nol' valió ;
Tres dobles de loriga tenie Fernando, aquestol' prestó ;
Las dos le desmanchan, è la terçera fincó ;
El belmez con la camisa è con la guarnizon
De dentro en la carne una mano gela metió ;
Por la boca afuera la sangrel' salió.
Quebraronle las cinchas, ninguna nol' ovo pro :
Por la colpa del cavallo en tierra lo echó.

* * *

Martin Antolinez è Diego Gonzalez firieronse de las lanzas ;
Tales fueron los colpes que les quebraron lanzas ;
Martin Antolinez mano metió al espada :
Relumbra tod' el campo ; tanto es limpia è clara ;
Diol' un colpe, de traviasol' tomaba ;
El casco de somo apart gelo echaba ;
Las moncluras del yelmo todas gelas cortaba :
Esora dixo el Rey : venid vos à mi compaña ;
Por quanto avedes fecho vencida avedes la batalla.

With soul intent and fixed eye each gazes on his foe.
They grasp their shields before their breasts, to guard them from the blow;
With pennons fluttering in the breeze, down, down their lances go;
Bowed are their crested helms until they reach the saddle-bow;
They fiercely strike their horses' flanks, their spurs with blood are red,
And the earth, o'er which they, sounding, ride, doth tremble at their tread.
With soul intent and fixed eye each gazes on his foe.
Thus three to three so gallantly in fierce encounter meet,
It seems that all, pierced through, must fall beneath the horses' feet.
Bermuez, the first challenger, is foremost in the fray,
He meets Ferran Gonzalez, and face to face are they;
They strike each other on the shields, they do not fear to smite.
Straightway Gonzalez' lance doth pierce Bermuez' shield outright;
Sheer from his side his spear passed wide, the flesh it did not gain,
But with such force the blow was given, it snapt the spear in twain.
Firm in his stirrup stood the knight, firm sat on saddle-tree,
He hath received a heavy blow, a heavier smiteth he,
He smote the shield upon its boss, and smote full valiantly.
In sunder cleft the shield was left,—it was of no avail,—
It pierced the breast-plate through and through,—it pierced the coat of mail,
The strong and triple coat of mail Ferran Gonzalez wore,
It rent the first two piece-meal, the third together bore
With spear-head and rich garniture, and hauberk stained with gore
Into the ghastly wound it made, a good palm's length or more.
Forth from his mouth the blood gushed out,—no power had he to stay
The fury of that valiant lance,—but saddle-girth gave way,—
He was dashed from off his horse's back, and in the dust he lay.

* * *

Diego and Antolinez encountered on the plain,
So furious were the blows they dealt, their spears were snapped in twain;
His hand upon his trusty sword Antolinez has laid,
Its flash illumines all the field, so shining is the blade;

A heavy blow he dealt, I trow,—cross-wise that blow was made;
Right through the crest and burnished helm, the tempered steel is borne.
The crest and helm are sundered straight, and the nodding plumage torn.
And then outspake the king and said, 'Come hither, brave champion,
'T is by the prowess of thine arm the battle field is won.'

The poem of the Cid is the only literary monument of the twelfth century now remaining. It exhibits the Castilian language in its rudest state, uncouth in structure, harsh in termination, and unpolished by the uses of song and literary composition, as the extract given above will sufficiently bear witness.

XIIIth CENTURY. Two poets of very modest pretensions to immortality meet us upon the threshold of this century,—Gonzalo de Bercéo, and Juan Lorenzo Segura de Astorga. The former sang the lives of Saints, the mysteries of the faith, and the miracles of the Virgin, in something more than thirteen thousand unmusical alexandrines; and the latter immortalized Alexander the Great in an historic poem of about ten thousand, hardly less unpolished. Their language, though less inharmonious and uncouth than that of the poem of the Cid, is still rude and *barbarous*,—though perhaps we ought not to use this word without some qualification. 'In truth,' says Sanchez, the modern editor of these ancient poets, 'in truth we ought not to call the style of our old Castilian poets either barbarous or unpolished, since it was not so, when compared with the most polished style and language of the times in which they lived, though it may appear so now in comparison with our own. If Don Gonzalo de Bercéo should visit the world again, preserving still the language of his own age, and should read the best of our modern writings, he would doubtless think our style and language rude and barbarous in comparison with his own, and would probably lament that the noble Spanish tongue should have so far degenerated from its original character.' * When we say, then, that the language of Bercéo and Lorenzo is rude and barbarous, we speak of it in reference to the supposed perfection of the modern idiom. But that, in itself considered, it was neither utterly misshapen and unmusical, will be clearly demonstrated by the extract which follows. It is taken from the introduction of Bercéo's 'Milagros de Nuestra Señora.'

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* Sanchez. T. III. Prologo, p. xxv.

Yo Maestro Gonzalvo de Berceo nomnado
Iendo en romerca caeci en un prado
Verde è bien sencido, de flores bien poblado,
Logar cobdiciaduero pora ome cansado.
Daba olor sobeio las flores bien olientes,
Refrescaban en ome las caras, è las mientes,
Manaban cada canto fuentes claras corrientes,
En verano bien frias, en ynvierno calientes.
Avie by grand abondo de buenas arboledas,
Milgranos è figueras, peros è mazanedas,
E muchas otras fructas de diversas monedas;
Mas non avie ningunas podridas nin acedas.
La verdura del prado, la olor de las flores,
Las sombras da los arboras de temprados sabores,
Refres cararme todo, è perdi los sudores:
Podrie vevir el ome con aquellos olores.
Nunqua trobé an sieglo logar tan deleitoso,
Nin sombra tan temprada, nin olor tan sabroso;
Descarquè mi ropiella por iacer mas vicioso,
Posema à la sombra de un arbor fermoso.
Yaciendo à la sombra pordi todos cuidados,
Odi sonos de aves dulces è modulados;
Nunqua udieron omes organos mas temprados,
Nin que formar pudiessen sones mas acordados.

I, Gonzalo de Bercéo, in the gentle summer-tide,
Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side,
All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far and wide,
A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller might abide.
Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the sunny air,
And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the mind from care;
On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters pure and fair,
Ice cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in winter were.
There on the thick and shadowy trees amid the foliage green,
Were the fig and the pomgranate, the pear and apple seen,
And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves between,
None were unpleasant to the taste and none decayed, I ween.
The verdure of the meadow green,—the odor of the flowers,
The grateful shadows of the trees,—tempered with fragrant showers,

Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry noon-tide hours;
O one might live upon the balm and fragrance of those bowers.
Ne'er had I found on earth a spot, that had such power to please,
Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on the breeze;
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might rest at ease,
And stretched upon the greensward lay in the shadow of the trees.
There, soft reclining in the shade, all cares beside me flung,
I heard the soft and mellow notes, that through the woodland rung.
Ear never listened to a strain from instrument or tongue,
So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me sung.

Instead of an extract from Juan Lorenzo's *Poema de Alexandro*, which is written in the style of Bercéo, we subjoin a part of a chapter in prose, inserted at the close of the poem, and bearing this title; '*Este es el Testamento de Alexandre quando sopo que moririe del toxigo quel dioron à beber; è de la carta que envió à su madre, en quel mandaba que non oviesse miedo è que se conortasse; è la tenor de la carta decia assi;*

* * * * 'Madre, oit la mi carta, è pensat de lo que hy à, è esforciatvos con el bon conorte è la bona sofrencia, è non semeiedes à las mugieres en flaqueza nin en miedo que an por las cosas que lles vienen, assi como non semeia vostro fijo à los omes en sus mannas, è en muchas de sus faciendas; y madre, se fallastes en este mundo algun regnado que fue ficado en algun estado durable. Non veedes que los arboles verdes è fremosos que facen muchas foias è espessas è lievan mucho frucho, è en poco tiempo quebrantanse sus ramos, è caense sus fojas è sus frutos? Madre, non veedes las yerbas verdes è floridas que amanecen verdes è anochecen secas? Madre, non veedes la luna que quando ella mas complida è mas luciente, estonce le vien el eclipsis? Madre, non veedes las estrellas que las encubre la lobregura, è non veedes las llamas de los fuegos lucientes è ascondidos que tan aína se amatan? Pues parat mientes, madre, à todos los omes que viven en este sieglo, que se pobló dellos el mundo, è que se maravijan de los visos è de los sesos, è que son todas cosas, è que se engenran, è cosas que nacen, è todo esto es iuntado enna muerte è con el desfacer.'

* * * * Mother, give ear to my letter, and meditate upon what is therein, and strengthen yourself with good comfort and with good patience, and be not like unto other women in

weakness, nor in the fears they have for the things which befall them, even as your son doth not resemble other men in his ways and in many of his deeds;—as if, Mother, you could find any kingdom in this world fixed in a permanent condition. Do you not see the green and beautiful trees, that put forth many and thick leaves, and bear much fruit, and in a short time their branches are broken off, and their leaves and their fruits fall?—Mother, do you not see the verdant, blooming grass, which in the morning is green, and in the evening fadeth away?—Mother, do you not see the moon, that when she is fullest and brightest, then cometh the eclipse?—Mother, do you not see the stars, how the darkness covers them, and do you not see the flames of their bright and hidden fires, how suddenly they are quenched?—Then consider, Mother, all the men that live in this age, that the world is peopled with them, that they are wonderfully made in countenance and in intellect, that they are all things, which were begotten and brought forth, and that all are joined with death and corruption.

About the middle of the thirteenth century lived and reigned Alfonso X., King of Castile and Leon. From his knowledge in the abstruse sciences, particularly Chemistry and Astrology, he was surnamed the Wise. 'He it was,' says Quintana, 'who raised his native language to its due honors, when he gave command that the public instruments, which until his day had been written in Latin, should thenceforth be engrossed in Spanish.'* His writings are various, both in verse and prose. In the Castilian language, he either himself compiled, or caused to be compiled under his direction, the earliest code of the Spanish Cortes, giving the work the well-known title of '*Las Siete Partidas.*' From this work we make the following extract, to illustrate the state of the language at the middle of the thirteenth century.

'Prouecho grande e bien, viene a los omes de la amistad; de guisa que segund dixo Aristoteles: ningun ome que aya bondad en si, non quiere benir en este mundo sin amigos: maguer fuesse abondado de todos los bienes que en el son. E quanto los omes son mas honrrados, e mas poderosos, e mas ricos, tanto han menester mas los amigos. E este por dos razones. La primera porque ellos non podrian auer prouecho de las riquezas, si non vsassen de ellas, e tal vso deue ser en fazer bien, e el bien fecho deue ser dado a los amigos, e porende los que amigos non han, non pueden vsar bien de las riquezas que ouieren, maguer sean abondados dellas. La segunda razon es, porque por los amigos se guardan, e se acrescientan las riquezas e las honrras que los omes han, cade otra guisa sin amigos non podrian durar, porque quanto mas honrrado, e mas poderoso es el ome, peor golpe rescibe, si fallesce ayuda de los amigos. E aun dixo el mismo, que aun los otros omes que non son ricos, nin poderosos, han menester en todas guisas, ayuda de amigos que los acorran en su pobreza e los fuercen en los peligros que les acaescieren. E sobre todo dixo, que en qualquier edad que sea el ome ha menester ayuda, ca si fuer niño, ha menester amigos, que lo crien, e lo guarden, que non faga nin aprenda cosa que le este mal, e si fuer mancebo mejor entendera e fara todas las cosas que ouiere de fazar, con ayuda de sus amigos que solo, e si fuere viejo ayudar se a de sus amigos, en las cosas de que fuere menguando, o que non puede fazer por si, por los embargos que vienen a la vejer.'

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* Manuel Josef Quintana. Poesias Selectas Castellanas. Introduccion. T. I. p. 17.

Great and good profit cometh unto men from friendship; so that, as Aristotle said, no man who hath any good in him, would be willing to come into this world without friends, although he might possess in abundance all the goods that are therein. The more honored, and powerful, and rich, men are, so much more need have they of friends. And this for two reasons. First, because they could not enjoy their riches, if they did not use them, and use them in well-doing, and this well-doing should be exercised towards friends; and consequently those who have no friends cannot make a good use of the riches they possess, although they may abound in them. The second reason is, that by friends are kept and increased the riches and honors which men possess, for otherwise without friends they would not continue long, since the more honored and powerful a man is, a heavier blow receiveth he, if the aid of friends is wanting. And the same Aristotle said, that even men who are neither rich nor powerful have need in every way of the aid of friends, who may succor them in their poverty, and fortify them in the dangers, that may befall them. And above all he said, that of whatever age a man may be, he needs assistance; for in infancy he wants friends to take care of him, and keep him from doing or learning any thing which might be injurious to him;—and in youth, because he can better understand and do all those things which he may have to do, with the aid of friends, than alone;—and in old age he can obtain assistance of his friends in those things wherein he is wanting, and which he cannot do for himself, on account of the decrepitude of old age.

By comparing this extract with that from the Poem of the Cid, it will be seen with what rapid progress the language had advanced towards perfection in the lapse of a single century. Doubtless this progress in the language, and that which took place during the last half of the thirteenth century, which will be seen by our next extract, must, in great part at least, be attributed to the pride which Alfonso X. took in its cultivation,—to the same feeling, which his example must have inspired in others, and to the fact, that from his time forth all public documents and transactions were enregistered in Castilian.

XIVth CENTURY. In the first half of the fourteenth century flourished Don Juan Manuel, the grandson of Saint Ferdinand and nephew of Alfonso X. He was one of the most celebrated men of his age, both as a warrior and an author. His most remarkable work, *El Conde Lucanor*, is a collection of fables and tales, inculcating various moral and political maxims. From this work the following extract is made. It will exhibit the Castilian language under its most favorable aspect, at the commencement of the fourteenth century.

'Fablava un dia el conde Lucanor con Patronio su Consejero, en esta manera. Patronio, vos sabedas que yo soy muy caçador, y he fecho muchas caças nuevas, que nunoa fizo otre ome, y aun he fecho y añadido en los capillos y en las piguelas algunas cosas muy aprovechosas, que nunca fueron fechas, y aora los que quieren dezir mal de mi fablan en escarnio en alguna manera, y quando loan al Cid Ruydias, o al Conde Ferrand Gonzalez, de quantas lides que fizieron, o al santo y bienaventurado Rey don Ferrando, quantas buenas conquistas fizo, loan a mi, diziendo que fiz muy buen fecho, porque añadi aquello en los capillos y en las piguelas. Y porque yo entiendo, que este alabamiento mas se me toma en denuesto, que en alabamiento, ruego vos que me a consejedes en que manera faré porque no me escarnezcan por la buena obra que fiz.

'Señor Conde, si tomades pesar, o cuidades que vos loan por escarnescer del añadimiento, que fezistes en los capillos, y en las piguelas, y en las otras cosas de caça vue vos fezistes, guisad de fazer algunos fechos granados e nobles que les pertenesce de facer a los grandes omes. E por fuerça las gentes avran de loar los vuestros buenos fechos, assi como loan aora por escarnio en el añadimiento que fezistes de la caça. E el Conde tovo este por buen consejo y fizolo assi, e fallose dello muy bien. Eporque don Juan entendio que este era bien exemplo, fizolo escrivir en estelibro, y fizo estos versos, que dizen assi:

> Si algun bien fizieres, que chico asaz fuere,
> Fazlo granado, que el bien nunca muere.'

One day, the Count Lucanor spake to Patronio his counsellor in this manner. Patronio, you know that I am a great huntsman, and have invented many new ways of hunting, which no other man had done, and have even made and added in nets and jesses some things of great utility, which were before unknown, and now those, who wish to speak evil of me, speak of me somehow in derision, and when they praise the Cid Ruy Diaz, or the Count Ferran Gonzalez for the battles which they fought, or the holy and blessed King Don Fernando, for the glorious conquests he achieved, they praise me also, saying that I have done a very good deed, for that I have made an improvement in nets and jesses. And as I conceive that this praise is rather an insult than praise, I beseech you to counsel me how I shall act, that they may no longer deride me for the good deed I have done.

Señor Conde, if you take it much to heart, that they praise you in derision for the improvement that you made in nets and jesses, and in other matters of the chase, which you have made, bethink yourself to do some great and noble deeds, such as it belongs to great men to do. And the people will be forced to praise your great deeds, as they now in derision praise the improvements you have made in hunting. And the Count thought this counsel good, and followed it, and it was well with him therefor. And as Don Juan considered that this was a good example, he had it written in this book, and made the verses which say as follows;

> If you 've done good in small compass,—small deed and silently,
> Then do it on a larger scale, for the good can never die.

Contemporaneously with Juan Manuel flourished Juan Ruiz, Arcipreste de Hita, a poet of a lively imagination, great satirical acuteness, and a poetic talent of a superior order. Bouterwek, in his History of Spanish Literature, has done this poet some injustice, from ignorance of his writings; for the fourth volume of Sanchez, which is devoted to this old writer, never reached the critic's hands, and he condemned the poet from a few fragments which he found in the works of others. The specimen, which he quotes from Velasquez, 'as a specimen by which justice will be done the author,' does the author no justice whatever.* Perhaps the following extract may do little to redeem him. It is not with that intention that we present it, but only as a specimen of the language of his age.

'Quiero vos abreviar la predicacion,
Que siempre me pagué de pequeño sermon,
E de dueña pequeña et de breve rason,
Ca poco et bien dicho afincase el corazon.

Del que mucho fabla rien, quien mucho rie, es loco,
Es en la dueña chica amor et non poco,
Dueñas hay muy grandes, que por chicas non troco,
Mas las chicas é las grandes se repienden del troco.

De las chicas, que bien diga, el amor me fiso ruego,
Que diga de sus noblesas, yo quiero las desir luego,
Desirvos he de dueñas chicas, que lo habredes por juego.
Son frias como la nieve, é arden como el fuego.

Son frias de fuera, con el amor ardientes,
En la calle solás, trevejo, plasenteras, rientes,
En casa cuerdas, donosas, sosegadas, bien fasientes,
Mucho al y fallaredes à do bien paredes mientes.

En pequeña gergenza yase grand resplandor,
En azucar muy poco yase mucho dulzor,
En la dueña pequeña yase muy grand amor,
Pocas palabras cumplen al buen entendedor.

Es pequeño el grano de la buena pimienta,
Pero mas que la nués conorta et calienta,
Asi dueña pequeña, si todo amor consienta,
Non ha plaser del mundo que en ella non sienta.

Como en chica rosa está mucho color,
En oro muy poco grand precio et grand valor,
Como en poco blasmo yase grand buen olor,
Ansi en dueña chica yase muy grand sabor.

Como robí pequeño tiene mucha bondat,
Color, virtud, é precio, è noble claridad,
Ansi dueña pequeña tiene mucha beldat,
Fermosura, donayre, amor, et lealtad.

Chica es la calandria, et chico el ruyseñor,
Pero mas dulce canta, que otro ave mayor;

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* Geschicta der Poesie und Beredsamkeit. Dritter Band. p. 46.

La muger, que es chica, por eso es mejor,
Con doñeo es mas dulce, que azucar nin flor.

Son aves pequeñas papagayo è orior,
Pero qualquier dellas es dulce gritador,
Adonada, fermosa, preciada, cantador,
Bien atal es la dueña pequeña con amor.

De la muger pequeña non hay comparacion,
Terrenal paraiso es, è grand consolacion,
Solàs, et alegria, plaser, et benedicion,
Mejor es en la prueba, que en la salutacion.

Siempre ques muger chica mas que grande nin mayor,
Non es desaguisado del grand mal ser foidor,
Del mal tomar lo menos diselo el sabidor,
Porende de las mugeres la mejor es la menor.'

I wish to make my sermon brief, to shorten my oration,
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation,
I like short women,—suits at law without procrastination,
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock, he's a fool who's always grinning,
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women, Love besought me in my musing,
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing,
So I 'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing;
They are I know as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

They 're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love is raging,
They 're gay and pleasant in the street,—soft, cheerful and engaging,
They 're thrifty and discreet at home,—the cares of life assuaging,
All this and more—try, and you 'll find how true is my presaging.

In a little precious stone, what splendor meets the eyes!
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies,
You recollect the proverb says,—a word unto the wise.

A pepper corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 't is sprinkled thinner,

Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her,
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dies,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue,—in the clearness of its rays,
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The sky-lark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing,
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat,
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat,
And such a little woman is when love doth make her doat.

There's nought can be compared to her, throughout the wide creation,
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation,
In fine she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released,
Now of two evils choose the less,—said a wise man of the East,
By consequence, of women-kind be sure to choose the least.

We pass over the last half of the fourteenth century. To this period are generally assigned the great mass of the ancient historic, romantic, and Moorish ballads of Spain; not that they were all written at so late a period, but because the language in which they now exist indicates no higher antiquity. As their date, however, is determined only by a judgment of their language, we should hardly feel ourselves justified in assigning an extract its date, from the language in which it is written, and then bringing it forward as a specimen of the language at that period. We therefore pass on to the next century.

XVth CENTURY. The fifteenth century was an age of allegories, moral sentences, quaint conceits, mythological rhapsodies, and false pedantic refinement in Castilian song. Nearly all the Castilian poetry of this century is contained in the *Cancionero General;* a collection published at the commencement of the sixteenth century, containing, besides the pieces of many anonymous writers, the works of one hundred and thirty-six authors.* Among these are the poems of Lope de Mendoza, Marques de Santillana, a celebrated name in the literary history of the reign of Juan II. He died in 1458, and his writings may be regarded as the best specimens of the Castilian language, during the first half of the fifteenth century. The following simple but beautiful *Serrana* is from his pen. As all the grace of the original would be lost in translation, we shall not attempt to clothe it in an English dress.

'Moza tan fermosa
non vi en la frontera
como una vaquera
de la Finojosa.
Faciendo la via
de Calateveño
à Santa Maria
vencido del sueño
por tierra fragosa
perdí la carrera
do vi la vaquera
de la Finojosa.
En un verde prado
de rosas è flores
guardando ganado
con otros pastores
la vi tan fermosa,
que apenas creyera
que fuese vaquera
de la Finojosa.
Non creo las rosas
de la primavera
sean tan fermosas
nin de tal manera,
fablando sin glosa,
si antes supiera
daquella vaquera
de la Finojosa.
Non tanto mirára
su mucha bildad
porque me dejara
en mi libertad.
Mas dixe, donosa,
por saber quien era
aquella vaquera
de la Finojosa.'

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* This book was printed in black letter, and has now become very rare. We have seen but two copies of it;—one belonging to the royal library at Dresden, and the other to the library of the University of Göttingen. It is entitled '*Cancionero General de muchos y diversos autores;*' and on the first page of the poetry is a rubric, which runs as follows: '*Cancionero general de muchas y diversas obras de todos | o d'los mas principales trobadores despaña en lẽgua castellana assi antiguos como modernos | en deuociõ | en moralidad | en amores | en burlas romances | villancicos | cãciões | letras de inuẽciões | motes | glosas preguntas respuestas | copilado y maravillosamâto ordenado por Hernâdo d'l castillo Principiãdo en obras de nuestra señora | sin cuyo favor ningũ prẽcipio | medio ni fin puede ser dicho bueno—en nobre d'la santa trenidad conuẽça.*'

The following specimen of Castilian prose at the same epoch is by the same writer. It is extracted from his well-known *Proemio al Condestable de Portugal,*—a brief sketch of the history of Spanish poetry down to his own time.

'¿ E que cosa es la poesia que en nuestro vulgar *Gaya Sciencia* llamamos, si non un fingimiento de cosas utiles cubiertas, ò veladas con muy fermosa cobertura, compuestas, distinguidas, è scandidas por cierte cuento, peso, è medida ? E ciertamente, muy virtuoso Señor, yerran aquellos que pensar quieren ò decir que solamente las tales cosas consistan ò tiendan à cosas vanas è lascivas. Que bien como los fructiferos huertos abundan è dan convenientes frutos para todos los tiempos del año ; asi los hombres bien nascidos è doctos, à quien estas sciencias de arriba son infusas, usan de aquellas è del tal exercicio segunt las edades. E si por ventura las sciencias son deseables, asi como Tullio quiere, ¿ qual de todas de es mas prestante, mas noble, è mas digna del hombre ; ò qual mas estensa à todas especies de humanidat ? Ca las obscuridades è cerramientos dellas ¿ quien las demuestra è face patentes sinon la eloqüencia dulce è fermosa fabla, sea metro, sea prosa ?'

And what is poetry, which in our vulgar tongue we call the *Gay Science*, but a feigning of useful things, concealed or veiled with a very beautiful covering, composed, arranged, and measured by a certain rule, weight and measure? And surely, most virtuous Sir, they err, who think and say, that such things consist of and have a tendency towards vain and lascivious matters only. For as fruitful gardens yield abundantly fruits convenient for all seasons; so men high-born and learned, into whom these sciences are inspired from above, use them and exercise themselves therein in proper seasons. And if peradventure the sciences are desirable, as Tully wills, which of all is the most excellent, the most noble, the most worthy of man ?—or which the most applicable to all conditions of humanity ? For what can demonstrate and explain their obscurities and difficulties, unless it be persuasive eloquence and harmonious language, either of metre or of prose ?

It would be tedious to trace the slow and almost imperceptible progress of the language down through this century to the confines of the next. The sixteenth century was the golden age of the language and literature of Spain. The hands of Garcilasso de la Vega, Herrera, Montemayor, Cervantes and Lope de Vega stamped them with immortality.

As the writings of these authors are within every one's reach, it would be entirely useless to bring forward any specimens from them in illustration of the state of the language in the sixteenth century. Suffice it to say, that by them it was carried to its highest state of perfection; and though since their day, some words have become obsolete, and forms of orthography have changed, yet he who would read the noble Castilian tongue in all its beauty and sonorous majesty, must go back to the writers of the sixteenth century.

One striking characteristic of the Castilian language consists in its musical terminations, and the high-sounding march of its periods. Another is the great copiousness of its vocabulary;—a third, its richness in popular proverbs and vulgar phrases, or *dicharachos.* The first of these is amply proved by all the classic writers of the language;—for the second the reader is referred to Sancho Panza; and for the third to the *Cuento de Cuentos* of Quevedo.[*]

The Castilian is spoken in its greatest purity in the province of Old Castile. Most of the other provinces of the realm have something peculiar in their language or pronunciation, by which they are easily distinguished. In Andalusia, for instance, the *ce, ci,* are pronounced *se, si,* and the *z* has invariably the sound of *s.* An *Andaluz cerrado,* or genuine Andalusian, aspirates the mute *h* at the beginning of words, so much so that it has passed into a proverb, and they say '*El que no diga jacha, jorno, y jigado* (hacha, horno, y bigado) *no es de mi tierra.*"

Setting aside these provincialisms, which are hardly sufficient to constitute a new dialect, the Castilian may be said to have but one subordinate dialect. This is the *dialecto de los Gitanos*, or Gipsy dialect, a kind of slang, which bears the same resemblance to the Castilian, as the Billingsgate or Tom-and-Jerry dialect of London does to the English. In this slang, or as the Spaniards call it, *caló*, the word *aguila* (eagle) signifies an astute robber;—*buyes* (oxen) are cards;—*ermitaño de camino* (hermit of the high-way) a bandit;—*finibusterre* (ends of the earth) the gallows;—*hormigas* (ants) dice; *lanternas* (lanterns) eyes;—etc. Quevedo and other Spanish wits have amused themselves by writing songs in this dialect, in imitation of the old Spanish ballads. These have been collected and published in a volume.* The following is an extract from one of them, entitled, '*Romance de la Vida y Muerte de Maladros.*'

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[*] We subjoin a paragraph for the curious. 'Pues como digo, yendo dias y viniendo dias, la Pupilera, que tenia pulgas, soltó la tarabilla, y la dixo rasamente, que ella era muger de sangre en el ojo, y que con ella no avia chancharras mancharras, que anduviesse con pie de plomo y la barba sobre el hombro, porque de manos á boca haria de hecho. La moçuela, que era sacudida, casi, casi, estuno para embedijarse conella, y levantar una cantera de todos los diablos. Ella se resolviò en dezirla, que para que eran tantos arremuescos y dingolondangos, siendo todo un papasal; y sepa, que ya estoy en el agua hasta aqui. Hazia grandes extremos, diziendo, que bien entendia la çangamanga. La pupilera lo quiso meter a barato, negando a pie juntillas quanto ella avia dicho. El otro hermanillo, que se venia al husmo, se hizo mequetrefe, y farante del negocio, y por apaciguarlas, empeçò a darlas nipio a la mano a sabiendas.'

'Entra el guro[1] Marco Caña
de Ganzúa acompañado
entran en la enfermería,
dó está el jaque[2] apiolado[3].
Dice el boche[4] que se apreste,
porque ya el plazo es llegado;
atale entrambas las garras
con un bramante[5] delgado
y rodeale la gorja[6]
con tralla y torzal de esparta,
encaminale a la calca[7]
por la escalera abajo.
El jaque lleno de ansias,[8]
aunque entero y esforzado,
se despide allí de todos,
y todos del sollozando.
Garlando[9] à unos y à otros
baxo las rexas pasando,
y en un quatro de menor[10]
subió vestido de blanco.

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* Romances de Germanía de varios autores, con el Vocabulario etc. para declaracion de sus terminos y lengua. Compuesto por Juan Hidalgo. etc. etc. Madrid, 1779.

[1] Bum-bailiff
[2] thief
[3] imprisoned
[4] executioner
[5] cord
[6] throat
[7] street
[8] chains
[9] speaking
[10] jack-ass.

Llevaronlo por las calles,
el bramon[1] el gárlo[2] alzando,
destebrechando[3] el delito,
y sus flores[4] descornando[5]
y a cada voz el bederre[6]
la vigília[7] va tocando.
Llegan a finibusterre[8]
y apearonlo del quatro ;
contrito y con mucho esfuerzo
torna a gatar[9] con el naso.' [10] etc.

We now pass on to the other two dialects of the ***Roman Rustic***, which sprang up in Spain coeval with the Castilian, but which have suffered a more ignoble fate,—the Lemosin and the Gallego. In our remarks upon these, we shall be as brief as the subject will admit.

II. The Lemosin. The Lemosin, or *Lengua Lemosina*,* was originally the same as the *Langue d' Oc*, or language of the Troubadours of the south of France, though doubtless many local peculiarities distinguished the language as spoken on the northern and the southern slope of the Pyrenees. The fact, that this dialect prevailed so extensively in the eastern provinces of Spain, must be attributed to geographical situation and political causes. From their very situation, there must have been free and constant intercourse, both by sea and land, between the south of France, and the north-eastern corner of Spain. Early in the twelfth century (1113), the kingdoms of Provence and Barcelona were united under one crown ; and before the middle of the same century (1137), the kingdom of Arragon was joined with them. In the beginning of the thirteenth century (1220—1238), Majorca, Minorca, and Valencia passed under the same government. These political

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[1] accuser	[6] executioner
[2] voice	[7] trumpet
[3] publishing	[8] gallows
[4] tricks	[9] talk
[5] making known	[10] priest.

* La tercera . . . Lengua maestra de las de España, es la Lemosina, y mas general que todas . . . Por ser la que se hablava en Proenza, y toda la Guiyana, y la Francia Gotica, y la que agora se habla en el principado de Cataluña, Reyno de Valencia, islas de Mallorca, Minorca, etc.—*Ercolano. Hist. de Valencia. cit. by Raynouard.* T. I. p. 13.

changes could not have been without their effect upon the language. The court of Provence introduced into Spain the fascinating poetry of the Troubadours. Kings and princes became its admirers and imitators. Among these were Alfonso II., king of Arragon, and his son Peter II., who died fighting for the Albigenses, many of whom,—and amongst them a great multitude of Troubadours,—took refuge at his court. During the next century, the same patronage was afforded by the court of Arragon under Peter III. and his son James I., who is spoken of as a great admirer of the *poesia Catalana*, and himself no mean poet. It will be readily understood, why circumstances of this kind should have established and perpetuated the language of the Troubadours in Spain.

The *Lengua Lemosina* exhibits itself in Spain under the form of three separate dialects.* These are, 1. the Catalan; 2. the Valencian; and 3. the Majorcan, or dialect of the *Islas Baleares*. Of these we shall present examples, in the order in which we have named them.

1. *The Catalan.* This dialect, which is now confined to the province of Catalonia, formerly extended also through the neighboring province of Arragon, though at the present day the language of that province is the Castilian, with some slight traces of the elder dialect. The following is the Lord's prayer in Catalan, taken from Aldrete.†

'Pare nostro, que estan en lo cel.
Sanctificat sea el vostre sant nom;
Vinga en nos altres el vostre sant reine;
Fassas la vostra voluntat, axi en la terra como se fa enl o cel;
El pa nostre de cada dia da nous lo gui;
I perdonan nos nostres culpes;
Axi com nos altres perdonam a nostres deudores;
I no permetan, que nos altres caigam
En la tentacio, ans desllibra nos de qual se vol mal. Amen.'

It will not be necessary to go more minutely into the history of this dialect. Those who are curious to see wherein it differs from the language of the Troubadours of Provence, and to notice more particularly some other of its peculiarities, are referred to Raynouard.* We pass on to the next division of the *Lengua Lemosina.*

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* Mayans i Siscar. T. I. p. 58.

† Del Origen y Principie de la Lengua Castellana. Lib. II. cap. 18.

2. *The Valencian.* This dialect seems formerly to have been identically the same as the Catalan; and even at the present day so slight is the difference between them, that the inhabitants of the two provinces understand each other with perfect facility. In the *Notas al Canto de Turia* in the *Diana Enamorada* of Gaspar Gil Polo, we find the following passage, which bears upon this point. ‘As Maestro Rodriguez has well observed in his *Bibl. Valent.*, pages 26 and 27, under the name of *Catalanes* are included both Catalonians and Valencians, for both spake the same language from the commencement of the conquest, and for more than two hundred years afterwards; *and even at the present day the two languages cannot be distinguished from each other, save in some particular forms and idioms;* and this is the reason why many authors have been confounded together, and some who were in reality Valencians have been considered as natives of Catalonia.†

The following specimen is from the pen of Onofre Almudevar, a Valencian author of the sixteenth century.

‘En lo temps que mes apartat estava de conversar ables muses, amantissims lectors, lo Enteniment, que tots temps está en vetla, sentí que tocaven a les portes del descuit lo zel y amor de la nostra materna llengua, que acompanyats de la Rahó venien, y entránt en lo pati de la voluntat, prengué la Rahó la mar del dir, y a mí en personá de tots los altres Valencians ab paraules de gran sentiment per un modo imperatiu me comenzá arguhint de parlar en esta forma: “Suio fosseu ingrats a la llet que aveu mamat, y a la patria hon sou nats, no dormirieu ab tant gran descuit: ans uberts los ulls de la consideració veurieu com seus van perdént les perles e margarites que ab continues vigilies los vostres passats adquiriren, y aprés les vos dexaren; perque de aquelles y ab aquelles vos adornasseu y enriques seu en les conversacions y ajusts de persones avisades; majorment que par que azó redunde en deshonra vostra, vist que los estranys les amen, estimen, y tenen, y encara les sapliquen, que tacitament es mostrar que aquells tals millor ho gusten y entenen que vosaltres: y que azó sia veritat próvās entre les altres ab les obres d'aquell vostre excelentissim Poeta y estrénu cavaller Mossen Ausias March, que essént natural Valenciá, los cathalans lo san volgut aplicar, y los Castellans han treballat de entréndrel, fentlo en achademies publiques llegi. Y com a estos, que dit tinch, nols sia natural axi per la carencia de la forza de la llengua, com per la varietat dels enteniments, ajudant hi lo gran discurs del temps, en les obres dites, y en estes que aci narraré, sens moltes altres dignes de ser portades a la noticia dels hòmens, y ser tengudes en la estima que ells merexien, de cada dia se van corrompent los vocables. Y algunes vegades pensant millorarlos, com lo vers sia una cosa tan delicada, muden la sentencia, o alteren los versos de tal manera, que si huy tornassen algunes delles davant sos propis Autors, no les conexerien. Per hon vos exhorte, y tan quant puch encarregue, que torneu sobre vosaltres, y respongau per la vostra honra en no dexar perdre les obres de tants celebres Autors, sino que renovantles, mostreu a les nacions estranyes la capacitat de les persones, la facundia de la llengue, y les coses altes que en ella están escrites." '

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* Choix des Poesies de Troubadours. T. VI. Discours Prélim. p. xxxviii.

† The original passage runs thus: ‘Como advirtió muy bien el Maestro Rodriguez en sa *Bibl. Valent.* pag. 26. y 27. bajo el nombre de *Catalanes* se entendian estos y los Valencianos, por ser todos de una misma lingua desde los principios de la conquista y por mas de 200 anos; y aun hoy no se distinguen ambas lenguas, sino en el dialecto y ciertos idiotismos: y esta ha sido la causa de confundir a algunos Autores, que se tiener por Catalanes de nacimiento, y son Valencianos.

La Diana Enamorada. Notas al Canto de Turia. Adicion vii. p. 490.

Most gentle reader!—At that season when the mind, which never sleeps, was most withdrawn from the conversation of the Muses, I heard the Zeal and Love of our maternal tongue, who came accompanied by Reason, knocking at the gates of Oblivion; and, entering into the corn-yard of the Will, Reason lifted up her voice, and addressing herself to me as the representative of all other Valencians, with words of great sorrow, and a tone of authority, she began to reason with me after this manner; 'Were you not ungrateful to the bosom that suckled you, and to the country where you were born, you would not sleep on in so great forgetfulness; on the contrary you would have aroused others by the consideration, that they are losing the pearls and jewels, which your fathers with continual vigils gained, and bequeathed to you; that from these and with these you might adorn and enrich yourselves in the conversation and counsel of learned men; the more so, in as much as it thus redounds to your discredit, seeing that strangers love, and esteem, and keep, and even appropriate them to themselves, which is tacitly showing that they have a better taste and understanding than you ; and that this is the truth, we have proofs, amongst others, in the works of that excellent poet and renowned cavalier, Mossen (Mr.) Ausias March, whom, being a native of Valencia, the Catalonians have wished to claim as their own, and the Castilians have labored to understand, having him read in their public Academies. And as this is unnatural to those, whom I have mentioned, both on account of the difficulty of understanding the full force of the language, and moreover on account of the variety of opinions, and the long course of time which has elapsed since his day,—in the abovementioned works, and in these which I here present,—(not to mention many others worthy of being offered to the notice of men, and held in well-merited esteem,)—the language is becoming daily corrupted. And some times thinking to improve it, as poetry is a delicate matter, they change the expressions and alter the verses in such a manner, that if, at the present day, some of them should again reach the hands of their authors, they would not recognize them. Hence I exhort you, and charge you as strongly as I am able that you should return to yourselves, and vindicate your honor, by not suffering the works of so many celebrated authors to be lost, but by renovating them again, show to foreign nations the capacity of your writers,—the richness of your language, and the noble things, which are written therein.

3. *The Majorcan.* This is the name generally given to the dialect spoken in the three islands of Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza. Even this *patois* is not uniform in these three islands: but seems to have some local peculiarities, as we shall have occasion to observe in presenting our extracts. The first exhibits the language as spoken in the island of Majorca. It is extracted from a little catechism of Christian doctrine, printed in the city of Palma in 1817.*

'Tot bon Christiá
es molt obligat
á tanir devoció
á la Santo Creu
de Jesu-Christ nostron Deu.
Puis en ella volgué morir
para nos redimir
de la captividat
de nostron pecat.

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* Doctrina Christiana a manera de Dialogo entre el mestre y lo dexeble. Composta pu lo R. P. Diego de Compañia de Jesus.

Y per tant devem usar
de señar, y persignar
fent tres creus.
La primeza en lo front,
perque ens deslliuz Deu
dels mals pensemens.
La segona en la boca,
perque ons deslliuz Deu
de las malas palauras.
La tercera en los pits, (pechos)
perque en deslliuz Deu
de las malas obras, dient axi:
Per lo señal, de la Santa Creu
de nostros inimichs deslliuzaunos
Señor, Deu nostro.'

This is so very simple, that we shall not take up the room with a translation. We pass to the dialect spoken in Minorca.

Dr. Ramis y Ramis, speaking of this dialect, says; 'It is evident, that although our language is derived from the ancient Lemosin, which is spoken alike by Catalonians, Valencians, and Majorcans, this does not excuse us from the necessity of having some elementary reading-book in our own peculiar dialect; since there is a difference between it and that spoken by them, both in the pronunciation and the orthography.' * To show the difference which exists between these two forms of the same dialect, we subjoin the Pater-noster and the Ave-Maria in both, marking those words wherein they differ.

MAJORCAN.	MINORCAN.
'*Lo Pare nostro.*	'*El Pare nostro.*
Pare nostro qui estan en *lo* cel, *sia* santificat *lo* vostro Sant Nom. *Vinga* á nosaltres *lo* vostro Sant *Reyne.* *Fassas* la vostre voluntat, axí en la terra, com se fà en *lo* Cel. *Lo* nos-	Pare nostro qui estan en *el* cel, *sie* santificat *el* vostro Sant Nom; *venguie* anosaltres *el* vostro Sant *Reine; fassies* la vostra voluntat axi en la terra com se fá en *el* Cel. Nostro pá

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* 'Aparex qu' encare qu'el nóstre (idiome) sie trét de l' antig llemosí del qual usan igualmént los Cataláns, Valenciáns y Mallorquins, açó no nos escúsa d' haver de tenir principis de lectura própis d'el nóstro dialéctic; assent axi qu' aquest se diferencia d' el d' aquells lant en la pronúncia, cóm en l' ortografía.—*Principis de la Lectura Menorquina. Per un Mahonês. Mahò.* 1804. *Prefaci.*

tro pá, de *cada dia, donaulonos* Señor en *lo dia de vuy.* Y perdonaunos las nostras culpas, axí com nosaltres perdonam á nostros deutors. Y no permeteu que nosaltres *caygem* en la tentaciò : *ans deslliuraunos* Señor de qualsevol mal. *Amen.*	de *cade die, donaunoslo* Señor en el die d' avui, y perdonaunos las nostras culpas, axi com nosaltres perdonam a *los* nostros deutors, y no permeteu que nosaltres *caiguem* en la tentaciò ; *ausbè alliberaunos,* Señor, de qualsevol mal ; *axi sie.*
La Ave Maria.	*La Salutaciò Angelica.*
Deu nos salve Maria plena de gracia *lo* Señor es ab vos. *Beneyte* sou Vos entre totas las donas, y *beneyt* es *lo Fruyt del* vostro Sant ventre, Jesus. Santa Maria Mara de Deu, pregau per nosaltres pecadors, are, y *en la hora* de la nostra mort. *Amen.*'	Dèu vos salve Maria plena de gracia ; *el* Señor es ab vos; *beneita* sou vos entre totas las donas, y *beneit* es el fruit d'el vostro Sant ventre, Jesus. Santa Maria, Mara de Dèu, pregau per nosaltres pecadors, are, y *a l'hora* de la nostra mort ; *axi sie.*'

We now hasten to the last of the three leading dialects of Spain.

III. THE GALICIAN. The name of this dialect,—Gallego or *Lingoa Gallega*,—sufficiently indicates its native province. Originally, however, it was not confined as now to the northwestern corner of Spain, but extended southward along the Atlantic sea-coast through what is now the kingdom of Portugal.* From the old Galician *Romance*, the Portuguese language had its origin. The Galician dialect is now confined to a single province, and even there limited to the peasantry and common people ;—among the educated classes the Castilian is spoken. A strong resemblance appears to exist between the Gallego and the Catalan. 'The bishop of Orenze,' says Raynouard,† 'having been requested to examine the vulgar dialect of Galicia, and to ascertain whether it bore any resemblance to the Catalan, answered, that the common people, by whom alone the vulgar idiom of Galicia is spoken, employ not only nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech identically the same as those of the Catalan, but even entire phrases.'

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* Aldrete. Lib. II. Cap. 3.

† Tome VI. Discours Prélim. p. 36.

This dialect has been very little employed in literature. Alfonso X., however, composed in it a book of *Cánticas*;[*] and Camoens two or three sonnets.[†] Some other writers are mentioned in the letter of the Marques de Santillana.[‡]

Adelung gives the Lord's prayer in the forms of this dialect. We subjoin them both.

'Padre nostro que estas no ceo, santificado sea o teu nome; venja a nosoutros o teu Renjo; fagase a tua voluntade asi na terra, come no ceo; o pan nostro de cada dia danolo oje; e perdonainos as nostras deudas, asi come nosoutros perdonaimos aos nostros deudores; e non nos deixes cair na tentazon; mas libra nos de male.'

'Padre noso, que estais no ceo, santificado sea il tu numbre; venja a nos il tu renjo; hajase tu voluntade asi na tierra, come nel cielo; il pan noso de cada dia da nosle oje; e perdonanos as nosas deudas, asi come nosautros perdonamos a os nosos deudores; e non nos deixes cair na tentazon; mas librainos de male.'

Thus have we given, as briefly as possible, a sketch of the several languages or dialects of Spain. Perhaps we have not gone sufficiently into detail for the professed scholar, but the majority of our readers will, we think, pardon us any omissions on this head. Our object has been to present the most striking features in the history of a language, which is justly popular among us. We have given the broad and general outlines;—those who would fill them up are referred to the works from which we have drawn our illustrations, and which we have had occasion to cite in the course of this article.

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[*] Sanchez. T. I. p. 150.

[†] Obras de Grande Luis de Camôes. T. III. pp. 148, 149.

[‡] Sanchez. T. I. p. 58.

Art. III.—*McIlvaine's Evidences of Christianity.*

The Evidences of Christianity, in their external Division, exhibited in a Course of Lectures delivered in Clinton Hall, in the Winter of 1831-2, *under the Appointment of the University of the City of New York.* By Charles P. McIlvaine, D. D., Rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn; Professor of the Evidences of Revealed Religion and of Sacred Antiquities in the University of the City of New York. New York. 1832.

It was the fate of Christianity to struggle into existence amidst a host of violent prejudices, and, from the first hour of her being, to encounter a bitter and malignant opposition. Judaism on the one hand, and Paganism on the other, were startled by her claims; and though for a time, while they looked at her in the feebleness of her infancy, they might have imagined that they could see signs of impotence enough to keep down their fears, yet they soon found that there was an energy and a majesty in her movements, which they could not contemplate without apprehension. They soon saw the infant, which they supposed too powerless to be regarded, putting forth the strength of a giant; and before many years had gone by, they could not resist the conviction, that she had reached a maturity and was exerting an influence, which had no propitious bearing on their own probable destiny. Then came the assault in good earnest;—an assault, which grew out of the conviction that religious usages, which had been consecrated by the practice and prejudices of many generations, were in danger of being set aside, and that the principalities and powers of Paganism, if not guarded with extraordinary care and sacrifice, were likely to receive their death-blow;—an assault, which was sustained by the most vigorous and uncompromising efforts of Jewish prejudice on the one hand, and heathen superstition on the other. Every one, who has looked at all at the history of the church during the first few centuries, knows that Christianity had to make her way against an array of opposition, which no other system of religion has ever had to encounter; and that, though she marched forward with a firm and steady step, yet it was because she had fortitude enough to wade through an ocean of blood.

Nor was it in the early age alone, that Christianity was opposed: on the contrary there has never been a time, in which there have not been found a multitude who would gladly have driven her into perpetual exile. The mode of attack has indeed varied at different periods; but the spirit of hostility has shown itself at every period. And there has been every variety of weapon employed in the unhallowed conflict, which a malignant ingenuity could desire. Wit, and ridicule, and sophistry, and learning, and even eloquence, have been tasked to the utmost in the great effort to bring the Gospel into contempt, and, if possible, to drive it out of the world. The sentimentalism of Rousseau, the sneering sarcasms of Voltaire, the refined reasoning of Hume, the ribaldry of Paine, have each been enlisted for this malignant end. And even in our own day, though we have reason to believe that avowed infidelity, especially in all the more decent walks of life, is upon the wane, yet it cannot be denied that there are some, scattered through almost every community, who call in question the divinity of the sacred Scriptures;—and though most of these know little of that concerning which they affirm, yet they supply to a lamentable degree by their zeal what is wanting in their knowledge to ensure them at least a limited and temporary success. We cannot regard it otherwise than as a stain upon the character of this age, that it has witnessed, on both sides of the Atlantic, the unblushing impudence of a female preacher of infidelity; and that curiosity, or some worse principle, has drawn so many within the sound of her voice or the circle of her influence.

But that wise and good Providence, which from seeming evil still educes good, has taken care that the desperate opposition with which Christianity has had to struggle should be rendered subservient to her triumph. This has been effected in two ways. In the first place, the nature and extent of the opposition have been such, that the fact, that Christianity has successfully resisted it, and has held a steady and triumphant course onward, leaves no room to doubt her claims to a supernatural origin; and then again, this very opposition has been met with a corresponding defence, and the argument for the divinity of the Scriptures has been drawn out in a much greater variety of forms, and doubtless with much greater clearness and strength, than if their authority had not been so perpetually and so variously assailed. If Bolingbroke and Hume, Rousseau and Voltaire, and a multitude of their contemporaries and predecessors exerted themselves to the utmost to make the world believe that Christianity is but a miserable cheat, Locke, and Lardner, and Campbell, and Paley, and Chalmers, and Wilson, and a host of others, both among the living and the dead, have employed their noble powers in meeting these champions of infidelity upon their own ground, and demonstrating the sophistry of their reasoning and the weakness of their pretensions. If Hume's argument against miracles had never been published, the world would have been without the incomparable work of Dr. Campbell, and several other admirable treatises on the same subject; which, as they were the product of much thought and learning, will no doubt contribute to elevate the views, and confirm the faith of multitudes to the end of the world. Thus it has turned out, that the enemies of the Gospel have indirectly ministered to its success; and if it had not been for their efforts, no doubt a considerable part of that flood of light by which its divine authority is illustrated, would have been withheld.

The result of the state of things to which we have referred has been, that there is scarcely any department of human thought, which has been enriched by a greater amount and variety of intellectual labor, than that of the evidences of Christianity. Some of the greatest and most accomplished minds have labored in this field with all the might, and zeal, and perseverance, which were ever displayed in any cause; and the results of their efforts have been given to the world in various publications, adapted to every order of intellect. There are books on this subject of a general character, which professedly go over the whole ground, and present the argument in all its various parts and in the harmony of its just proportions. And there are other books which exhibit insulated views of the subject, bearing only upon a single point or a few points of greater or less prominence. *Here* is a treatise, which contains the most common-sense and popular view of the argument, designed especially for those who are not willing to submit to the labor of deep and patient thought; and *there* is another, on which treasures of thought and learning have been expended, and which will repay the attentive perusal of thinking and learned men. In short, whoever desires to investigate any part of this subject, to examine the evidences of Christianity in a more or less popular form, need be at no loss for helps to the accomplishment of his object.

Possibly the query may arise with some, whether, since the world is so full of books on the evidences of Christianity, the work, whose title we have placed at the head of this article, could really be considered a desideratum. We answer without hesitation that it could; and for several reasons. In the first place, it is no objection to publishing a good book, that there are in existence other good books, and even many of them, on the same subject; for who does not know, that many people are induced to read a work from their knowledge of its author, or from personal friendship, or from his living in the same community to which they belong, or from other accidental considerations, who would otherwise never have had their attention directed to it, or perhaps even known of its existence? To say nothing in this connexion of the uncommon excellence of the present work, the writer has for a considerable time been well known as one of the most popular preachers, and one of the most active and influential clergymen of the denomination to which he belongs; and since the publication of these lectures, he has been appointed to the highly responsible place of Bishop of Ohio,—a sufficiently decisive testimony of the estimation in which he is held by the members of his own communion; and we may add, a sufficiently decisive pledge that such a work as the present, from *his* pen, will gain a rapid and extensive circulation. Admit that there may be other works on the subject of equal excellence with his, yet so long as this will be read by many who would perhaps never hear of the others, the fact of their existence is surely no argument against the present publication.

Besides, the number of those who read on religious subjects is constantly increasing; and it is right that there should be a proportional increase of religious books; and especially, that there should be in this respect a reasonable accommodation to the taste and spirit of the age. There are several works of great excellence on the evidences of Christianity, which were written some seventy-five years ago, and some at a still earlier period, which are read and highly esteemed at this day by a few who care more for the spirit than the letter, more for the thought than the style; but with the great mass of readers, the fact of their having come down to us in the appropriate dress of the age in which they were produced, makes them pass for little or nothing. Dr. McIlvaine's book is written in an unusually attractive and popular style, and will be read by many, with whom naked fact and argument, apart from all literary attractions, would scarcely arrest, much less enchain, the attention.

But there is yet another ground, on which this publication is to be regarded as seasonable and important. We refer to the fact, that it consists of a course of Lectures designed particularly for young men. The rising generation are emphatically the hope of the world; for only a few years will have passed away, before the whole moral machinery of the age will be in their hands. It is hardly necessary to say, that the views which they form of the great subject which these Lectures contemplate, must enter essentially into their character; and of course must give a complexion to the influence which they exert, not only upon their own, but upon coming generations. The destiny of our own country, in particular, is not improbably to be decided in a great measure by the generation of young men who are now coming upon the stage; and if it should turn out that they shall, to a great extent, set at naught the authority and obligations of Christianity, we need only look back to the fearful convulsions of revolutionary France, to find the sad prototype of our own probable destiny. We regard it therefore as a matter of great moment, that our young men should become thoroughly established in their belief of the Christian religion; and we hail as an omen of good to our country, and to the world, any publication on this subject, which is fitted to induce them to bring to it a considerate and earnest attention. The work before us, as it was more especially designed for this class, is adapted with uncommon felicity to their taste, and habits, and circumstances. If we do not greatly mistake, it will also be found that the fact of the author's having written with this class of hearers and of readers in his eye, in connexion with the uncommon perspicuity, and felicitous arrangement, and general excellence of the work, will secure to it an introduction as a text-book into some of our literary institutions.*

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* Since this article was written, we are informed that the work which we are noticing has been adopted as a text-book in several colleges; and that the first edition having been disposed of, a new and stereotype edition is about to be issued, in a form and at a price adapted to give it general circulation.

Of the importance of the subject which Doctor McIlvaine has discussed, there can be but one opinion among those who admit the Bible to be an inspired book, and Christianity to be a religion from heaven; but it has happened somewhat strangely, that while the divine authority of the Scriptures has almost by common consent been regarded in Christian countries as a matter of the deepest moment, the great mass of the people have known little and inquired little concerning the evidence by which the high claims of these writings are supported. We doubt not that there are many who look upon the Bible with profound veneration, and who are even familiar with its contents, and have to some extent arranged its doctrines into a system, who have never yet suitably investigated its claims to inspiration, or intelligently settled the previous question, whether it really bears the unequivocal marks of a divine origin. And if this be true to a considerable extent even of those who are accustomed to read and value the Scriptures, much rather may we expect it to be true of the multitude, with whom there are few, if any, intervals of sober reflection. It is the natural result of this state of things, that Christianity loses a great part of its legitimate influence upon the minds of men. Even those who have made themselves familiar with its truths, are far less secure against the cavils and assaults of skepticism, than if they had faithfully and patiently studied its evidences; while a much larger class, who have no knowledge respecting it except what may have fought itself into their minds from the pulpit in spite of their drowsy or careless hearing, are left at the mercy of every infidel sneer with which they may happen to be assailed.

In the hope of commending Dr. M.'s work, and especially the subject of it, to our readers in general, and particularly to that class for whom the book seems to have been more immediately designed, we will, in what remains of this article, throw out a few hints illustrative of the general character of the evidence on which the divine authority of the Scriptures rests, and of the influence which a sober and diligent contemplation of this subject is fitted to exert on the intellectual and moral character.

One of the first things which strikes the mind in relation to this subject is, the great extent and copiousness of the evidence which presents itself. There is no other fact of which we have any knowledge, which is susceptible of such overwhelming proof from such a variety of sources, as that which involves the truth of Christianity and the divinity of the Scriptures. Of a multitude of arguments which are urged, each one might legitimately form the basis of a certain conclusion that the Gospel is of divine origin; but when they are all brought together and the sum total of the evidence is viewed, one might suppose it would be enough to overcome the most stubborn incredulity. It is an error with many, that they contemplate the evidence too partially; that instead of suffering the mind to range through the whole broad field that stretches before them, they content themselves with surveying a single portion of it, and that perhaps not the most important; the consequence of which is, that though the mind yields its assent to the grand proposition which is before it, yet there is much less strength of conviction, than would have resulted from an investigation of the whole subject. Nothing is more common, for instance, than in estimating the testimony which the New Testament contains to the great facts of Christianity, than to regard it as if it were the testimony of a single individual; whereas the truth is, that it is the testimony of several independent witnesses; so that if any one of these books were proved to be spurious, it could have no possible bearing on the rest, while the mutual agreement of the whole goes greatly to confirm the authenticity of each. Every intelligent reader of the Scriptures must be well aware of this fact; and yet it may reasonably be doubted whether even readers of this description are not, through the influence of habit, frequently betrayed into the error to which we have referred.

Take, for instance, the evidence derived from miracles;—and whoever will contemplate the argument in its various bearings, unless he deliberately and obstinately shuts his eyes against the light, must be overwhelmed with the conviction, that the divine authority which the Gospel claims fairly belongs to it. Or take the argument from prophecy, and let the predictions which were recorded several thousand years ago be compared with the history of succeeding ages, or even with those developments of Providence which have scarcely yet become matter of history, and whoever, upon such a comparison, will decide that these predictions were nothing more than fortunate conjectures, and that there is no impress of divinity upon the volume which contains them, must be gifted with a power of resisting evidence, which will set the light of noonday at defiance. Or let the book itself be scrutinized,—no matter how narrowly ;—let the sublimity of style, the pathos and beauty and grandeur of conception, the harmony of the doctrines, the excellence of the precepts, the originality of the characters, and especially of the character of the great founder of Christianity, the conformity of local and accidental allusions to what we know from other sources to have been the then existing state of things,—let each of these distinct branches of evidence be contemplated and diligently and patiently studied, and each will be like a separate witness standing up to assert the divine authority of the Scriptures, while the whole combined will yield a mass of testimony, before which skepticism may well shrink into silence.

It is another interesting feature in the character of this evidence, that it is so various as to be accommodated to a diversity of intellectual tastes and habits of thinking. With one individual, the argument derived from miracles will possess the greatest weight ; with another, the argument from prophecy ; with another, the argument from the style and spirit and harmony of these writings ; while another still will be most impressed by the preservation of Christianity through so many ages of darkness and conflict, and the regenerating influence which it is seen to be every day exerting upon the world, and the unequivocal indications that it is marching forward to a complete triumph ; to say nothing of the fact, that perhaps the most convincing argument of all is derived from the personal experience which multitudes have of the influence of this religion upon the heart and life. It is true, indeed, that some parts of this evidence can be more readily comprehended than others ; though there are no parts of it which are not fairly within the range of an ordinary mind, provided it will give to it an honest and diligent application of its powers. And it has been ordained by the kindness of Providence, that those proofs which are the most important are the most palpable ; that especially, which is derived from the benign influence of Christianity, it is within the power of every one to contemplate at no greater expense than that of casting an eye upon the world around him, or, as the case may be, upon the world within him. And if great and more speculative minds will have some argument more accommodated than this to their reflecting and studious habits, let them contemplate that which is derived from miracles, taking, if they will, the immortal work of Dr. Campbell as their guide; and they will soon find themselves in a region in which they may task their intellects to the utmost, and still find occasion for more deep and extended thought.

It is worthy of remark, also, that some of the proofs by which the divine authority of the Scriptures is sustained, grow stronger with the lapse of ages, and that the evidence is, on the whole, of a progressive character. It is obvious at first view, that this remark forcibly applies to the argument from prophecy; for the predictions which the Scriptures record reach down through the whole track of ages to the end of the world; and of course each successive age must add strength to the argument, by developing new facts in which the prophecies have their fulfilment. Before the advent of the Messiah, there were numerous prophecies in existence in which the birth, character and death of this wonderful personage were minutely described; and no doubt the pious Jew recognised in them one evidence of the divine authority of the books in which they were contained; but how much more of the character of demonstration does the argument assume, since Jesus has actually come, bearing the very character, performing the very works, and dying the very death which these writings have attributed to him! The destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans had been predicted long before the event, and even he who spake as never man spake, had repeatedly and solemnly foretold it; but up to the time when these prophecies were fulfilled, although they might have been believed by the followers of Jesus, they could never have been successfully appealed to as furnishing evidence that he had come from God. When that fearful event had actually occurred, and occurred too in most striking correspondence with the whole tenor of prophecy respecting it, there was at once a sensible addition to the proof, that Jesus was neither an impostor nor an enthusiast. In like manner, events have been occurring in later years, in which the diligent student of prophecy will recognise a fulfilment of ancient prediction; and as the plan of Providence continues gradually to unfold, the admirable harmony that will be found to exist between the course of events in the future, and the prophetical representations of the past, will render this argument for the truth of the Gospel more and more conclusive to the end of time.

The same general remark holds true of the argument from the continued existence of Christianity, and of the writings with which it is identified. Immediately after the canon of Scripture was completed, (we refer particularly to the books of the New Testament,) it might have been, and actually was, predicted, that this new religion and the record of it, instead of being imperishable, would soon pass into obscurity, and at no distant period, be blotted out of existence. And though such predictions on the part of the enemies of Christianity did not at all weaken the confidence of its friends, yet it is obvious that the only reasoning with which they could have been met, at that period, must have been founded upon probabilities rather than upon facts. But now many ages have passed away, and some of them have been ages of darkness and blood,—and yet the Bible, and the religion of the Bible, not only still have a being, but are going forth triumphantly on the four winds to bless and renovate the world. When Christianity was first introduced, though its influence was in the highest degree benign, yet its empire was extremely limited: there was only a little spot on the whole face of the earth, which it could actually call its own. Now it can fairly appropriate to itself a large portion of the world: there is not a continent, we had almost said, not a country, nor even an island, upon which some rays of its glory have not fallen; and there is every thing in the present aspect of events, to indicate that its dominion will ere long become universal. The first Christians knew that Christianity was a divine religion, to say nothing of other evidences, because they had the witness within;—it exerted an influence upon them which was altogether unearthly, not only regenerating their characters and elevating their aims, but in some instances enabling them to work miracles; but Christians of this day can look far beyond the limits of their own experience, or even the narrow circle of their own associates, and can find armies of witnesses for the truth of the Gospel in every part of the world. And this mass of testimony, great as it now is, is destined to become continually greater, until the Gospel shall have gained a complete triumph.

We may advert also, in this connexion, to the fact that new light is constantly poured upon the inspired record from the researches and observations of travellers. It would be strange indeed, if, after this lapse of time, it should be perfectly easy to understand all the facts and usages which are incidentally alluded to in the Scriptures; and it shows at once the weakness and unfairness of infidelity, that she has availed herself of her own ignorance on this subject to bring contempt on the Scriptures, by endeavoring to stamp them with contradiction and absurdity. It is true, indeed, that when these books were first written, no objection could have been made to them on this ground, because they were circulating among a people who were familiar with all the customs of the country in which they were written; but as Christianity spread beyond the region of its nativity, and as it was propagated from one age to another, it came to pass in process of time, that many of the incidental allusions contained in the Bible were to a multitude of its readers a mere dead letter; and no doubt, with many unreflecting minds, they have operated to diminish its authority and influence. But the spirit of enterprise that has been awakened in modern times, has carried many intelligent travellers into the heart of those very countries in which the Scriptures were written, and has led to a minute and accurate investigation of the prevailing forms and usages; and the result has been that, in the present constitution of society, even after the lapse of so many ages marked by little else than revolution and decay, there would seem to be bound up the elements of a state of things, resembling in many respects that which existed in the infancy of Christianity. Whoever will consult the judicious work of Harmer on this subject, or will examine any of the more modern books of travels in the East, will be surprised to find what a flood of illustration is poured upon the sacred volume by a reference to many of the usages which prevail to this day in those countries. Is it not fair to conclude that, as the spirit of literary, and theological, and we may add missionary, enterprise continues to increase, this important branch of the evidence of the authenticity of the Scriptures will be more and more fully illustrated, until the argument has become as irresistible, as the nature of the case will admit?

While it must be acknowledged by every impartial mind that some parts of the evidence are in their nature progressive, it may perhaps be thought that others grow weaker by age; and especially that the argument from miracles cannot have the same influence now, as in the age when the miracles were performed. It must be admitted that, constituted as we are in our present state of existence, whatever is addressed immediately to the senses ordinarily makes a stronger impression on the mind, than what is presented as an object of faith; and hence there is every reason to believe, that those who witnessed the miracles of Jesus and his apostles, or who were the subjects of them, were impressed by them more deeply than it is possible they should be, who only contemplate the record of these events after the lapse of many ages. But though the impression may be deeper in the one case than in the other, the real force of the argument is not after all diminished by distance of time; for the evidence that these miracles were performed at the time when they claim to have been is complete; and though it may be less impressive than if it had been addressed to our senses, yet when weighed in the balance of sober judgment, it will not be found wanting in any thing that is necessary to entitle it to full credit. The question, whether the miracles which are recorded in the New Testament were actually performed, being once settled in the affirmative, (and we venture to say that the argument which proves this is as conclusive as the nature of the case will admit, allowing them to have been thus performed,) the evidence from this source in favor of the divinity of the Gospel becomes, to all practical purposes, as strong as it was in the apostolic age. There is evidence enough on this subject addressed to our faith, to establish a conviction as complete and operative, though perhaps less vivid, than if we had actually heard the winds die away, and seen the dead come forth from their graves, and felt the languid pulse quicken into a tone of health and vigor, at the bidding of Jesus.

The hints which we have already thrown out in respect to the general character of the evidence by which the claims of Christianity are supported, fairly suggest the inference, that the diligent contemplation and study of this subject is adapted to quicken and elevate the powers of the mind and the feelings of the heart. Any thing, which brings the intellectual faculties into vigorous exercise, contributes of course to their improvement; but the more elevated and important the subject on which they are employed, the more valuable will be the culture which results from such exercise. But the subject which we are contemplating is, in its various bearings and relations, the noblest that can come within the range of human thought; of course he who gives his faculties to it in a proper manner may expect that they will be quickened, and brightened and elevated under its influence. Besides, he who studies the evidences of Christianity intelligently, is necessarily carried out into other departments of knowledge, than that in which he would seem to be mainly occupied. For instance, in examining the argument from the prophecies, if he will do it to the best advantage, he must search deep into the history both of ancient and modern times, and must diligently compare the recorded predictions with the recorded facts; and he must connect the events of different ages with each other, and ascertain, as far as possible, their various relations in the system of Providence. In examining the internal evidence, especially that branch of it which relates to ancient and local usages, he will find constant occasion to refer to the geography, the history, the laws of the countries in which the Scriptures were written; and this must of course open before him the broad field of ancient learning. In investigating that branch of the evidence, which respects the adaptation of Christianity to the intellectual and moral character of man, he will be led of course to analyze, as far as he can, the mysterious mechanism of the human mind, and thus to make himself acquainted with the noblest kind of philosophy. In short, there is scarcely any department of science or learning, which may not be turned to useful account in a close investigation of the truth of Christianity; and whoever sets about this work and perseveres in it with a determination to be master of the whole subject, will almost of course in the end find himself accomplished in many other departments of useful knowledge.

It should be borne in mind, also, in estimating the intellectual and moral influence of the study of this subject, that an investigation of the truths which the Bible contains, at least to some extent, is essential to a view of the complete evidence of its divine authority. The external evidences may indeed be understood and appreciated, where there is little known of what the Bible actually contains; but the internal evidence, being built in a great measure on the nature and harmony of the truths which it reveals, can never be even tolerably apprehended, where these truths have not been diligently contemplated and compared. Hence it is, that the study of this branch of the evidences leads to an acquaintance with the doctrines of the Bible; and there is so much of grandeur and divinity belonging to them, that it is impossible they should be studied with a right spirit, without purifying and elevating the moral feelings.

It is a law of human nature, that the objects upon which our thoughts are employed help to form our characters; and that the views and feelings of an individual will be elevated or grovelling, in a great measure, according to the objects and associations with which he is most conversant. Since, then, Christianity brings the mind into contact with such only as are worthy of its noble powers and the dignity of its immortal existence, its tendency must be to lift the soul into a purer and better atmosphere, and to impress upon it the living image of moral beauty. And happily we are not left to form our conclusions on this subject, independently of the light which is furnished by facts; for we may safely and confidently appeal both to history and observation for evidence, that the sublimest models of moral character which the world has seen have been formed in the diligent and devout contemplation of the great facts and precepts of the Bible. In proportion as this sacred book is studied, its evidences and truths understood, and its legitimate influence felt, we confidently expect that the standard of intellectual and moral character will rise, and a spirit of reform and renovation will diffuse itself over the world.

We intended at the beginning of this article to have given a brief analysis of Dr. McIlvaine's book, but as our remarks have already run beyond the limit we had proposed, we must refer our readers to the book itself for a knowledge of its contents. It will not supersede other works of the same kind which are in existence; and it would be unfortunate if it should; but it is worthy of an extensive circulation, and we have no doubt is destined to great usefulness. It is a favorable circumstance attending it, that it is not only distinguished throughout by sound and perspicuous reasoning, and in many instances by eloquence of a high order, but also that it is pervaded by the amiable, pure and generous spirit which Christianity inspires. May the benevolent wish of its author be accomplished, in its becoming instrumental in confirming the faith and elevating the views especially of our young men, in whose intellectual and moral character may be bound up the destinies of our country though successive ages!

Art. IV.—*History of Philadelphia.*

Annals of Philadelphia, being a Collection of Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Incidents of the City and its Inhabitants, from the Days of the Pilgrim Founders. By John F. Watson. Philadelphia. 1830.

Could we persuade ourselves by any effort of imagination that the Rev. Micah Balwhidder was still among the living, we should have no doubts respecting the authorship of this work, notwithstanding the name it bears. We see in it the same absence of perspective in the view, the same *deceptio visus*, by which the little object before his eye exceeded in magnitude the whole earth and heaven; and, above all, the same triumph of art, by which he contrived, without one spark of egotism, to give a full length portrait of his own simple-hearted character, while intent upon describing his favorite city. It is really refreshing to a reviewer, who is compelled to look upon so much display, effort, and pretension, to encounter such a page in the history of human nature; there is nothing like it, except perhaps the century sermons of some of our New England divines, who, in giving the annals of their village, paint with laborious finish every leaf on the genealogical tree. We regret that the work has not fallen under our observation before; but we hasten to make atonement for our seeming neglect, though we cannot promise to notice 'all and singular' the events here recorded. The work is certainly rather long: even now, though the author takes praise to himself for the forbearance which has restricted it to a single volume of not more than eight hundred pages, he directs us to notice particularly, that in most cases of recital from others, a smaller type has been used than the common text. We give him credit for his moderation; but, in this last instance, it reminds us of a student in one of our colleges, who, on submitting a poem to his professor, was told that some of the lines were too long by several syllables for the heroic measure; he replied that he was fully aware of the objection, and intended to obviate it by writing the lines in question in a smaller hand.

Though there is something which tempts one to smile both in the design and execution of this work, we can easily conceive that its minuteness may increase its value to many inhabitants of the beautiful city which it describes. The author candidly admits, that it may be deemed *sui generis* in its execution; but, says he, 'it has powers to please apart from its style and composition,' inasmuch as it is a treasury of reminiscences, which no one else would have thought of collecting. He had determined, as he says, to rescue them from the 'ebbing tide of oblivion:' and it is no small consolation to us to learn from one whose attention has been devoted to the subject, that the above mentioned tide is actually falling: we had supposed that it was gaining fast, at least upon the literary world. However it may be with the 'fugitive facts,' which were the objects of his pursuit, we know that many works, which go forth like gallant barks, are constantly sinking where no diving-bell can reach them; but, if his philosophy be true, we need not mourn for them, our own among the number, as irrecoverably lost to mankind. On the whole, it is well that there are men who can engage with all their hearts in such labors as this; the local changes which they describe interest many beside those who were born among the scenes of their description, because they are signs of a mightier change which has been going on beyond their borders. The growth of a single place like Philadelphia, from the wilderness to the village, and from the village to the city, gives a concentrated and powerful impression of the vastness and rapidity of those changes from glory to glory, which our whole nation has hurried through. These fugitive facts, also, help to fill up the broad outlines drawn by the biographer and historian, which are often too indefinite to fix themselves in the mind; and answer the same purpose for one class of readers, which the imaginations of the poet and novelist serve for another, giving 'a local habitation' and reality to recollections, which would otherwise soon die away. But this writer claims too much for his undertaking, when he believes that it will 'transfer back the mind to scenes before:' which, as we understand it, is a kind of retrospective forecast not within the reach even of prophetic inspiration.

Every Philadelphian has a right to be proud both of the founder and the foundation of his state. Never was an enterprise more wisely and happily conducted; and its success must be ascribed to the disinterestedness and judgment of Penn, since the circumstances were no more favorable than in other cases, where the first results were discouraging. It was the first time the world had ever seen an individual of commanding influence and station acting so decidedly upon the Christian principle, that no man can serve his own interests so well as by serving others. It was remarkable that such a person should come from the halls of a slavish court and under the authority of an arbitrary king, and establish a state, with the single-hearted ambition to 'show men, as free and happy as they could be,' as an example to the rest of the world. The power of the chief Magistrate, that is, his own power, was cautiously limited and defined ; the right of suffrage was given freely to all ; the ballot-box, which, small as it is, holds the destinies of nations within it, was used probably for the first time thus extensively in the Western world ; so far from securing to himself the means of profit and power, he declared that he would deprive both himself and his successors of the power of doing mischief, so that the authority of one man might never hinder the general good. His views for the welfare of his people were judicious as well as liberal ; he required that all children should be taught to read and write, and after the age of twelve should be engaged in some useful employment. All prisons, he said, should be work-houses ; the law and practice of primogeniture were abolished, and this at a time when a law which we could mention, nearer home, provided that parents should follow the 'order of nature,' and give a double portion to the eldest son. It may even be doubted whether his institutions were not more mild and free than his colonists were fitted to enjoy ; certainly the privileges which he gave them were not always used in the way which gratitude would have directed.

One of the greatest triumphs of this extraordinary man was his influence with the Indians ; and since our relations with this unfortunate race are likely to produce excitement for years to come, his example cannot be too often cited. The only charm by which he acquired so much influence over them, was by treating them with uniform justice ; and perhaps it would be well for states and individuals, who complain of them as bad neighbors, to try the same novel experiment, and see whether it may not be attended with similar success. In his letter to the Free Society of traders, Penn gives an account of this unfortunate race, as descriptive as that which Tacitus gives of the Germans. After speaking of their habits and manners, he says, 'do not abuse them, but let them have justice and you win them.' He purchased from them the land to which he held a title from the king of England, and strictly enjoined it as a duty of inhabitants and surveyors, not to take possession of any land which they claimed, till he had first, at his own cost, satisfied them for the same. The modern practice of assuming jurisdiction over them was then unknown; and had it been otherwise, his conscience might have been too unaccommodating to allow him to take advantage of that ingenious discovery: it is gratifying to reflect that he has lost nothing by his course, but on the contrary stands considerably higher than he otherwise would in the estimation of the world. The Indians always regarded him with respect and affection, and he kept up a frequent intercourse with them in order to confirm their good will. Thus palisades and block-houses, the usual defence of frontier settlements, were rendered unnecessary; so far from having any disposition to molest them, the Indians sometimes carried their kindness to excess. Thus we are told that Mr. Carver, the first settler at Byberry, was in distress for food. As none was to be had nearer than Newcastle, he prepared to go thither, and sent his children meantime to beg the hospitality of the Indians, which they not only granted, but took off the boy's trowsers, tied up the legs, and sent them back to the parents filled with corn. It is not till a comparatively late period, that the aborigines have disappeared. Tedyuscung, a Delaware chief, was a frequent visiter in Philadelphia so late as 1760. Governor Dickenson speaks of negociating a treaty at Albany, on which occasion this chief undertook to address the assembly; his wife, who was present, spoke to him in the most gentle and silvery tones imaginable, in the Indian tongue, with her eyes fixed steadfastly on the ground; every one was enchanted with the sweetness of her voice and manner. On inquiring of Tedyuscung, who spoke English fluently, what his wife had said, he answered, 'Ho! she is but a poor weak woman! She told me it was unworthy the dignity of a great king like me, to present myself drunk before the great council of the nation.' The last chief of the Delawares near Philadelphia was Isaac Still, a man of sense and character, who had been much employed by the whites as an agent and interpreter among the Indians. He dwelt with his people in wigwams on Logan's place for a time, but as soon as he could, collected the remains of his tribe, to lead them to the Wabash, 'far away,' as he said, 'from war and rum.' A person who witnessed their march, with Still, a fine looking man, ornamented with feathers, at their head, described it as an imposing scene: thus, in 1775, the last vestige of the Leni Lenape disappeared from the region. This writer however tells us that one, called old Indian Hannah, was living in the present century on the Brandywine, and retained a high and haughty spirit to the last.

This writer relates conscientiously, but with manifest reluctance, one piece of diplomacy on the part of Penn in his treaty with the Indians, which, to say truth, does not appear precisely in keeping with the tastes or habits of either party. A certain old lady, who was present, averred, that after eating their roasted acorns and homony with them, when they rose to testify their satisfaction by hopping and jumping, he rose with them, and jumped higher than they all. The figure of Penn, judging from his statue, was in no wise calculated for such exploits; we see no other reason why it may not be true. The writer says, 'I will not pretend to vouch for this story; I give it as I received it from honest informants, who certainly believed it themselves. It was a measure harmless in the abstract.' Certainly, and in the concrete also; Penn doubtless thought that there was no more want of dignity in curvetting after the manner of the wigwam, where such was the fashion, than in bowing and kissing hands according to the usage of European courts. It is true that the sect to which he belonged are not distinguished for this kind of adaptation, but perhaps the reason is, that they will not be courteous upon compulsion. We have heard on good authority, that our early legislatures were constantly enacting laws requiring the Quakers to take off their hats in courts of justice, but not a single beaver could be brought low by either force or fear. After a time they repealed all those laws at once; and from that moment, as if by magic, every quaker's head was uncovered.

Our author quotes, from an ancient journalist, an opinion that may throw some light on the character of Penn; 'he was naturally too prone to cheerfulness for a grave public Friend.' The truth probably was, that he conformed to that excellent sect, as nearest, in his opinion, to the original simplicity of religion, but could not be made a slave to the opinions or practices of any party. We may infer as much from his noble spirit of toleration, which made him in that respect one of the bright lights of that age; we must confess that here he appears to more advantage than our pilgrim fathers, though it is true, at the same time, that their exclusiveness may be strongly defended. It was a lesson which he learned not from tradition nor example ; for we do not find that such men as Sir Thomas More, and the wisest and best of that or any former day, regarded intolerance as anything more than a fair and natural use of power. The losing side counted themselves unfortunate indeed ; but the party that happened to prevail, whether Catholic or Protestant, distributed crowns of martyrdom with princely liberality, and all that the sufferers complained of as irreligious was, that they should be the victims. We honor those, and Penn was not alone, who rose above the general spirit and example, followed the dictates of Christianity and their own better feelings, and offered to all who were persecuted for righteousness' sake, an asylum, where they could be left to make up the great account of life with their consciences and their God alone.

But it would seem that the generous disinterestedness of his views did not save him from a large share of disappointments and vexations. This however was to have been expected. Such is human nature, that not even the smallest charity school can be established, without opposition from those who are habitually skeptical and despondent, as well as from that class of philanthropists, who always run for the engine when they see a spark of benevolent feeling likely to kindle and spread ; but these obstacles, which discourage the feeble, are an inspiration to energetic minds ; they never expect to accomplish anything great without meeting resistance from various quarters ; and so far from giving up to those difficulties, they consider it little more than a healthful exercise to encounter and subdue them. Penn met with much that was irritating from those who had no confidence in his success, and, notwithstanding the placid calmness which we always associate with his character, he sometimes expressed himself in language tolerably emphatic to those whom it might concern. Antony Duché, a protestant refugee from France, ancestor of the well known clergyman of that name, came over with him in one of his voyages, and lent him twenty pounds by the way. When they arrived, Penn, who was disposed to do him a favor, offered him a square in the city by way of payment, telling him that the price was small, but that he would let him have a great bargain as an act of friendship. Duché thanked him courteously, but said he should prefer receiving the money ; 'Blockhead!' said

Penn in wrath, 'thou shalt have the money; but canst thou not see that this will be a great city in a very little time?' Duché afterwards sorely repented his choice, and fully acknowledged the appropriateness of the term which Penn had applied. The rapid increase of the land in value is illustrated by an anecdote mentioned by our author. An aged female friend, who gained a subsistence by selling cakes, said that her grandfather had received the ground now occupied by the Bank of the United States, together with half the square, for his services as chain-bearer in surveying the city. She had lived to see the Bank erected on a part of it, bought for the purpose with one hundred thousand dollars.

But this incredulity, though provoking, was by no means the greatest of his evils. The writer has stated his most serious difficulty in short hand, saying, 'the truth was as in the days of yore, when the sons of God came together, Satan came also.' Vile persons, as he suggests, from Maryland and New-York, we are glad to see that New England was not implicated, came and contaminated the thriving settlement. Penn was also tormented by wrong-headed persons of his own sect, some of whom wished to enact that all young men should be compelled to marry at a certain age, and that only two sorts of clothes should be allowed;—one kind for summer and the other for winter. Moreover, his expenses were great, and his revenues small. 'I am night and day,' he says, 'spending my life, my time, my money, without being a sixpence enriched by my greatness.' His liberal expenditure for the benefit of the colony, and the necessary expense required to keep favor at court, where nothing could be done without money, involved him in continual difficulties. His rents were slowly and reluctantly paid. In a letter to R. Turner, dated 1681, he says, 'I have been these thirteen years the servant of truth and of Friends, and for my testimony's sake I have lost much: not only the greatness and preferments of the world, but sixteen thousand pounds of my estate, which I might have obtained long ago, had I not been what I am; but I murmur not.' In 1684 he embarked for England, and while there, was constantly engaged in endeavors to secure advantages for his province, and to resist those who tried to restore it to the immediate government of the crown. Having, as he thought, attained his object, he was preparing to return in 1690, when he was arrested on suspicion of disaffection to the new king, William, and was compelled to live two years in retirement, while his government was entrusted to another, by which he lost, as he estimated, thirty thousand pounds. He says that his quit-rents were five thousand pounds a year, but he could not get one penny. In 1686, he says, 'in the sight of God, I may say I am five thousand pounds and more behindhand, than I ever received for land in this province; and to be so baffled by the merchants is discouraging, and not to be put up with.' Again, he says, 'as to a supply, I will sell the shirt off my back, before I will trouble them any more. I will never come into the province with the family to spend my private estate to discharge a public station, and so add more wrongs to my children. This is no anger, though I am grieved,—but a cool and resolved thought.'

In 1699, he returned to the province, resumed the cares of his official station, and renewed his friendly relations with the Indians. But the crown officers in England were still actively employed against the colonies, and in 1701, a bill was brought in to take them under the direct control of the crown. Penn's friends obtained an indulgence to stay proceedings till his return, for which he made preparations. Our author however assures us, that there was no pressing necessity for his presence there, and he would have remained, had the colony provided suitably for himself and his family. His last public act in the country was to give a charter to the city of Philadelphia. Some ancient records of the city, preserved by this writer, show a curious and edifying state of feeling with respect to public officers. Several instances are given of Aldermen who were fined thirty pounds each, for declining to accept the office of mayor; and so late as 1746, James Hamilton, mayor, requests the board to accept one hundred and fifty pounds, instead of the entertainment always expected from that officer, when his term of public service expired. We would suggest to the consideration of those who remember the scenes which our country exhibited four years ago, whether their recurrence might not be effectually prevented by returning to this primitive state of things. We hear of no effort on the part of one aspirant to supplant another,—no contest for the spoils of victory; so far from it, an unambitious reserve,—a generous surrender to the claims of others prevailed, which is almost without example. We read, that Alderman Morris, the Mayor elect, not being present at the meeting, a committee was appointed to wait on him, and inform him of the appointment with which he was honored; the committee reported, that they had been at his house, and were told by his daughter that he was out of town; afterwards, another messenger reported that he had called at Mr. Morris's house, and delivered the notice of appointment to his wife, who absolutely refused to receive it: at length, finding that the Mayor elect was not likely to appear, they found it necessary to confer the honor on another, who had not time to get out of the way. The office of contractor, also, was one by which no man was allowed to make a fortune. In 1753, Charles Stow prayed the Board to make him some allowance for firewood and candles supplied by him at the Mayor's court, for the space of twenty-two years. They agreed to allow him for firewood, candles, and his trouble, (with interest probably included,) the sum of seven shillings and sixpence a year.

William Penn returned to England in 1701, and his interests in the province do not seem to have been materially served by those who reigned in his stead. In 1704, John Evans came over as deputy governor, and one of his first official acts was to call for a militia 'for the service of the Queen.' It is easy to imagine what effect this must have had upon the Friends. He however did not believe in their aversion to war, and in order to surprise them into a desertion of their principles, devised a stratagem, the first and last of the kind ever resorted to by one in such a station. He had an express sent up from Newcastle, saying that twelve French ships had arrived there, and would at once make an attack on Philadelphia. The whole city was in an uproar; he rode through the streets with his sword drawn, calling on the inhabitants to take arms; the Friends did not answer to the summons, but plate was thrown into wells, and much valuable property injured and lost, in consequence of the alarm. This jest, however pleasant in its way, did not tend to increase his popularity, and after a time he was recalled. But a regular opposition was formed to the rights and claims of Penn; his friends in the province advised him in confidence to sell his title to the crown, and secure terms as favorable as he could, telling him that there were constant conspiracies against his interest, and that it would be impossible for him to retain his authority, as matters were then conducted. He took their advice and made advances, which we learn from his wife would have been readily accepted, had he not insisted upon every possible security for the rights and welfare of his people. At last, in 1710, he wrote to them an expostulatory letter, in which are these words: 'when I reflect on all those heads of which I have so much cause to complain, I cannot but mourn the unhappiness of my portion, dealt out to me by those from whom I had reason to expect so much better; nor can I but lament the unhappiness too many of them are bringing upon themselves; who, instead of pursuing the ways of peace, love, and unity, which I at first hoped to find in that retirement, are cherishing a spirit of contention and opposition, and oversetting by party violence that foundation, on which your happiness might be built.' This address was in fact a farewell; for in 1712, his health failing, he sold his right for twelve thousand pounds, reserving the quit-rents and estates; but a stroke of apoplexy so impaired his mind, that the business was never concluded. His speech and mind were both affected, but the care of his wife, who kept from him all matters of business that might have disturbed him, prolonged his life in comparative comfort till 1718, when he died, expressing to the last the most affectionate interest in his people. We know not how much they were to blame, but it is painful to think of the difficulties which such a man was obliged to encounter. He had however a firmness of purpose and principle which bore him triumphantly through, and the judicious view which he took of the subject of religion did much to sustain him; he says, 'religion helps us above all other things, even in things of the world, clearing our heads, quickening our spirits, and giving us faith and courage to perform.'

The English Governors, while Penn was living, do not seem to have had the most harmonious intercourse with the people, nor was the state of things much altered in this respect after his death. We have already alluded to Governor Evans. After him, came Col. Gookin, who held the reins of government with a high hand. At one time he removed all the justices of the common pleas in Newcastle county, for deciding against his brother-in-law, leaving the county without a single magistrate for six weeks; at another time, when the judges of the supreme court had refused to allow a commission of his to be published in court, he sent for one of their number and kicked him. He afterwards apologized for these things, and said that his physician had told him 'he had a *weakness in his head.*' It was impossible to refuse to accept such an apology, for no one doubted the penetration of the physician, nor the fact that he was so afflicted. The intercourse between the Governor and the Assembly was equally pleasant and courtly in later times. In 1755, the Assembly say to Gov. Morris, that 'his offer was a mere idle illusion, intended to impose first on the Assembly and then on the people; and also to figure at home in the eyes of the ministry.' To which his Excellency replies, 'your very tedious message is of such an inflammatory nature, that did not the duties of my station and justice to the people require me to take some notice of it, I should deem it beneath my notice as a gentleman.'

It is matter of considerable interest, to know the history of the family of William Penn. His eldest son, the only one by the first wife, was named for himself, and was regarded as heir to his office and estate in this country. He was sent to the colony from England by his father in 1701, but his habits were too light to conciliate the grave tastes of the people: he did not like the society of Friends, nor did he attend their meetings. This was not the worst; for in 1704 we find him presented by the Grand Jury, with some others, for beating the constable and watch; this indignity was greatly resented, the more so, perhaps, because it appeared that he had received harder blows than he had given. When he returned to England he added much to his father's embarrassments, if we may judge from a passage in a letter, where, speaking of his son and his young wife, Penn says, that 'they living beyond their means, were much expense and grief to him many years, and many ways.' He joined himself to the church of England, but bad habits of life destroyed his constitution, and he died in 1720, leaving three children, none of whom ever came to this country, though one of them, William, was offered ten thousand acres of land near the forks of the Delaware by the Indians, if he would live in America; such was the affection which they bore to the name of William Penn.

The descendants of Penn, proprietaries as they were called, showed, one and all, a great reluctance to remain in this country. They probably had adopted the impression that the founder of the State was hardly treated; and so no doubt he was: though beside the natural jealousy of power, other circumstances may have operated to make the colonists illiberal in their dealings with him. The colony seems to have been prosperous in all substantial respects, from its beginning, but money did not abound; in 1704 James Logan says, 'money is so scarce, that many good farmers scarce ever see a piece of eight of their own throughout the year:' on another occasion, 'pay for lands sold near Newcastle to the amount of near three thousand pounds is due, and I have received but two hundred, and that in produce; nor will one half of it ever be paid unless times should mend; for the land, as in many other cases, will be cast back upon our hands.' Such was the veneration then felt for silver and gold, that without them, the colonists would have counted themselves in desperate poverty, even though all the comforts of life abounded, and probably felt as if the most just assessments were wrung from them by extortion. At the Revolution, the State of Pennsylvania compounded with the family, and gave them one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, with a confirmation of title to all the manor lands, in order to extinguish their title forever. Franklin estimated their estates to be worth ten millions sterling. Considering the changes effected by the Revolution, they probably thought themselves fortunate to gain such terms in exchange for their proprietary claims. John Penn, a grandson of the founder, was in this country since that event, and is still living in England. We are told that he has a large and valuable collection of papers belonging to his ancestor, in perfect order and preservation. Some branches of the family have applied to him for the use of them for historical purposes, but the proposal was declined, on the ground that he intended himself to make a similar use of them. If so, we hope he will remember that life is short, and that, if he does not execute his purpose, it can be of no great importance to him whether it is done by another while he is living or after his death; while the materials contained in such a collection might be of great value to the public, who naturally feel an earnest desire to learn all that can be known of one of the most remarkable enterprises and remarkable men that the world ever saw.

All the letters of William Penn give the impression that he was a clear and accurate observer, and though he was evidently brought to this country by his religious feeling, there are no traces of enthusiasm in his conduct. He says that he wishes to try a holy experiment, and to serve the truth and people of God; and in his whole proceeding, he showed, that while mere commercial enterprises failed in several instances along our shores, those which were inspired by religious feeling, and directed by cool judgment, were sure to succeed at last. He finds time, with all the care of a new government on his shoulders, to make observations on the natural history, on the climate and resources of the country, and makes frequent suggestions respecting them, which show an active and ingenious mind. His remarks upon the climate could only have been the result of attentive observation, and he observes that however favorable it may be then, the cultivation of the country will soften and refine the air. He describes the vegetable productions of the forest and field, mentioning among other things that the Indians have the peach in great perfection, but whence it was obtained he does not know. He says, that he is doubtful whether it is best to improve the fruits of the country by cultivation, or to import from abroad those which have been so improved already, and expresses his resolution to try them both if his life should be spared. He is greatly struck with the beauty of the flowers, and transmits such varieties as he thinks most remarkable to England, taking every opportunity to ascertain by experience, and from the Indians, who are great botanists in their way, what are their peculiar properties and virtues.

What activity of mind was implied in all this, may be better estimated, when we reflect that he was to the colonists what Moses was to the Israelites, obliged to bear the blame of all their hardships and sorrows, and reminded of his agency in bringing them away from the flesh pots of Egypt, whenever a moment of privation came. These were not rare occasions: the settlement of a new country under the happiest auspices is very different from play, and his colonists, though not so severely tried as many others, were obliged to take their share. An old lady related their history, as she received it from her aunt, who came from England with William Penn. She told her niece, that they made their first abode in a cave, scooped from the river bank, which was the common resource of the colonists, till better dwellings could be constructed. Few of them were persons who had been used to labor, and, as aid was not to be hired, the women assisted their husbands; she helped her husband in his work with the saw, and brought water for him to make the mortar for his chimney. At one time, when she was evidently exhausted by her labor, he begged her to leave it and think of dinner. She went home, weeping, for their provisions were almost entirely exhausted; but the question arose in her mind, ‘Didst thou not come for liberty of conscience? hast thou not got it? hast thou not been provided for beyond expectation?’ She said that she begged forgiveness on her knees in prayer, and never repined again.

This writer tells us that Rebecca Coleman, who died in 1770 at a very advanced age, was one of those who first came over. She was then a child. One day, when sitting at the door of the cave, eating her milk porridge, she was overheard to say, ‘Now, thee sha’nt again.’ On her friends going to ascertain the cause, they found her permitting a snake to eat with her out of the vessel, which rested on the ground. This story has an apocryphal sound, but probably the snake was present, without actually accepting her hospitality. One incident of those times is creditable both to the colonists and the Indians. A lady, whose husband died on the passage, was left with the charge of nine young children. She was provided with a cave by her companions; and the Indians, who took compassion upon her, made her frequent visits with supplies of food: afterwards a Friend, who had built a house, gave a shelter to her and her children. The latter never ceased to do kindnesses to their Indian friends, and extended their liberality to Old Hannah, who has been already named,—the last remnant of the race. At these times, all went on in perfect order; the hours for work and meals were fixed and made known by the sound of a bell: at nine in the evening the officers,—the citizens serving in turn,—went through the settlement, and suffered none to remain at the public house, except lodgers. This habitual order, which Penn established, was one of the secrets of his success.

Our readers would of course take little interest in an account of merely local changes; but it is pleasant to read the history of a prosperous community, increasing by means of its own resources, and sustained in its flourishing state, by the good spirit and habits of the people. They happily secured themselves against the Indians, without resorting to force or fear; and the Swedes and Dutch, whose fierce wars are fully related by Knickerbocker, had been fortunately disposed of before the grant was made to Penn. Even the Puritans from New Haven, who came to plant 'churches after a godly sort,' not to speak of 'trading and trafficking with the Indians,' though a most persevering race, had been put to flight in haste by William the Testy, many years before. The account which Gabriel Thomas gives of the settlement, to which he came in 1681, and in which he remained fifteen years, shows a growth almost unexampled, from the poor accommodations just described, to the comforts of civilized life. He mentions, that even then, Philadelphia was a city, though, we imagine, it was like those of scripture, 'a little city, and few men within it.' The streets were already named from the trees which grew in greatest abundance upon the spot where their lines were drawn: it had its two markets every week, and three fairs every year; fulling mills and corn mills were already built; iron works were in preparation, the country being rich in 'iron stone or oar;' great encouragement was given to laborers of all descriptions. He dwells with much delight upon the riches of the soil.

'There is curious building stone and paving stone; also tile stone, with which Governor Penn covered his great and stately pile, which he called Pennsbury house; there is also very good limestone, of great use in buildings, and also in manuring land; but nature has made that of itself sufficiently fruitful: besides, here are load stones, ising glass, and that wonder of stones, the salamander stone, having cotton in veins within it, which will not consume in the fire.' 'In the said city are several good schools of learning for youth, for the attainment of arts and sciences, also reading and writing. Here is to be had, on any day in the week, cakes, tarts and pies: we have also several cookshops, both roasting and boiling, as in the city of London; happy blessings, for which we owe the highest gratitude to our plentiful Provider, the great Creator of heaven and earth. The water mills are made by one Peter Deal.'

'They pay no tithes here; the place is free for all persuasions in a sober and civil way; there is no persecution for religion, nor even like to be. Women's wages are exorbitant; they are not yet very numerous, which makes them stand upon high terms for their services; moreover they are usually married before they are twenty years of age, and when once in that noose, are for the most part a little uneasie, and make their husbands so too, till they can procure them a maid servant to bear the burden of the work, and in some measure to wait on them too.'

Our author bestows much research upon the subject of the 'Treaty-tree,' under which William Penn negotiated his first treaty with the Indians. It was an Elm, of spreading branches, which was destroyed by a gale in 1810. It is a subject of regret, that the monument of so memorable a transaction should have been lost so soon; but after it had fallen, it appeared from its annual circles of wood, that its age was two hundred and eighty-three years. If so, the gale did but anticipate a little the decay of nature, for the Elm is not a tree, like the oak, to last for ages; it affords a grand and solemn shade, but is exceeded by many trees of the forest in strength and duration. The writer engages, *con amore*, in discussions concerning the Penny-pot house and Blue Anchor, Poole's Bridge and Pegg's Run; he also throws considerable light upon the 'Rising Sun,' which he holds to be identical with Penn's Cottage: this place he proposes to embalm, and to treasure within it all the relics that can be found of its first possessor. But these are 'the days of fact not fancy,' and we fear that few will be moved by his appeal. 'Why should we not retain for exhibition the primitive house of Penn? yea, whose foundation constituted the first cellar dug in Philadelphia?' We perfectly agree with him in his indignation at those who estimate such places only by the worth of the brick and mortar, and sympathize in his wish that the 'Slate House,' the residence of Penn, which still exists, should be preserved; for even now it would offer a greater attraction to the stranger, than any of the finest buildings of that beautiful city. It was tenanted by Penn during his residence in this country, and while he was absent, by his friend James Logan. In it Logan received Lord Cornbury, the well-known Governor of New York, and son of Clarendon, who came in great state with a retinue of thirty persons, being, as Penn described him, 'at once a man of luxury and poverty.' We know little of this personage except from the reminiscence of an old woman, 'who told the Parker family, that she remembered to have seen him at Chester; and having heard that he was a lord and a queen's cousin, she had eyed him with great exactness, but could see no difference in him from other men, except that he wore leather stockings.'

We think that our author is quite right in his opinion on another subject of a similar kind. Stupid and tasteless improvements are the pest of every city; the popular architect feels glorious and happy, when he has removed every vestige of antiquity, and replaced them with original inventions, which are only recommended by the circumstance that there is nothing like them now existing, and not the least danger of their ever being imitated. The State House in Philadelphia, which has been standing about a century, contains the apartment in which the Declaration of Independence was signed, but no longer exhibiting the appearance which it did on that memorable day. The effacing fingers of modern improvement have removed what this writer calls its 'wainscotted and pannelled grandeur.' We think that it might be restored to its original form, at least so far as to be in keeping with the rest of the building. The steeple has been restored to its former character, and truly the house can have but little beauty except that which is borrowed from venerable and pleasing associations. We are told that, as if from some prophetic association, the bell, set up in colonial times, bore the motto, 'To proclaim liberty to the land and to all the people thereof.' We doubt whether the people, any more than the bell, anticipated that it should ever give notice, as it actually did, that the charter of freedom was signed in the hall below.

Many particulars, which this writer has collected concerning the institutions of former times, are curious and interesting. Some of these give us an idea of the administration of justice in that early day. In some, we trace the mild and forbearing spirit which public opinion ascribes to Penn, with whom all these institutions originated; but we cannot say this of all; for we read that in 1731, Catharine Bevan was sentenced to be burned alive in Newcastle, for the murder of her husband; they intended to strangle her by hanging over the fire before it could reach her; but the fire rose up at once, burned off the rope, and she fell into the flames and struggled there in agony till she died. We rejoice to say that this was a solitary example. This however was after Penn's day. While he presided, we read that Andrew Johnson and Hanse Peterson, having a difference depending between them, the council advised them to shake hands and forgive one another, and ordered them to 'enter into bonds for fifty pounds apiece, for their good abearance, which they accordingly did.' We have not heard that this precedent has been followed in any modern court of law. In some cases, there seems to have been an unusual spirit of accommodation in those who framed the laws.

Thus, we observe that the ancient lawgivers of the city, by reason, as they said, of the extreme difficulty of convicting those who suffer their chimneys to take fire, generously enact that ten shillings of the fine shall be given in to those who will come forward and pay the rest. In other instances, the laws were enforced with wholesome severity. John Smith was punished for 'being disguised in woman's clothes, walking the streets, against the laws of God and this province, to the staining of holy profession and against the law of nature.' John was not alone in the offence and condemnation, and such exhibitions were so effectually prevented, that they were not attempted again, till of late years a foreigner, who probably had not read the ancient records, made an attempt to get up a masquerade, but was interrupted by an act of the Legislature, which rendered it inconvenient to accept his invitations. Penn's legislation held no compromise with evil doers. In 1702, George Robinson was indicted for 'swearing three oaths and uttering two very bad curses;' either the said George was contumacious, or the habit was strong; for not long after, he was brought to justice again for 'uttering a grievous oath on the 13th day of the 7th month.' Many barbers are indicted 'for trimming on the first day of the week.' A butcher too was punished, for 'by color of his art blowing up the meat of his calf with his breath and wind, whereby the meat was made unwholesome to the human body.' The whipping-post was the common remedy on these occasions, and that it was in considerable use, appears from a grant allowing ten pounds a year to Daniel Pettitoe, whipper, and this in the days when Mayors served for nothing. It was afterwards urged with some force, that the public ought not to be burdened with charges for a service that was thus rendered to individuals, and an act was passed, requiring that those who were whipped should settle with Daniel, at their own expense, for the benefit received at his hands. That the Governor's office was no sinecure, appears from various records. N. Allen complained, that H. Bowman, for value received, owed him 6 cwt. of beef with the hide and tallow, and six pounds sterling, and prayed for redress of his grievances, the whole being unjustly detained; 'whereupon it was ordered, that William Clarke, John Simcoe, and James Harrison should speak to H. Bowman concerning this matter.' The simplicity of legal process was extreme. The first trial for murder took place in 1791. When the prisoner was brought forward, 'the clark asked, art thou guilty?' He answers, 'not of the murther, but of the fellony.' When first apprehended, he was confronted with the corpse, and ordered to touch it, which he did, but it does not appear that any blood followed, though he afterwards confessed himself guilty. It does not appear that the prisoner had any counsel; and when the King's attorney demanded judgment, there arose a difficulty, inasmuch as the court were only justices of the peace, and had no power to pass sentence of death; but as the jury and others present joined in a petition to them to proceed, they determined to waive objections, and ordered him to the gallows. The writer has sought diligently to discover where the ancient prison stood, but in vain, till a few years ago, in digging a cellar, they discovered as they supposed, the walls of the old jail, of four inch poplar plank dovetailed at the corners. Old Isaac Parish, a *laudator temporis acti*, showed it to Judge McKean, who remarked, 'Times are altered now; once wood was sufficient; but now stone itself is no match for the rogues!'

The subject of imprisonment for debt had not then been agitated on any considerable scale; for we find a petition of forty-four poor debtors, stating their objection to the fee-bill for debts under forty shillings creating an expense of seventeen shillings each in case of sheriff's execution, which was formerly, when in the hands of magistrates, but three shillings; and they say, 'some of your poor petitioners have been kept in the common jail, until they could find persons to sell themselves to for a term of years to pay the same, and redeem their bodies.' The writer thinks, that this practice of selling single men for debt was a very wholesome restraint on prodigals; we should however doubt the expediency of such a provision; but he evidently thinks that in these respects and the habits connected with them, ancient times had greatly the advantage of ours. The vision of a golden age floats before his memory, 'when there was no such thing as attempts to conduct business in the present wholesale manner.' Then, every mechanic was a workman; they did not aspire to great wealth, but were satisfied with a competent subsistence; importers were retailers also; ruinous overstocks of goods were unknown; and as for bankruptcy, when it occurred, which was but rarely, the citizens met with faces expressive of general sympathy and concern. An aged person told the author, that when a certain man of business failed, the house was shut up for a week, as if in deep mourning. We agree with him that the feeling on these subjects is not changed for the better, though the indifference to such calamities, which offends him, is owing rather to the increase of business, and of course of its hazards, than to any general decline of moral feeling. But we can forgive him the wrath which he expresses, at seeing men, who have failed in business, 'appearing abroad with expensive display, elbowing aside their suffering creditors.' He brings in his own experience ; he says, 'I occasionally meet with such by whom I have been injured, who indulge in travelling equipage, with which they delight to pass by and dust me, and who nevertheless would feel their dignity insulted, at even a civil hint to spare me but a little of the disregarded debt. It might lower the dignity of such, to know that there was a time in our colony, when such desperate dealers and livers were held for a term of years to pay their just debts.' We fear not ; if conscience and honor are wanting, we doubt whether the recollection of ancient times would make any deep impression.

Our author is evidently deeply impressed with the conviction that the former times were better than these, though he is too candid, not to be willing to allow a fair chance to the moderns. He says, 'the old people all testify that the young of their youth were much more reserved, and held under much more restraint in the presence of their elders, than now. Bashfulness and modesty in the young were then regarded as virtues ; and the present freedom before the aged was not countenanced. Young lovers then listened, and took sidelong glances before their parents or elders.' If it is any consolation to him, we think we can venture to assure him, that when his veteran informers themselves were young, their elders made the same complaint of their forwardness. It has been so ever since the flood ; the children of Noah were no more distinguished by respect for age, than those of our day ; and as for young lovers, the circumstance of their taking sidelong glances was not an imposition enforced by authority, but a natural consequence of the total blindness or partial obliquity of vision, which is thought to be inseparable from love. He was also informed by an old lady, that it was the custom in her day, for the younger part of the family to dress themselves toward the close of day, and sit in the street porches, where they conversed with their acquaintances, who happened to be passing. On this he remarks, 'those days were really very agreeable and sociable. To be so easily gratified with a view of the whole city population, must have been peculiarly gratifying to every travelling stranger.' 'Afternoon visits were not made at night as now, but at so early an hour, as to permit matrons to go home and see their children to bed.' In this last particular, the times are indeed greatly altered: even the dinner hour would now interfere with such a display of maternal affection. But as the author is not an old man, he may live to see the old fashion restored. Holinshed tells us, that in his day the more fashionable people dined at eleven, while the vulgar were content to wait till noon; and as the hour for that solemnity is deferred still more and more, if the same process is continued, it will be pushed through the night at last, and be attended, as in former days, at an early hour in the morning.

On one subject, the author betrays a strong anti-republican leaning; but we know not whether to ascribe it to some lingering remains of toryism, or to an antiquarian preference for old times. He tells us, that he has heard aged citizens say, that tradesmen were formerly a different generation from the present; there was a marked difference between them and the acknowledged gentlemen. 'The tradesmen and their families had far less pride than now. While at their work, or in going abroad on week days, all such as followed rough trades, such as carpenters, masons, coopers, blacksmiths, &c., universally wore a leathern apron before them, covering all their vest. Dingy buckskin breeches, once yellow, and check shirts and a red flannel jacket, were the common wear of most working men; and all men and boys from the country were seen in the streets in leathern breeches and aprons, and would have been deemed out of character without them. In those days, taylors, shoemakers and hatters waited on customers to take their measure, and afterwards called with garments, to try them on before finished.' 'In the olden time, all the hired women wore short gowns and linsey woolsey or worsted petticoats. So true it is, that every condition of society is now changed from the plain and unaffected state of our forefathers!' Truly, if there was no pride and pretension before the Revolution, there has been a considerable change either in our country or in human nature; but good comes out of evil; and our author will hardly be able to find an ancient, who does not speak with as much delight of his escape from the leathern integuments just mentioned, as the patriot does of our release from the house of bondage; and again we must be permitted to doubt, whether those who lived in that age were conscious of their blessings, since they had the opportunity of comparing it unfavorably with an age older still. So obvious is this truth, that we grievously suspect the author to be of the class of those, who maintain that green peas have been a month later in the market ever since the Revolution. He says, 'Great sociability prevailed among all classes of citizens, till the strife with Great Britain sent every man to his own ways; then discord and acrimony ensued, and the previously general friendly intercourse never returned.' As for the 'glutton clubs,' which he alludes to as one of the means and manifestations of this sociability, it is not the worst effect of the Revolution, that it swept them away.

We could mention several particulars, in which times, even taking his own account, are altered decidedly for the better. Thus, the wedding entertainments can hardly be thought of without dismay. The house of the parent would be filled with company to dine; and the same company would think themselves deficient in proper attention, unless they appeared in the same capacity at tea and supper. For two days, fountains of punch were flowing for the benefit of all concerned; the gentlemen paid their respects to the bridegroom, and then ascended to the second floor to salute the bride, who received that civility without power of retreat or resistance, sometimes to the amount of a hundred kisses in a day. But this was not all. For two entire weeks, the happy pair saw large tea parties at their own house, having the groomsmen and bridemaids in constant attendance; and after all, great offence might be given, unless punch, cakes, and meats were sent abroad in all directions, even to those who were not visiters in their family. The sternest mourner for old times would hardly wish that these practices should return; certainly not, if there were any prospect of such a dispensation falling on himself or his children.

When the author approaches the subject of female dress, he seems conscious that the moderns may hold up their heads; but he gives mysterious hints, which we do not pretend to understand, by which he intimates that our boasted simplicity is not unquestioned; that there are extravagances which do not appear; and that it might be found, on examination in the right quarter, that absurd fashions were not confined to ancient times. We can only say that we think it a manifest improvement, if they follow the example of our grave citizens during the French Revolution, who wore the popular cockade, but placed it inside the hat. Here too he betrays circumstances which work against his cause ; he shows that our forefathers were grieved in spirit at the excesses of fashion, and resorted to various efforts of practical waggery, to discourage the ambition of their wives and daughters. They wasted no time in words, which they had found by experience were thrown away ; they were men of action, and their jokes were of a strictly practical kind. When the fashion required each lady to have an expensive red cloak, they provided such a dress for a woman who was sentenced to be hanged ; she made her appearance in it at the gallows, and the same act of justice put an end both to her and the fashion. On another occasion, they were *exercised in mind* by an article of dress called a 'trolloppee.' What it was which offended them in this piece of raiment, we are not able to ascertain ; but they forthwith procured a dress of the kind, which they presented to the wife of Daniel Pettitoe, formerly mentioned, who, delighted with her bravery, made her appearance in all places, and put the fashion to flight with great expedition. Little however was gained by these successes ; it was but 'stopping one hole in a sieve ;' other fashions arose and reigned in their stead. 'The women wore caps, stiff stays, hoops from six inches to two feet on each side, high heeled shoes, and in the miry times of winter, clogs, gala shoes or pattens.' 'Ancient ladies have told me, that they often had their hair tortured for four hours at a sitting ; some have had the operation performed the day before it was required, then have slept all night in a sitting posture, to prevent the derangement of their frizzle and curls. This formidable headwork was succeeded by rollers, over which the hair was combed, above the forehead ; these again were superseded by cushions and artificial curled work, which could be sent to the barber's like a wig.' Once they wore the 'skimmer hat,' then the 'horsehair bonnet ;' this was succeeded by various others, known by the names of 'bath,' 'muskmelon,' 'whalebone,' 'calash,' and 'wagon' bonnets, while the 'straw-beehive' was generally worn by old people. One fact is worth noticing ; he tells us that the time was, when the plainest among the Friends wore their colored silk aprons, though now they are so averse to fancy colors. In time, white aprons, once so fashionable, were disused by the gentry, and then the Friends left off their colored ones, and used the white. It is amusing to observe with what tenacity sects cling to their slight peculiarities of dress, manner or opinions; it is said that the Quaker dress was originally adopted, because it was the prevailing fashion of the day; but the fashion changed, and the Quaker refused to alter with it, condemning himself forever to a dress, which has no convenience to atone for its want of beauty. And thus it is with respect to opinions; the rank and file of every party, civil and religious, cling with desperate faith to opinions, which the founder of their sect, had he lived, and kept up with the changes of improvement, would long ago have cast away.

It does not appear how our forefathers could, with any decent consistency, have taken umbrage at the dress of ladies, when the fashionable coat had several large plaits in the skirts, wadding like a coverlet, to keep them smooth, large cuffs, reaching up to the elbow, with weights of lead, and the cape low, so as to display the stock buckle at the back of the neck. The shirts had sleeves, finely plaited, and hand-ruffles. The breeches were closely fitted with knee-buckles of stone, paste, or silver. Wigs were gray, white, or brown; but a blow was given to this fashion after the return of Braddock's army, who, as might be expected, had lost their wigs in the war, and its fate was confirmed by the bold action of the king of England, who, in spite of all remonstrances, cast the inconvenient ornament away. Swords were generally worn by men of fashion. Their cocked hats and vests were laced with gold; the vest had great depending pocket-flaps, and the breeches were low in the waistband, because suspenders were a luxury then unknown. Gentlemen carried little woollen muffs, called muffitees, in winter. Watches were very rare; spectacles were worn by the aged, but never by the young. These however were 'bridge spectacles,' which were kept in place by nipping the bridge of the nose. One would have thought, that a blade decorated in this way would have done well to hold his peace respecting excesses in female fashion.

We can hardly comprehend how the Friends, with their antipathy to superfluities, could reconcile themselves to the fashion of wigs, on those whom nature had furnished with hair. It is true they were not unanimous on the subject; but the wigs had great authorities in their favor. In 1685, William Penn writes to his steward, to allow the Governor Lloyd to use his wigs; and Jonathan Dickinson, a Friend, writes to London, 'I want for myself and my three sons, each a wigg—light good bobbs.' An ancient peruke-maker advertises 'full bottomed wigs, tyes, brigadiers, dress bobs, bags, cues, scratches, cut wigs, and tates and towers for ladies.' In 1722, a servant of the Rev. D. Magill, who had run away, is advertised as 'clothed with damask breeches and vest, a broadcloth coat of copper color, lined and trimmed with black, and black stockings;' and another as having 'leather breeches, glass buttons, black stockings and a wig.' From this, and several advertisements of the kind, it would seem that they were worn by all classes, and also that the aristocracy were not so much distinguished by the articles of their dress, as is generally believed. When the circumstance alluded to above had destroyed the reign of wigs, at least for a season, the peruke-makers saw nothing but utter ruin before them; but the transition to absolute simplicity was not so sudden as they apprehended; the hair was still to be dressed by plaiting, queuing, or clubbing, or by gathering it into a silk bag, adorned with a large black rose. But while the hair was so affectionately cherished, some other parts of the system were cruelly neglected. Dentists were unknown, and the only way of cleaning the teeth was by rubbing them with snuff or powdered chalk upon a rag; this was the practice of the most genteel; it was generally deemed effeminate to clean them at all. In these respects, the moderns certainly have the advantage, both in the knowledge of the tooth brush and the absence of the preposterous wigs, which are now hardly known, except from the grotesque pictures which Hogarth has preserved for the admiration of all coming time.

With all this display in dress, our ancestors were less solicitous for the comfort of their dwellings; or perhaps we should say, that many things essential to our comfort were not then wanted, because not known. Sofas they had none; the richest families had damask couches; but these were not common. The articles in common use were settees and settles, the latter containing a bed in the seat, which could be opened and spread; this, as well as the settle, had a high back of plain boards of white pine. That Cowper speaks truth, when he says 'restless was the seat,' many who are yet living are fully able to tell.

Neither was much gained by resorting to the chair of mahogany or red walnut, with its high perpendicular back, meant probably to recommend a solemn uprightness to the form. One corner of the room was occupied by the round mahogany tea-table, standing upright on its solitary leg; the other, by a closet with a glass door, in which the china was arranged, surmounted by a large punch-bowl, which was very often on duty. The tables were spread with pewter platters, and by many in the country with wooden trenchers. The furniture of the room was not complete without a chest of drawers, containing the linen and clothes of the family; and our author says, evidently with a sigh, 'It was no sin to rummage them before company.' The two remaining corners were appropriated, one to the clock-case, the other to the chimney. The floor was covered with sand, drawn into fanciful figures with the broom. The carpet was not introduced till the middle of the last century, and then was regarded as an ornament, covering only the central part of the room. The fireplace was ornamented with china Dutch tiles, on which scripture pieces were represented in a very artless manner, which certainly impressed the incidents of the Old Testament upon the memory, so as to make it quite impossible to forget them. But all these things are passed away; the familiar porch upon the street, in which the family used to assemble after the labor of the day,—the windows, with their diamond panes and leaden casements, opening like doors,—the bull's eye glasses over the front door, to give light to the entry, which is since contracted in its dimensions to six feet square, and called the hall,—the shutters, with the hearts cut through them, to let the light shine out, and tell of hospitality within,—the broad pannel and carved cornice,—all are so thoroughly removed by the relentless hand of modern improvement, that when our author wails to the present generation over the things that were, he finds it next to impossible to make them comprehend what he means.

We think we can observe in this writer a slight leaning toward the superstition of ancient times. Here the victory of modern philosophy has been complete; not a ghost is left to haunt a deserted mansion, nor to guard the Pirate's treasure. We find that William Penn, as might be expected from his strong and sagacious mind, was no patron of superstition; or perhaps we should give him credit for remarkable exemption from an infirmity, which debased many great minds of his day.

We find that two Swedish women were arraigned before him, as guilty of witchcraft, in 1683. It was testified, that one of them, Margaret Mattson, had bewitched calves, geese, &c.; oxen were rather beyond her; but her powers extended to all minor cattle. Governor Penn charged the jury, who thereupon brought in a verdict, in which they state that it is proved that the woman has the reputation of being a witch, but not that she is guilty of the reality; and the offender was required to find security for her good behavior for six months. This certainly appears like a judicious attempt to save the innocent, without resorting to any process which would incense the public mind, and in that way expose them to more persecution and danger. But there appears to have been no lack of superstition in more harmless forms. Our author indulges in a strain of remark upon the subject, which, so far as one can gather its meaning, would seem meant to show that he does not believe anything; but other observations indicate a suspicion, that some of these things may possibly be true. For example, he gives the following story on the authority of an old man; 'Michael H—, Esq. well known in public life, gave out, in a mental delirium, it is hoped, that he had sold himself to the devil, and should be carried away after a certain time. Crowds actually assembled near the house to witness the catastrophe! There must have been some truth in this relation, for I see by the Gazette of 1749, a public notice of this gathering, as offensive to the family. M. H. is vindicated from some reports, which said he was distracted, and witnesses appear before Judge Allen, and testify that he was then sane, &c. It was certainly on all sides a strange affair!' He also gives an instance of what Captain Dalgetty calls the *deuteroscopia*, in the person of Eli Yarnall. When a lad of seven years of age, he burst into a laugh one day in the house, saying that he saw his father running down the side of the mountain, after a jug of whisky which he had let fall. The father was then distant from home, but when he returned, confirmed the story; from which we should infer that he had overtaken it, or possibly that the whisky had overtaken him. The boy became the wonder of the neighborhood. He was visited by Robert Verreè, a public Friend, who asked him many questions concerning what was then going on at his own house in another county. When Verreè returned, he found that all circumstances answered precisely to the boy's description. Some of the Friends became anxious that he should be properly brought up, thinking that he might have a peculiar gift and a good spirit; he was accordingly committed to Nathan Harper of Frankford, where, after many wonderful exhibitions of his power, it gradually departed from him. On this the author remarks, 'These are strange things, evidencing matters "not dreamed of in our philosophy." I give these facts as I heard them; I "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."' Perhaps some light might have been thrown upon the mystery by another story which he relates, of a negro in Philadelphia, who professed that he had sold himself to the devil, and had come to the city to receive the counsel and prayers of pious men. Hundreds went to see him, and found him in great distress of mind. The Rev. Dr. Pilmore took him to his own house, where he at last discovered, 'that his greatest calamity was laziness.' We apprehend that close investigation would be attended with the same result in all such cases, unless the spirit, as in the case of Eli, departs before such examination is made.

There is one department of this history, which we confess we should hardly have expected to find in a province settled under the auspices of William Penn. This is the military preparation for defence. Dr. Franklin, always active in such plans, procured an act establishing a militia in 1755, which met with considerable opposition; but it appears from this writer, that Penn, though one of the 'most peaceful of men,' did not reject the ordinary means by which colonies are defended. A letter from Penn himself, of 1703, says, that in order to quell the complaints of Col. Quarry and his party, the acting Governor Hamilton granted a commission to raise a militia; and then, with the natural instinct of opposition, Quarry and his party violently opposed it, because the Friends declined to bear arms! James Logan, writing to Penn at an earlier date, strongly recommends the measure, as absolutely necessary, on account of the perilous condition in which every infant settlement necessarily stood; he was a Quaker as well as Penn, and both seem thus to have admitted the right of defensive war. The measures adopted, however, seem to have been sufficiently pacific to satisfy the most determined advocate of non-resistance; for an order is found upon the records of the council, in which it is stated that an express has arrived from Maryland, bringing accounts that vessels, supposed to be French ships, have been seen upon the coast; it is therefore ordered, 'that the watch of this city be carefully and duly kept, and that the constables, at their peril, take care of the same; and in case there appears any show of danger, that they give the alarm by ringing the market-bell; and further, that one of the Aldermen see the watch, &c.' This proceeding seems to have been founded on the advice of Dogberry to his watchmen; viz. that if such dishonest persons should be found breaking into a house, the less they had to do with them the better. It appears that, in 1718, there was some military organization, since Governor Keith, on receiving the news of the death of William Penn, solemnized it oddly enough with a military funeral. In 1748, great preparations were made, which were principally owing to the exertions of Franklin, who was offered the appointment of Colonel of volunteers; he declined the office, but entered into the business with great vigor, and was seconded by some of the Friends, among whom was James Logan. It was a part of the original grant to Penn, that he and his heirs should 'muster and train,—make war and vanquish, or put to death all enemies by sea and land.' He does not seem to have taken much advantage of this very liberal permission. But we cannot follow the author in his later reminiscences, which he says he has 'snatched like drift-wood from the stream of time, which would otherwise naturally seek the ocean of oblivion forever.' One fact is worth remembering, since it shows that peaceful feelings were associated with the city and the name of Penn. In 1778, John Penn, member of Congress, was challenged by Henry Laurens, president of that body. The parties were fellow boarders, and, after breakfasting together, they started to go in company to a duel-field near the city; on the way, in passing a deep slough, Penn offered to assist Mr. Laurens, who was much older, and finding that his hand was accepted, he told Laurens that they were engaged in a foolish affair, which it was better to end by reconciliation; Laurens assented, and the matter was settled without bloodshed: this we think honorable to both parties, though it might perhaps be condemned by the foolish laws of honor.

The writer has recorded in his vast miscellany, some particulars concerning Count Zinzendorf, and Whitfield, whose eloquence produced as great a sensation in Philadelphia as in any part of the country. A confidential letter of James Logan to a friend describes the Count as a knight errant in religion, whose extravagances were such, that he was generally supposed to be insane. A pleasing specimen of his correspondence is here preserved, addressed to F. Vende, in Germantown, a person whose daughter had become one of his followers; 'To the cooper F. Vende:—I take you both, man and wife, to be notorious children of the devil, and you, the woman, to be a two-fold child of hell. Yet I would have your damnation as tolerable as possible.' Whether the winning address, of which this is a specimen, prevailed with the parents, does not appear; but it is recorded that Miss Vende followed him to Germany. When Whitfield appeared, immense crowds followed him; he sometimes preached to as many as fifteen thousand people, who were all able to hear him. The voice of this singular man seems to have been one of the great secrets of his power. The writer says, 'Col. Morris, now ninety years of age, told me that he was distinctly heard by persons at the distance over the water of two miles.' Perhaps this musical and commanding voice, a graceful and natural manner, which was not then common in the pulpit, together with an appearance of earnest devotion, are sufficient to account for all the effects which he produced; he gave no evidence of intellectual power; his sermons are not of a high order; his plans, various as they were, were almost all unsuccessful, and the effects of his preaching in most instances soon died away. His audiences doubtless were in the same error in which he confesses himself to have been; 'I have carried high sail, whilst running through a torrent of popularity and contempt. I may have mistaken nature for grace, imagination for revelation, and the fire of my own temper for the flame of holy zeal; and I find I have frequently written and spoken in my own spirit, where I thought I was assisted entirely by God.' His followers were equally zealous. Tennant affected eccentricity in dress; he wore a great coat, fastened round him by a girdle, and appeared without a wig, which was then very singular for a preacher. After his force was spent, he was afflicted with similar misgivings; and in a sort of recantation, published in the papers, he says, 'My soul is grieved with such enthusiastic fooleries.' It is difficult for us now to conceive of the excitement which prevailed throughout the country. Some of the States were so incensed, as to pass laws against the Revivalists. Connecticut enacted, that if any one were found within her territory, he should be arrested as a vagrant; and shortly after, when Davenport made his appearance there, he was taken up without ceremony, and sent to Long Island. Certain students of Yale College were dismissed, for having attended some of these meetings while at home with their friends in the vacation. But after preaching against 'good works and Bishop Tillotson,' and succeeding so far as to close the dancing schools and assembly rooms, beside building the largest church then standing in the city, the zeal of the community subsided into the same dead calm as before. Tillotson and the Whole Duty of Man, a work particularly reprobated by Whitfield, were again read, and his followers were little distinguished, except by the name of New Lights, from other sects of Christians. The Methodism of Wesley, which came to Philadelphia in 1769, took a much firmer hold. Dr. Pilmore was its first preacher, but 'he was occasionally aided in preaching by Capt. Webb, the British barrack-master at Albany, who, being a Boanerges in declamation, and a one-eyed officer in military costume, caused attraction enough to bring many to hear, from curiosity, who soon became proselytes to Methodism. Our author gives a picturesque account of one of these preachers, old Benjamin Abbott from New Jersey. 'He was an old man, with large, shaggy eyebrows and eyes of flame, with a powerful frame and great extent of voice, which he exerted to the utmost, while preaching and praying, which, with an occasional stamp with his foot, made the church ring. It was like the trumpet sounding to battle, amidst the shouts of the victorious and the groans of the wounded. His words ran like fire-sparks through the assembly, and they who came to laugh, stood aghast upon the benches, looking down upon the slain and wounded, while, to use a favorite expression of his, the shout of the king was in the camp!' A singular instance of mental delusion is found in the account of Morgan Edwards, minister to the first Baptist Church in Philadelphia. He was under the persuasion, that the time of his own death was supernaturally foretold to him. He announced it from his pulpit, and took a solemn and affectionate farewell of his people. At the appointed time, his house was crowded with people, all waiting with silent expectation, while he himself breathed heavily, expecting every breath to be his last. His constitution however proved too strong for the delusion, and he did not succeed to die; but so great was the wrath and disappointment of the people, that he was obliged to depart into the country, where he lived twenty years afterwards. This work affords materials which might serve the purpose of one who writes the history of enthusiasm. Some sects, which were violent in their beginning, throw off their accidental over-earnestness; and like the Baptists, and Methodists, become useful and important to society; while others, like the Mormonites, having nothing substantial under the enthusiasm, last only till the enthusiasm perishes by natural decay. The case of the latter may be compared to the history of a 'chalybeate spring,' which was discovered in Philadelphia many years ago; it was thought to possess unrivalled virtues; the newspapers sang its praises, and crowds came to be healed. At last, philosophy intruded with its severe investigation, and made it manifest to all, that it owed its peculiar flavor to the deposit of foul materials from the remains of a long covered and forgotten pit.

Everything is interesting that relates to the memory of Franklin. The incidental notices of him, scattered throughout this work, show how various were the employments of his active and powerful mind. First we see him as a printer, making his own ink, making successful experiments in founding types, carving wood cuts, engraving copperplate, and constructing his own presses. Then he acquired influence, as editor of an able print, and exerted himself to establish an academy, and to provide for the public defence by a military force and fortifications. At leisure moments he introduced the cultivation of the willow, which he chanced to find sprouting in some wicker-work brought from abroad; and happening accidentally to discover a grain of broom-corn, upon an imported 'corn-whisk,' belonging to a lady in the city, he secured and planted it, and made it the parent of those vast plantations of broom-corn, which are now found in so many parts of the country.* He then becomes eminent for his electrical discoveries, and amused himself with bringing a lightning rod into his chamber; where, by placing a chime of bells between the two ends of the divided rod, they were rung by the passing clouds, and remained, till Daniel Wister, who succeeded him, was obliged to remove them, to quiet the fears of his wife. When travelling, he stretched silken cords over crevices where the wind came into houses in which he sojourned, and thus provided himself with the music of the winds; once, happening to pass one such house again, after a lapse of several years, he found it deserted on account of the strange and melancholy sounds heard within it, which it was thought could proceed from no mortal hand. Scarcely any mention can be found of Franklin in any quarter, which does not illustrate the practical and searching turn of his extraordinary mind. This writer seems to think that he had too much to lose by the Revolution, to be hearty in the cause of his country, and says that he was slow in making up his mind to sign the Declaration. He was habitually cautious no doubt, and not likely to share the overwhelming enthusiasm of the day; but his country owes him too much to complain, if he did not anticipate all the success by which that bold measure has since been justified: and perhaps, if the prospect seemed to him less encouraging than to others, there was the more merit in his sacrifice than in theirs.

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* Then he invented the well known Franklin stove, which was the first, and is still regarded as one of the best improvements upon the vast fire-place of old times.

It is painful to read the account here given of 'Robert Morris's great mansion,' and to see how those financial talents, which were so important to his country, failed to save their possessor from ruin. He purchased a whole square for ten thousand pounds, on which his palace was to be erected. The estimates of his architect deceived him; he spent immense sums upon the foundation only, and when the walls were completed, and the costly furniture already imported from abroad, he was a ruined man, and was often heard, as he looked upon the work, uttering imprecations upon his architect and his own folly. It was taken down by the creditors, and the materials sold, leaving the arches of the foundation, which were so massive and firm that they did not attempt to remove them. This distinguished man, upon whose ability his country leaned with confidence during so many years of trial, passed the close of his life in a jail!

An account is also here given of Charles Thompson, the well known secretary of Congress, to whom the Indians, who by sore experience have acquired much insight into character, gave the name of 'the man of truth.' His father, a widower, died upon the passage to this country, leaving him to the charge of the master of the vessel, who proved false to his trust. By persevering exertion, he contrived to get an education, and was employed by Dr. Franklin as teacher in the academy, an employment which he afterwards abandoned for mercantile adventures. He was induced to study Greek, from having bought part of the Septuagint at an auction sale; he did not know what it was, and all the auctioneer could tell him was, that it was printed in outlandish letters. When he was able to read it, he was anxious to procure the whole; but the booksellers' shops afforded no copy; it happened, however, that two years after, in passing the same auction room, he found the auctioneer engaged in selling the remnant of the same copy. It is well known that he afterwards published a valuable translation of the Septuagint, and collected materials for a history of the Revolution.

We have several incidental notices of Antony Benezet, so well known for his generous philanthropy. It would seem from an incident here mentioned, that his benevolence was by no means confined to the race of man. An old friend, who visited him one day, found him engaged in feeding rats in his area, where they would come at a call, and gather round him like chickens. The friend expressed his wonder at seeing him thus patronising such troublesome vermin; 'Nay,' said Antony, 'I will not kill them; you make them dishonest by starving them; I make them honest by feeding them; for being so fed, they never prey on goods of mine.' He carried this feeling so far as to abstain from animal food. When the French neutrals, as they were called, were banished by severe state policy from Acadia, and distributed among the colonies, where, to their latest day, the remembrance of their wrongs and sorrows was fresh in their souls, Benezet exerted himself to the utmost to relieve their wants and educate their children. The fervor of his written pleading in behalf of the injured, is universally known.

We have no room to follow the author in his notice of James Logan, the patriarch of the settlement and the friend of Penn, a man of liberal, enlightened, and accomplished mind; nor of John Bartram, the self-taught botanist, a gentle lover of nature, whose establishment before the Revolution is described by Hector St. John; the host, with family and slaves, all met at the same table, the Africans being arrayed at the foot, opposite to the guest and their master. His passion was first inspired by the sight of a daisy, on which his eye fell as he rested from ploughing under a tree; from this time he devoted himself to the study, and acquired the distinction of being called, by

Linnæus, the greatest self-taught botanist in the world. His employment was favorable to health and happiness, for he died at the age of seventy-six, and his son, who inherited his tastes, property and collection, lived to the age of eighty-three years. One of the oddest specimens of human nature which the city ever afforded, was Benjamin Lay, who, like Jonas Hanway in England, was so fanatical in his opposition to the use of tea, that in the time of the Friends' general meeting, he took a large box of china belonging to his wife into the market place, where he began to break the pieces separately with a hammer, bearing his testimony all the while. The people, thinking this a needless waste of property, fell upon him in a body, bearing their testimony in their own way, overset him, and carried away his ware, to be used by those whose conscience was less particular. The spirit of another Friend, Samuel Foulke, was equally stirred, when he saw an advertisement in 1743, by S. Kinnett, proposing to 'teach the noble art of defence, and also dancing.' Upon this friend Samuel took the pen, saying, 'I was surprised at his audacity and brazen impudence, in giving those detestable vices so high encomiums. They may be proved so far from accomplishments, that they are diabolical.'

Among the reminiscences which the author has collected from all quarters, are sundry local anecdotes of the Revolution. A lady of his acquaintance describes the entrance of the British under Cornwallis into Philadelphia. His suite took possession of her mother's house. She says, 'my mother was appalled by the numerous train which took possession of her dwelling; for a guard was mounted at the door, and the yard filled with soldiers and baggage, and I can well remember what we thought of the haughty looks of Lord Rawdon and the other aid-de-camp, as they traversed the apartments. My mother desired to speak with Lord Cornwallis, and he attended her; she told him how impossible it would be for her to stay in her own house, with such a numerous train: he behaved with great politeness, said he should be sorry to give trouble, and would provide other quarters.' We are told that General Howe, while he remained, seized a lady's coach and horses, and kept them for his own use. The old officers were uneasy at his conduct; but his companions, who had influence with him, were the most idle and dissipated officers of the army. Lord Howe was much more sedate and dignified than his brother. Sir William Howe was a fine figure, six feet high, and well proportioned; in appearance he was not unlike General Washington; his manners were graceful and affable, and he was much beloved by his officers. Sir Henry Clinton was short and fat, with a full face and prominent nose; reserved in his manners, and not so popular as Howe. Lord Cornwallis was short and stout; his hair somewhat gray; his face well formed and agreeable, his manners remarkably easy; he was much beloved by his men. Col. Tarleton was rather below the middle size, strong, heavily made, but uncommonly active; his complexion dark, his eye small, black, and piercing. The British officers gave a splendid and fanciful *fête* on the occasion of Gen. Howe's return to England. Major Andre, who published an account of the 'Meschianza,' as it was called, was the life of the company.

We see one fact here recorded, which shows how attentive the fathers of this settlement were to everything that tended to public prosperity and improvement. So early as 1725, James Logan, writing to the proprietaries, recommends the culture of silk in the country, and speaks of attempts which had already been made, as promising great success. In a letter of the following year, he speaks of some which has been sent to England, and says he is glad that it proves so good: he doubts not that the country will in time be able to send large quantities abroad. Such was his reasonable expectation, and yet after the lapse of a century, the country is but just beginning to turn its attention seriously to the subject, which is treated as if it were almost entirely new. Governor Gordon, in 1734, says that the tree is natural to our soil, and the worm thrives well; he anticipates that silk will soon become an important article of trade. In 1770, the subject was taken up with much interest; and, as might be expected, Dr. Franklin, then in Europe, urged it upon the attention of his countrymen. Funds were subscribed, and a filature opened; in the next year, 2300 pounds were brought to it to reel. The Queen patronised it by wearing a gown of American silk, and everything promised well; but the interest seems afterwards to have declined, and those who are now endeavoring to recommend it to the public attention, are obliged to go over the whole ground again.

We feel bound to give credit to the industrious author, for the information which he has here collected. Much of it no doubt appears trifling, but a great part of that which seems unimportant throws light upon the manners, fashions, tastes and feelings of the day, and therefore affords materials, which the future historian would find valuable in his estimate of character, which is after all the most important subject of historical investigation. We are glad that the fine city of Penn has found 'such an honest chronicler as Griffith;' but we trust that it will not prevent some other hand from giving a popular account, from its beginning, of one of the most judicious, happy and prosperous settlements, ever made in this or any other country.

Art. V.—*Law School at Cambridge.*

1. *A Lecture, being the ninth of a Series of Lectures, introductory to a Course of Lectures now delivering in the University of Maryland.* By David Hoffman, Iur. Utr. Doct. Gottingen. Baltimore. July, 1832.
2. *Remarks on the Study of the Civil Law.* From the American Jurist, No. III. Boston. July, 1829.
3. *An Address delivered at the Dedication of Dane Law College in Harvard University, October* 23, 1832. By Josiah Quincy, LL.D., President of the University. Cambridge, 1832.

We notice with pleasure the three pamphlets which we have placed at the head of this article, as promising evidences of an enlightened zeal in promoting the study of general jurisprudence, and particularly of the Roman Civil Law, in this country.

The first of these pamphlets contains one of the course of lectures on the various branches of the law, which the author has been delivering for a number of years to his students at Baltimore. The second, which appeared for the first time in the American Jurist, is a review of two foreign works on the Civil Law. The third is an Address by the President of Harvard University, delivered at the dedication of the Dane Law College. These three pamphlets, though they differ from each other in the special subject of which each of them treats, agree in spirit, in the great object to deliver the study of the Law from professional bondage, and restore it to its rightful place among the moral sciences. It is when addresses like these shall have produced their full effect on the public mind, that we may expect to see the law of the land studied, not to the exclusion of general jurisprudence, but as a part of it,—as a special branch of that science which has its root partly in history, and partly in philosophy, deriving, as it does, its substance and its spirit from the knowledge of man, as he is, has been, and ought to be.

The mode in which, until of late, the rising generation of lawyers in this country were initiated in the mysteries of their profession, sufficiently accounts for their want of acquaintance with general jurisprudence. The lawyer's office was considered not only as the training ground, where the young soldier of Themis is to be fitted for active service by the direction and example of a veteran in his profession ; but it was resorted to, both as the primary school and the university, in which the student's education was to be begun and completed. Now it is true that the office is the best, nay the only fit place for acquiring that practical information, without which the most learned general jurist makes no figure in the arena of professional labor and competition. But this nursery of practical skill is not and cannot be a complete seminary of jurisprudence. It is vain to expect, that the most able and faithful student should gain in the office that fundamental and comprehensive knowledge of the law, without which the most consummate practical discernment still retains the character of a sort of instinct, which is useful chiefly in cases of common occurrence, but never conducts to a thorough understanding of the science. The scientific student, on the other hand, never rests until he has entered into the inmost nature of the law, as well as the general character of the cases to which it is applicable, and on this account is never at a loss to discern, in any case, the accidental accompaniments and the essentials ; and to distinguish between those circumstances which afford ground for argument, and those which predetermine the decision. Such a knowledge of the law, which distinguishes the scientific lawyer from the empiric, cannot be derived from the office of a successful practitioner, but it requires an ample and judicious collection of men and books, such as a well organized law-school, or law-academy, is intended to comprise.

In Germany, the law-academy forms one of the four 'faculties,' or chief departments of a university. Ten or more professors or lecturers are employed in each of the principal seats of learning, in teaching the different branches of jurisprudence. There is a regular course of studies established, pointing out the succession in which each student, during a residence of three or four years at the university, has to attend to the different departments of the law. This system of instruction generally begins with three elementary courses, one on what is called the Encyclopedia of the Law, or a brief survey of all the departments of jurisprudence ; another on the Law of Nature, or the philosophical elements of the science, and a third on the Institutes of the Civil Law. Then each department of the law is taught in succession, such as the Civil or Roman Law, and the statutes of the country, the Canon or Ecclesiastical, the Feudal, the Commercial, the Penal, the Political and International Laws ; and the course ends with 'examinatoria,' and 'disputatoria,' on each of the principal branches, and with practical instructions in the established mode of proceeding in the court ; and no one is admitted to the bar, or receives the degree of Doctor of Laws, without passing a thorough examination in all the departments of juridical learning.

In this country we have made at least a beginning in this European mode of giving instruction in the law by regular courses of lectures. Law-schools have been established, in different States, and considering the little time that they have been in existence, the number of students who resort to them is sufficient to prove, that the usefulness of these institutions begins to be more and more acknowledged. As yet, however, their funds are too small to make provision for instruction in every important part of the law. Teachers have been employed and books collected, in order to give to students of the law a more scientific acquaintance at least with those parts of jurisprudence, which are of more immediate and frequent practical application. These most practical parts of the law should indeed be the chief, but by no means the only subject of a system of instruction, that would deserve the name of a *liberal* law-education. In our law-schools, there is generally some provision made for other branches besides the common law of England, and that of the United States. But owing to the infancy of these establishments, there are still so many departments, each of which requires the labor of an individual, compressed within the appointment of one professor, that it is impossible he should do more than give the bare outlines of each, such as form the substance of that course of lectures, which in German Universities is called the 'Encyclopedia of Jurisprudence.' This summary instruction in the various branches of the law is one of the most useful sources of information, particularly to the beginner, who would enter upon his course of study with a clear perception of the whole extent of the science, and a sound estimation of the comparative importance of each department. Besides this general information, and besides a scientific and practical instruction in the law of the land, which must always form the principal course, there are two departments, which, from their superior importance, require that special provision should be made for them in every Law-school. I mean the Commercial and the Civil Law. With regard to the first mentioned subject, it will be sufficient to quote a passage from one of the pamphlets, placed at the head of this article.* 'Commerce, as well internal as external, is ever, from its very nature, expansive and varying, in accordance with which, the principles of this branch of law necessarily vary and expand. That they may be well understood, and be diffused through the nation with a rightly grounded uniformity, nothing seems more important, than that the education of legal students should, in this respect, have the supervision and aid of some one of the greater lights of the law, whose exclusive duty it should be to lead their minds to take comprehensive and practical views of this complex subject, and to teach them, among its fluctuating interests, how to fix upon its sound and immutable principles.' From these general considerations, President Quincy urges the importance of adding to the other branches of instruction for which provision is already made in the law-school at Cambridge, that of Commercial Law.

With regard to the other branch of the law, which we have mentioned as deserving the especial regard of all the liberal promoters of jurisprudence in this country, we quote a passage from the 'Remarks on the study of the Civil Law.† 'While endeavoring to advance the *science* of law in our own country, particularly by means of law-schools and lectures on the *Common* Law, we ought at the same time to take care that the *Civil* Law should not be wholly neglected. We have just had an illustrious example of professional liberality in the donation made by our learned countryman, Dr. Dane, to the University of Cambridge, for the advancement of *American* law. And we earnestly hope, that some benefactor of equal liberality will soon be found, who will devote a portion of the well-earned fruits of an honorable life to a chair for the *Civil Law* in that ever-cherished institution. This would complete the department of jurisprudence in our university law-school, and at once give it the preference over every other.'

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* President Quincy's Address, page 25. † Page 25.

In the remarks which we shall add on the study of the Civil Law, we shall neither repeat the vague commendation that has been lavished on the excellence of its regulations; nor shall we enter into the warm and often puerile contention between the civil and common lawyers in England, about the comparative superiority of the objects of their professional predilection. Our chief aim will be to place the subject in its true light, and to aid those who wish to investigate it, by some practical suggestions.

The Roman Civil Law is now considered, by all competent judges, as the main spring of the authoritative law of Europe. It is, as Mr. Hoffman says, 'a source of authoritative law in France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Turkey, Holland, Poland, the two Sicilies, Bohemia, Hungary, the Cape of Good Hope, Scotland, and England.' In England, where this simple truth struggled a long time for general reception, sound learning and impartial judgment have at last triumphed over national and professional prejudice. Those very principles, which were for some time urged by the partisans of the Common Law of England, as the grounds of its superiority over the Roman Civil Law, have been traced to this very source; to which their best lawyers and law-writers were obliged continually to resort for rules of decision on almost every subject, and more particularly in determining the nature of *contracts*, which, in civilized countries, must be the most fertile and ever-varying ground of claims and disputes among men. Mr. Hoffman justly observes, 'that English jurisprudence has been copiously supplied from the purest streams of the Civil Law, though but little, and a very reluctant acknowledgement has ever been made for the heavy debt thus contracted.' 'Though the Roman Law has not been extensively studied by the legal scholars of England, there have not been wanting those who perceived the narrow and technical features of the

Common Law, and the expansive and equitable character of its rival. Some, who are now engaged in the laudable exertion of abrogating the rigid and feudal refinements, so unsuited to the present age, and of supplying their place by doctrines found in other codes, have resorted mainly to the writings of the civilians; and even before this, several of their judges, as Hale, Holt, and especially Mansfield, had shown a liberal willingness to appeal authoritatively, in some cases, and with due respect, in others, to the Justinian Code. In the Ecclesiastical courts of England also, (whose jurisdiction, in many particulars, is similar to that of our court of Probate, or Orphan's court,) and in their courts of Admiralty, Exchequer, and Chancery, (the powers of the two former of which are exercised in this country by the United States' District and Circuit courts) the law has borrowed copiously from the Roman sources, not merely in matters of right, or general law, but in the formulæ and modes of procedure.'

Also in this country, which has inherited, together with the Common Law of England, its obligations to the Civil Law, the importance of the latter has of late been often set forth and generally acknowledged. It has been recommended to the judge and the student, by many of the most distinguished men in the profession. Mr. Duponceau, in his address delivered at the opening of the Law Academy at Philadelphia, urged its practical importance in this country, 'where the administration of the Civil and the Common Law is committed to the same Judges, and the same body of Jurists is called upon to practise both.' But as yet, we apprehend that the Civil Law is rarely or very superficially studied, either in this country or in England. This assertion, if it were questioned, might be easily proved from a number of publications on the subject; but unfortunately it is true to such an extent, as to require no proof at all.

Even a superficial knowledge of the doctrines of the Civil Law is sufficient to explain the fact, that while the vast fabric of the Roman empire was overthrown by the unsparing bravery of uncivilized nations, the Roman Law obtained authority in regions which the arms of Rome had never reached. Even those who subdued Rome became the voluntary subjects of its law, 'non ratione imperii sed imperio rationis.' The following brief, and of course meagre sketch of the principles contained in the great work of the emperor Justinian, the

Corpus Juris Civilis, may perhaps not be uninteresting to the general reader.[*]

The Civil Law is founded on the principle of natural right, *jus naturale*, in the sense in which the jurist Paulus takes it, when he explains it as that which is eternally right and good, *quod semper æquum et bonum est.*[†] From this natural right the Roman lawyers derive man's duties towards God, his obedience towards his parents and his country, the natural justice of self-defence, and the natural injustice of doing wrong to his fellow-beings.[‡] Upon this natural law, are founded the three well known principles of justice: to live morally, to injure no one, and to pay what is due to every one.[||] Accordingly, in the title 'of the *rules of right*,' and in many other parts of the compilation, we find the principle, *quod ad jus naturale attinet, omnes homines æquales sunt*, 'as to the law of nature, all men are equal.'[¶] Therefore slavery is considered as unknown, and contrary to natural right, though authorized by the common law or rather common practice of nations, which also authorizes wars, captivity, and servitude.[**]

But, though the Roman jurists admit the existence of the law of nature, they are aware of the uncertainty of man's condition, if there were no positive law. Hence the principle, 'we are servants of the law, that we may be free.'—The law however shall be the same to all, not calculated for the advantage of a few individuals.[††]

The only cause of the binding power of any law, positive regulation, or legal custom is, its being *the will of the people*, from whom all public authority emanates.[‡‡] The words of the thirty-second law of the first book, and third title of the Digest, are the following; 'old customs are not unjustly observed as law; for, as *the laws themselves are binding on us for no other reason, than because they are instituted by the will of the people*: accordingly also, that, which the people have approved of without writing, will be binding on all. For what is the difference, whether the people declare their will by suffrage, or by a uniform course of acting accordingly ?' This passage of the jurist Julian, and others of the same description, being inserted in Justinian's compilation, prove, that the sovereignty of the people is fully acknowledged by that code, of which the Emperor solemnly asserts, that it does not contain any thing antiquated or inapplicable.*

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[*] In citing a number of passages of the Corpus Juris, we have followed the mode of quotation approved by Gibbon, as it is probably that which is most generally known amongst us. (History of the Decline of the Roman Empire, Vol. V. Chap. XLIV.)

[†] D. 1. 1. 11.

[‡] D. 1. 1. 2 & 3.

[||] D. 1. 1. 10. § 1.

[¶] D. 50. 17. 32.

[**] D. 1. 1. 4 & 5. Inst. 1. 2. § 1.

[††] D. 1. 3. 8.

[‡‡] D. 1. 3. 32. § 1. I. 1. 2. § 6. D. 1. 4. 1.

It was the will of the people from which each emperor received his various powers ; one of which was that of issuing statutes (*constitutiones*) which were binding on all during the life of the emperor who had issued them, just as the 'edicts' of the prætor from the early times of the republic were binding during the term of his office. After the decease of the Emperor, the Senate, from whom he received his office in the name of the Roman people, could 'rescind his acts.' Hence this imperial right of making statutes was not considered by the Roman jurists as amounting to an abolition of the supreme legislative power of the people ; and the empire, in the eye of the law, continued a republic in form, although it was in fact swayed by the will of the successful leader of the Prætorian guards. The people never gave up, in a legal form, their sovereignty, but the successful candidate for the empire was invested with his various public functions in the name of the Roman people, by the Senate, who, ever since the time of Tiberius Cæsar, deliberated for the people in matters of election.† During the time of the earlier emperors those public functions, although they were conferred upon the same individual, were not given to him all at once, but each of them separately. But after the reign of Vespasian,‡ every new emperor was invested with all his public functions by the same decree of the Senate, which was then probably denominated *Lex Regia*, or *Lex Imperii*. That this is the true meaning of that much-disputed term seems evident, since the recent discovery of the commentaries of the jurist Gaius, who lived in the time of the Antonines. In unison with the above quoted declaration of the jurist Julian, 'that the laws are binding on us merely because they are the will of the people,' Gaius says,‖ 'it never has been doubted that the statutes of the emperor

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[*] Const. Deo auct. §. 10. Const. Tanta. §. 10.

[†] Tacit. Annal. Book I. Chap. XIII. & Inst. 1. 2. § 5.

[‡] Gai. Inst. Lib. I. § 5.

[‖] Gruter's Inscriptions, No. 242.

are to be considered as laws, since the emperor himself receives his power by a law.' This fully explains the words of Ulpian, that 'the decrees of the Emperor have the power of law, since by the *Lex Regia*, which has been made concerning his government, the people have conferred upon him all their own government and power.'* These passages, to which many others might be added, seem sufficient to show that the *Lex Regia* was neither a mere invention of the compilers of the Justinian Code, as many have supposed, nor a regal law, like that of the Danish nation, by which they resigned all their rights forever to their hereditary sovereign. There is no trace of such a general national act in the history of the Roman Empire, and such a supposition is utterly inconsistent with the express acknowledgment of the supreme legislative power of the people, in the code of Justinian. On the other hand, all historical authorities support the position, that every time a new emperor was to be appointed, a *Lex Regia*, that is, a statute investing him with all his public functions, was passed by the Senate, acting as the representatives of the Roman people.

It is a fact very little known, but easy to ascertain, that the Roman jurists, from the time of the Emperor Augustus Cæsar to the commencement of the third century after Christ, maintained the great principle of equal rights, and of the sovereignty of the people, though they were in fact oppressed by monarchical power. Undaunted by the terrors of despotism, and insensible to its allurements, they dared to found their doctrine upon the principles of the old republic, which they still declared to be the rightful state of their commonwealth. Many of them fell victims in endeavouring to secure the remains of republicanism from the encroachments of the emperors, and an overbearing soldiery. Though the spirit of those great authors of the Roman Law had died away when the Justinian code was compiled from their works, yet the republican foundation of the imperial power was not omitted in the compilation. We are far from pretending that Justinian himself behaved as a representative of the people, or that his deducing his absolute power from their will was founded in truth. As to his *code*, in this respect, nothing is important but the reason he assigns for the legitimacy of the imperial power, in declaring that it was founded in right, because of its being founded upon the will of the people. We have dwelt somewhat longer on this point, as the assertion of many English lawyers, that the Civil Law is infected throughout by the principle of the absolute right of the monarch, attacks the whole system, whose foundations, as we have shown, are truly laid in the will of the people.

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* Dig. 1. 4. 1 pr. § 1.

As another proof of the despotic character of the Civil Law, a passage in the Digest * is frequently referred to, from which generally only the four ominous words are quoted, *princeps legibus solutus est*, 'the prince is released from the laws.' If this passage were to be understood in a general sense, it would contradict the law of Theodosius and Valentinian, inserted in the Code of Justinian,† in which the emperors declare themselves bound by the law, and their own authority dependent on that of the law. Without availing ourselves of the argument that might be drawn from the fact that the law inserted in the Code was made more than a hundred years later than that inserted in the Digest, and that the Code itself is a later work of Justinian than the Digest, we would only remark, that in case of an apparent contradiction, a jurist, before admitting it, is obliged first to ascertain whether one of the two laws may not admit of a stricter interpretation. Now the declaration in the Code in the above stated case is general, but that in the Digest, as we see from the inscription, was taken from a work of Ulpian on the *Lex Julia et Papia Poppoea*, a law enacted under Augustus Cæsar concerning childless marriages and celibacy, which went among its numerous commentators under the special name of *Leges*. This interpretation is rendered necessary by the latter part of the passage, the whole being as follows. 'The prince is exempted from the *Leges*, but the empress, although she is not exempted from the *Leges*, has the same privileges granted to her by the princes, which they themselves possess.' As it cannot be supposed that the princes made their wives sovereign like themselves, it is obvious that by the *Leges* from which the prince is exempted, nothing more can be meant than special enactments, which, like those concerning childlessness and celibacy, laid certain classes of persons under peculiar legal disadvantages, or prescribed certain forms for legal transactions.‡

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* D. 1. 3. 31.   † C. 1. 14. 4.   ‡ C. 6. 23. 3.

The principles of natural justice, of which we have spoken, prevail throughout that part of Justinian's compilation, which contains the law of *private rights.* But the Emperors, in fixing by their statutes their own privileges, and particularly those of their Treasury, have not unfrequently abandoned these principles. Therefore the *public law,* contained in the imperial codes, is not deserving of particular study, unless it be in an historical point of view; and even in those countries, in which the Justinian law in general is in force, its political regulations are considered of no authority. It is in the law of private rights that the real worth of that code consists. These alone are taught in German Universities. This department of the Justinian legislation abounds with specimens of that scientific and practical reasoning, that precision in defining the principles of the law, and in construing and deciding the given case according to those principles, which made Leibnitz compare it with the works of the mathematicians, and which induced the framers of the French Code to advise the judge to consult it as written reason. We shall here exhibit a few characteristic features and principles of the law of private rights, contained in the code of Justinian.

The Civil Law is remarkable for its regard to reasons of equity and propriety. Many acts, though according to the strict forms of law, are declared to be unlawful and ineffective, from being adverse to moral feeling. The most celebrated of Roman lawyers, Papinian, says: 'such actions as cannot be done without violating piety, honor and respect, in short, as are against good morals, cannot be done at all.'* The same principles were expressed by the same great jurist, on his being required by the Emperor Caracalla to defend the murder which he had perpetrated on his brother Geta, as Nero had been defended by the philosopher Seneca. 'It is easier,' answered the lawyer, 'to perpetrate the murder of a brother, than to defend it.' And he paid with his life for the glory of this answer.

A very humane provision of the Civil Law prescribes, that a debtor, who, without his own fault, has become unable to satisfy his creditors, shall not be deprived of all he possesses; but shall be entitled to keep what is necessary to support himself.† The barbarous practice of imprisonment for honest debt is wholly unknown to the law of Justinian.

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* D. 28. 7. 15. † D. 42. 3. 4. pr. 6. D. 50. 17. 173.pr.

Respecting the private sanctuary of the house of a citizen, the Civil Law does not allow any one to be forced out of his house, even to be brought to trial.*

Concerning matrimony, the Civil Law holds the principle of the equality of husband and wife, as well in regard to the respectful treatment they owe each other, as to the administration of the property which each of them possesses. As to the possessions of married persons, the law leaves to the wife the entire liberty to accord to her husband any share in the administration of her fortune, or none at all.

The same principles of equality prevail in the doctrine of hereditary succession. There exists no prerogative of the male, in preference to female relations, nor of the eldest son before his brothers and sisters. They all, if not excluded by the will of the deceased, are equally entitled by the law to share, according to the nearness of their relationship, his inheritance.†

It is not necessary to explain in this country the consequence of this truly republican principle of hereditary succession, which eradicates aristocracy by dividing and subdividing large estates. Those great possessions which, if kept together by the feudal law of inheritance, form the means of the preponderance of a few families over all the rest, become, if divided by succession according to the Civil Law, the foundation of the independence of the great majority of the people. If the opposition of the English barons to the Civil Law, which has rendered them so popular, was really influenced by patriotic motives, it cannot be denied, that this patriotism was admirably suited to their aristocratical interests. The very case which gave rise to the famous declaration of the English nobility at the parliament of Merton, was intimately connected with their hereditary principles.

Much praise has generally and very deservedly been bestowed upon the law of contracts, as regulated by the Roman Code. It is especially this part, which has induced lawyers and law-givers to consider the Civil Law as written reason. But in regard to this, as to many others, it is impossible, by quoting detached passages, to give a correct idea of the whole.

As to the study of the Civil Law, there is one thing which we would recommend to all who engage in it. Their attention should be directed chiefly to the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, compiled by the emperor Justinian. The American student should of course attend more particularly to the general principles, and to those special parts of the Civil Law which, like the theory of contracts, are of a more immediate practical use. But he should study these principles from the *Corpus Juris* itself, rather than from the second-hand learning of civil law writers. There was a time when, on the continent of Europe, the commentators of the Justinian law, particularly the professors at Bologna in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who are celebrated by the name of *Glossatores*, were looked up to with a blind reverence, that can be explained only by the prevailing ignorance of the law, which covered the defects of its commentators. But the time when a practical lawyer could say, 'I would rather have the *Glossa* in my favor, than the text,' is gone by. The works of the great civilians of modern times, particularly those of the sixteenth century, among whom the French jurist Cujas occupies the first rank, have broken the spell, and introduced a sound interpretation of the Roman Law. A similar attempt at setting the disciple above the master, was made in the course of the last century in Germany, where the judgment of the courts was controlled by a number of practical writers, such as Stryck, Lauterbach and others. But a more accurate study of the law itself, aided chiefly by the recent profound researches into its history, by Hugo, Savigny, Loehr and others, restored once more the Justinian Code to that estimation on which its commentators had originally founded their own, and prevented them from supplanting its authority.

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* D. 2. 4. 18. 21.

† Nov. 118.

It is particularly necessary, to warn the student against placing implicit trust in the accounts which Common Law writers give of the doctrines of the Civil Law. Of the frequent inaccuracy of these statements, we will give a few specimens. A number of mistakes with regard to the Civil Law are found in the commentaries of Sir William Blackstone. He is particularly apt to mistake or misinterpret the Civil Law, where his judgment is biassed by his predilection for that of England. Thus, for example, he contradicts what we have before said of the essential equality between husband and wife, as recognised in the Civil Law. In his unfortunate attempt to show how 'great *a favorite is the female sex* with the law of England,'* Blackstone labors hard to hide some of the apparent exceptions to these tender mercies of the Common Law, and especially that which consists in the good old English right of the husband, properly to chastise his wife. This precious relic of antiquity is presented by the ingenious commentator, done up in a Latin phrase, and he attempts to put it out of sight by throwing a strong light on the greater incivility of the Roman Law, which, according to him, allows the husband, for some misdemeanors, severely to flog his consort, and for others, to apply a moderate castigation. For this strong position he quotes, Nov. 117. cap. XIV. If the commentator had studied the whole *Novella*, and compared it with other passages,† even his moderate knowledge of the Civil Law would have enabled him to see the true meaning of the passage he quotes. Marriage, according to the Civil Law, is a contract which can be dissolved by the will of either husband or wife; but if it be dissolved without a just cause, the party that thus breaks off the connexion, forfeits a part of his property to the innocent party, and to their children; and the same penalty is incurred by him, whose criminal conduct furnishes a just cause of separation. Justinian, in Nov. 117, after enumerating the just causes of divorce, says (in chapter XIV. which Blackstone quotes,) that if the husband beat his wife, he shall forfeit to her a part of his property, but his misconduct shall not be a sufficient reason for the wife to break off the marriage, without incurring a loss of part of her property. From the fact then, that when the husband beats his wife, he loses a part of his property, without affording her a sufficient reason for divorce, Blackstone infers that the Civil Law allows the husband to beat his wife. With the same fairness he might have inferred that the Civil Law permits stealing, because it does not, like the law of England, command that a man shall lose his life for stealing.

In the law of Bailments, much credit is due to the talent of Sir William Jones, displayed in his celebrated essay on this subject. But his desire to find his own theory in the doctrine of the Civil Law, has occasionally prompted him to a forced and daring interpretation of clear passages, almost unequalled in the history of criticism, even in the works of Anthony Faber. We would not impute to him the mistaken theory of the three degrees of guilt (*culpa*) which was supposed to prevail in the Roman law. This doctrine has received much light from the recent investigations of some German jurists, particularly Loehr and Hasse, who have satisfactorily shown the errors of the old theory, by a thorough and clear interpretation of the various passages of the Roman law relating to this subject. But Sir William Jones is to be blamed for setting aside the clear sense of the law, in order to find in it a confirmation of his own preconceived theory. We refer particularly to those provisions of the Justinian Law, which require of the *hirer* the highest degree of diligence in taking care of the thing he has hired; so that, if it should sustain any injury while it is in his possession, nothing can save him from indemnifying the letter, except his proving that the damage was caused by an inevitable accident.

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* Commentaries, Book I. Chap. xv.

† Particularly with Cod. 5. 17. 6. 8. and Nov. 22. cap. 15. pr.

Sir William Jones, in his ‘Essay on the Law of Bailment,’ maintains, on the contrary, that the Civil Law requires of the hirer not more than an ordinary degree of diligence, such as the generality of mankind use in keeping their own goods, but not the most exact care which the most diligent persons apply to their affairs. This opinion of Sir William Jones is considered as the true exposition of the Common Law, by Judge Story, in his able and valuable Commentaries on the Law of Bailments (Chap. I. § 39). Still the contrary opinion is maintained by Bracton, and in Buller's Nisi Prius, as well as by Lord Holt, in the case of Coggs and Bernard, where the Chief Justice decided, that ‘the hirer is bound to the utmost diligence, such as the most diligent father of a family uses.’ Sir William Jones combats this principle in the following manner: ‘I will engage to show, by tracing the doctrine up to its real source, that the *dictum* of the chief justice was entirely grounded on a grammatical mistake in the translation of a single Latin word.’

‘In the first place, it is indubitable, that his lordship relied solely on the authority of Bracton; whose words he cites at large, and immediately subjoins, ‘whence it appears, &c.’ Now the words, ‘*talis ab eo desideratur custodia, qualem diligentissimus paterfamilias suis rebus adhibet*,’ on which the whole question depends, are copied exactly from *Justin-*

ian,[*] who informs us in the *proeme* to his Institutes, that his decisions in that work were extracted principally from the Commentaries of *Gaius;* and the epithet *diligentissimus* is in fact used by this ancient lawyer,[†] and by him alone, on the subject of hiring: but *Gaius* is remarked for writing with energy, and for being fond of using superlatives, where all other writers are satisfied with positives,[‡] so that his forcible manner of expressing himself, in this instance as in some others, misled the compilers employed by the Emperor, whose words *Theophilus* rendered more than literally, and *Bracton* transcribed; and thus an epithet, which ought to have been translated ordinarily diligent, has been supposed to mean extremely careful. By rectifying this mistake, we restore the broken harmony of the Pandects with the Institutes, which, together with the Code, form one connected work, and, when properly understood, explain and illustrate each other.'

These views of Sir William Jones are adopted and greatly applauded by Mr. Brown, in his 'Compendious view of the Civil Law.'—Can it be called 'a grammatical mistake,' that Lord Holt rendered these terms of the Justinian Code, '*diligentissimus paterfamilias*,' by the words, 'the most diligent father of a family,'—and not as Sir William Jones does, 'ordinarily diligent?' Is it possible to applaud the manner in which Sir William Jones takes advantage of a remark of Le Brun, about the energetic style of the jurist Gaius, to subvert the clear meaning of the words of that jurist? Sir William Jones speaks as if all the other passages of the Civil Law, except that by Gaius in D. 19. 2. 25. 7. and that of the Institutes 3. 25. 5., were in favor of his opinion. Yet he does not quote any other law but these, and speaks of the 'broken harmony of the Pandects with the Institutes,' which he means to restore by his ingenious interpretation. As to the broken harmony between the different parts of the Justinian compilation, we shall mark here the passages which relate to this question.

The above quoted passage of the Institutes says: that the hirer is bound to the utmost care; and nothing but the proof of an inevitable accident can secure him against paying damages. The same is said in the passage of the Pandects by Gaius, which we have already cited ; and every one who understands the technical language of the Roman Law, will find the same meaning expressed in D. 13. 6. 5. 15., a passage by the jurist Ulpian, whom Sir William Jones certainly cannot suspect for his proneness to the use of strong expressions. The same principle is expressed in the Code : 4. 65. 28.

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[*] Bract. 62. b. Justin. Inst. 3. 25. 5. where *Theophilus* has ὁ σφόδρα ἐπιμελέστατος.

[†] D. 19. 2. 25. § 7.

[‡] Le Brun, p. 93.

Indeed, the whole theory of Bailment proposed by Sir William Jones, as founded upon the Civil Law, is essentially defective. But as this would not be the proper place for discussing the subject at length, it may be sufficient for those who are acquainted with it, to observe, that, according to decisive declarations of the Roman Law, the seller, the hirer, and the pawnee, who derive their obligation from contracts, intended for the mutual benefit of both parties—as well as the mandatary, who acts only for the benefit of the mandator, are accountable for the *slightest* neglect in the performance of their obligations, so that nothing but the proof of unavoidable accident can save them from indemnifying the injured party.

The idea that the whole doctrine of culpable neglect, in the Roman Law, rested upon a distinction between three degrees, that of gross, that of slight, and that of the slightest guilt (*culpa lata*, *levis*, and *levissima*), must excite suspicion in the mind of any unprejudiced student when he is informed of the fact that the term, which was supposed to designate the third degree of imputable neglect, occurs only once in the whole *Corpus Juris.** In this solitary passage the term by which the omission of the greatest possible diligence was supposed to be designated, refers to a case in which a person is not answerable for every kind of neglect, but only for what he actually does, and not for anything he leaves undone.

The best aid in the interpretation of the code of Justinian is to be derived from the history of the Roman legislation. It is to this study, that the recent progress in juridical criticism in Germany is chiefly owing. But, to be truly useful, this study should aim at a more solid object than a mere acquaintance with the peculiar customs and ceremonies of the Romans. These curious antiquities may serve to entertain the learner, for awhile, but they are apt to lead his attention away from the chief object. Thus, in perusing the first of the three pamphlets now under review, we could not repress the thought that the author might have filled those pages which treat of the old forms of espousal, marriage, and emancipation, of names and surnames,—with more useful instruction concerning the nature and gradual development of those departments of the Civil Law. The history of its various doctrines is of the greatest importance for the interpretation of the Roman Law in that form which it assumed under Justinian, and in which it became the common law of the greatest part of the civilized world. Most of the English works on the Civil Law, while they relate some of its antique oddities with precision, betray not unfrequently a very defective knowledge of the history of its principles. In order to warn the student against blindly trusting the assertions of writers, who in other respects deserve the high estimation in which they are held, we will notice here some current mistakes of this description. Mr. Brown, in his Compendious View of the Civil Law, asserts that this law placed women under perpetual guardianship; and this assertion is repeated by other writers. He says, 'in placing women under guardianship at all ages, and in any situation, they offered an affront to the sex; and one surely irrational, superfluous, and insulting.'* Mr. Brown was not aware, that as early as the reign of the emperor Claudius, the principal case of guardianships over women was abolished,† and that not a trace of it is to be found in the Code of Justinian, which contains the only practical Roman Law.

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* D. 9. 2. 44.

Some writers speak of the extent of the paternal power according to the Civil Law, as if the old absolute dominion of the father had, in the lapse of more than one thousand years, undergone but inconsiderable changes; as if his power over the person of the child was still, in the time of Justinian, next to absolute; and as if all that the child acquired was the property of the father.‡ But the fact is, with regard to the person of the child, that the paternal right of correction is restricted to the purpose of education; and if the father should think a severer punishment necessary, he must deliver up the child to the competent judge, who shall, with the father's consent, decree the appropriate correction.¶

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* Ch. II.

† Gaius, Inst. Lib. I. § 157.

‡ Blackstone, Book I. Ch. XVI. 452.—Brown, Compendious View of the Civil Law, Ch. II.

¶ Code, 8. 47. 3.

With regard to the assertion that the unemancipated child was unable to acquire anything for himself, we can only say that those who make it must be unacquainted with the statutes of the later emperors, particularly Constantine and Justinian, in consequence of which everything that the child acquired was to be his own property, except what he received from his father (*peculium profectitium*).

Some writers speak of the ancient strict institution of marriage among the Romans, and of the three different modes of solemnizing it by *confarreātio*, *coemptio*, or *usus*,—as if at least the last mentioned form still existed in the practical Roman Law.* But all these ancient forms had disappeared long before the time of Justinian, whose code knows of no other kind of marriage than that which rests upon the simple consent of the parties, and the assent of their fathers, if they be still under the paternal power.† The assent of the tutor, and that of the mother were not required. Blackstone, to be sure, says, on the contrary, that 'the Civil Law required the consent of the parent or tutor at all ages.'‡ But the laws which he quotes‖ say only that the assent of those persons is required, to whose power (*potestas*) those who are to be married are subjected. Now neither the tutor nor the mother had over the children a full power, in the legal sense of the word. Besides, the word 'tutor' is wrong in this place; for, according to the Justinian Law, a tutor can be appointed only for young men under fourteen, and women under twelve years of age, and these are not allowed to marry at all. Persons over this age had a *curator* appointed to them, to take care of their property, but they could dispose of their own persons, and marry without asking the curator's advice.¶ Also the additional remark of Blackstone, that 'the consent of the mother or guardians, if unreasonably withheld, might be redressed or supplied by the judge or the president of the province,—rests on a partial misunderstanding of the laws he quotes.** These laws say, that if there are several suitors of a girl who has lost her father, and she, from feelings of modesty, does not wish to choose between them, but leaves the decision to her mother and guardians, and these cannot agree, the judge or the governor of the province, together with the nearest relations, shall decide the question.

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* Brown, Ch. II. eod. † D. 23. 2. 2.
‡ Book I. Ch. XV. 437 & 438. ‖ D. 23. 2. 2. & 18.
¶ D. 23. 2. 20. ** Book I. Ch. XV. 438. Cod. 5. 4. 1. 20.

A mistake, both against the history of modern Europe and the principles of the Roman Law, is contained in a work of high merit, the Commentaries of Chancellor Kent.* He maintains that the system of community of estate between husband and wife, which prevails in many parts of Europe, is founded on the Roman Civil Law. 'I do not allude,' he says, 'to the earlier laws of the Roman republic, by which the husband was invested with the plenitude of paternal power over the wife, but to the Civil Law in the more polished ages of the Roman jurisprudence, when the wife was admitted to the benefit of a liberal ante-nuptial contract, by which her private property was secured to her, and a community of estate between the husband and wife introduced.'

The system of community of estate between husband and wife, which prevails in many parts of Europe, is founded upon German customs and statutes, and not upon the Roman Civil Law. The old strict institution of matrimony, by which the husband obtained a kind of paternal power, (*manus*) over his wife, was gradually displaced by the more simple form of marriage, which is the only one acknowledged by the Justinian Law. According to this law, the wife remains the sole proprietor of all she possessed before her marriage, without being obliged solemnly to reserve it by ante-nuptial contracts. The husband has not even the administration of this property, unless the wife has committed it to him by a special contract.† Accordingly, in those parts of Europe, in which that communion of property is considered as the legal consequence of marriage, the Roman Law, though the common law of the land, is considered inapplicable, so far as its regulations are at variance with the more particular Provincial or Municipal Law.

In treating of the relation between master and slave, Mr. Hoffman‡ mentions 'intellectual inferiority,' as one of the acknowledged sources of slavery; although there is no foundation for this assertion in the Roman Law. He also mentions 'paternal power;' although, even in the earliest times of Rome, the son, in his father's power, though he could be sold into slavery, was not a slave, but a citizen as well as his father, and as such could hold the highest office in the republic, without ceasing to be subject to his father's power.

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* Vol. II. Part. IV. Lecture XXVIII.

† Cod. 5. 14. 8.

‡ Lecture, page 38.

Mr. Hoffman very justly omits another cause of slavery, imputed to the Civil Law by Sir William Blackstone.* Among the 'three origins of the right of slavery, assigned by Justinian,' he mentions, in the second place, that 'slavery may begin "*jure civili*," when one man sells himself to another.' The passage in the Institutes which he quotes says, 'that a free man above twenty years of age becomes a slave, by force of the law, if he suffers himself to be sold in order to share the price.' If this passage really declared what Blackstone understands by it, that a man can 'sell himself to another and become his slave by force of the contract,'—the remarks which he makes upon this monstrous and absurd contract would be well grounded: that no price can be an equivalent for personal freedom; and that even the object of the self-sold slave, to share the purchase money, would be defeated by its becoming the property of his master. But it seems strange that this last consideration of the absolute inefficacy of a sale made for the purpose of sharing the price, should not have raised in the mind of the ingenious commentator some doubts as to the accuracy of his interpretation. The Roman legislation is certainly not chargeable with a propensity to lay down rules for bargains, which the common sense and self-interest of people would prevent them from ever making. The law does not speak of a person selling himself, but of one suffering himself to be sold by another, in order to share with him the purchase money. The law allowed every one who had been sold into slavery to vindicate his liberty by the aid of the Prætor, by showing that he is by right a freeman, and thereby to annul every contract in consequence of which he is held in bondage. Some persons, availing themselves of the letter of this law, suffered themselves to be sold by others; the purchaser was made to believe that the seller was the master of the person sold; and this one, after being delivered to the deceived buyer, availed himself of the law, proved his freedom, and being liberated by the Prætor, divided with the seller, the associate of his fraud, the purchase money. To prevent such fraudulent transactions, the law declared that he who suffered himself to be sold by another for the purpose of sharing with him the price after having recovered his liberty, should forfeit the benefit of the law,—the claim of liberty (*provocatio in libertatem*) should not be granted to him, but he should remain a slave in consequence of his fraud. The fraud then, and not a contract, (a supposed sale of himself) was the ground of that case of slavery which Justinian says arises *ex jure civili*, that is, in consequence of a law of the Roman state. It seems as if an attentive examination of the simple passage of the Institutes which he quotes, could not have failed to convince Blackstone of his mistake. Other passages, for example, the seventh law of the twelfth title of the fortieth book of the Digest, in which Ulpian treats of this case more at large, were probably unknown to Blackstone.

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* Book I. Ch. XIV. 423 and 424. The same assertion is repeated in Kent's Commentaries, Vol. II. Part IV. Lecture XXXII.

These remarks may be sufficient to show the importance of a careful interpretation of the Civil Law, and the necessity of discriminating, with historical accuracy, between the different periods of Roman legislation. It is indispensable to a mutual understanding on this subject, that in referring to regulations of the Civil Law, particularly for a practical purpose, we should not indiscriminately mix up the principles received at different periods of the Roman legislation, which was continually changing, during more than twelve centuries, from the law of the twelve tables to that of Justinian. Whenever we have occasion to appeal to the Civil Law, as an authority to be consulted on questions which the law of the land has left undecided, we should confine ourselves to the Code of Justinian, and the reasoning of Civil Law writers, founded upon its principles.

In pointing out and criticising a number of assertions concerning the Civil Law, in order to show the importance of a more profound inquiry into this subject, we have felt encouraged in our critical freedom by the fact, that the authors from whom we have quoted are of such great authority and merit, that their just credit cannot be impaired by the detection of error in some of their remarks on a subject, to which they have been able to devote but a small part of their valuable time. It is a subject too, on which one who has received a regular theoretical and practical education in the Civil Law, though possessed of only an ordinary degree of information, must be enabled, through the learning of his teachers (*præceptores nostri*, as Gaius says) to impart some useful knowledge to the most learned lawyer, who has grown up and risen to eminence under a different system of jurisprudence. And as we go on the principle, that an uncompromising criticism ought to begin with our friends, we have selected the subjects of ours from the writings, not of the detractors, but of some of the warmest and most judicious admirers of the Civil Law.

To promote the study of the Civil Law, some of the most important German works, such as that of Savigny on the Right of Possession, and Hugo's History of the Roman Law, have lately been translated in France and in England. Perhaps the most useful work for the student would be a translation of an elementary book, for example, the Institutes of the Roman Law, by Mackeldey, a work in which the results of the learned investigations of the last forty years in this department are exhibited in a condensed form, yet with great clearness. In a number of German universities the work of Mackeldey has superseded that of Heineccius, which, notwithstanding its eminent merit, is less useful from the circumstance of its having been written before the recent researches into the history of the Roman Law had thrown light on many complicated and obscure doctrines. Any reader, possessed of an ordinary degree of knowledge of history and the Latin language, after having studied thoroughly the forty-fourth chapter of Gibbon, may study Mackeldey with advantage. By reading the well selected passages of the Justinian code, to which the author refers, he will acquire a general knowledge, sufficient to enable him not only to understand, but justly to estimate, any larger work, or more minute treatise, on the Civil Law. But as long as we cannot resort to a later elementary work, that of Heineccius, together with the Institutes of Justinian, will give to every student a competent fundamental knowledge. 'The Institutes,' as Chancellor Kent observes,* 'should be read in course, and accurately studied with the assistance of some of the best commentaries.' That of Vinnius, perhaps the most common amongst us, is also one of the best commentaries on the Institutes of Justinian.

We have attempted, in the present state of general excitement on questions of constitutional law and politics, to direct the public attention to the *law of private rights*, and particularly the Roman Civil Law, as the principal source from which we may derive means of improving this department of legislation and jurisprudence in our country. While there is contention all around us, about the rights of the States, and the constitutional attributes of the General Government, those at least who have made the study of the law their calling, should be zealous to consult the legislative wisdom of all countries and ages, in order to define and secure the *rights of individuals*, remembering that the safety of these is the great final object of every civil constitution, of all legislation and public administration.

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* Commentaries, Vol. I. P. III. Lect. XXIII.

Art. VI.—*The Progress of Society.*

Idées sur la Philosophie de l'Histoire de l'Humanité par Herder : ouvrage traduit de l'Allemand et précédé d'une Introduction. Par Edgar Quinet. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1827.

The present is a revolutionary age. The political elements seem every where in motion :—and all are busy, either as actors in, or spectators of, the great work, as it is called, of Reform. And while new revolutions are in progress, old ones are becoming the themes of conversation, and the subjects of research. Men are going back to the ancient battle-fields of their fellow men,—studying the principles, which gave birth to their uprisings,—noting the connexions of remarkable events,—and writing the lives of the leaders of revolutions. All this is natural, and it is well. We rejoice in the interest, which men are taking in the history of past revolutions. The inquiry will furnish encouragement for the future. We have a view, in regard to past revolutions, which makes us believe, that the more recent ones are for good. And we have selected the work whose title stands at the head of this article, for the purpose of speaking of the view, with which we would have the history of past revolutions written and read.

The object of history is not merely the recording of facts. The world,—as its distant and widely extended climes, with their peculiarities of situation and climate, make together one great whole,—so the events that have happened in it, which are happening, and which will happen, are closely linked together, and interwoven, as it were, into one unbroken thread. The past has had its influence in forming the present. The present is operating mightily upon the future. The sun, that rides proudly and gloriously, in his splendor and magnificence, over the centre of our globe,—calling forth verdure and foliage, in all their beauty and luxuriance, and receiving, in return, the homage of jocund nature, in the thousand forms of her teeming existence,—is the same orb, which, in the frozen regions of the poles, just peeps faintly and coldly forth from the extreme horizon, and then hastens away, shuddering at the dreariness which broods over the scene. And so man, as he now stands forth in his beauty and strength, in his present intellectual vigor and moral elevation,—the searcher of earth, the explorer of oceans, the student of the skies,—is the self-same being, the same in form, in mind, in destination, as the poor, creeping, untutored savage, who, ages ago, in his weakness and ignorance, looked upon the little earth around him as the whole of creation,—upon the ocean, as a something, he knew not what, and reaching, he knew not where; and who stood, gazing with mingled fear and admiration, as the fires of heaven alternately rose and set, glimmered and faded away. Man is, and ever has been the same being, in his strength and his weakness, in his knowledge and his ignorance, in his elevation and his depression, still the same; ever dependent upon his fellow man, ever operating upon the destiny of the future, ever doing something, either of good or of evil, for those who come after him.

The object of history, then, is not merely the recording of facts. Its most interesting purpose, in the view which we have taken of it, is to represent man in his gradual march from barbarism to civilization, from civilization to refinement. Its great utility is, to trace the principles, which are governing, and which always have governed him;—to keep in view the end to which he has always been tending, and to point to us the steps by which he has approached it. To do its duty faithfully,—to array itself in its most attractive garb, and to act within its most enlarged sphere,—history should beat down the artificial boundaries, which separate nation from nation,—the American from the European,—the European from the Asiatic. It should treat man,—whatever his situation, whatever his character, in whatever age he may have lived,—as one great family, though of many members,—originating in the same source,—operated upon by the same principles,—pressing forward towards the same end.

History may, nay, it must note down events, when and where they occur. It must, we know, inform us of Cæsar, of Leonidas, of Buonaparte, Cromwell, and Washington,—when they lived,—what great actions they achieved,—what land they blessed or cursed,—how they rose and how they fell. It must do more. It must go farther than these great men and great things, these landmarks of history. It must take notice of the smaller characters, who have played a part in the great drama. It must chronicle the lesser events, which have served to connect together the greater. All this it must do, we know. But this, as we have said, is not its chief object. It is the mere drudge work,—the gathering together of the materials for the building. When all this is accomplished, the labor is but begun. Beauty, and order, and utility are not yet seen. These will be displayed,—not until the foundation is laid, the pillars erected, the work complete :—not until it rises upon our view as one compact, united, ‘ stupendous whole.’

The great beauty, the grand purpose of history, then, is not displayed, until it shows us man, not as an individual, but as a race ;—not as acting for himself alone, but as operating powerfully on all around and before him. It will not have reached its high aim, till it looks upon great events, not merely as happening here or there,—originated or conducted by this or that distinguished leader,—but as parts of that grand series, which began with time, and which will end only with time ;—as exerting each an influence on all that succeed, if unseen, not unfelt,—as reaching backward, in their causes, to the first,—and forward, in their effects, to the last link of that grand chain, which encircles the universe in its embrace.

And how beautiful, how grand, how ennobling is this view of mankind and their doings ! Ages have rolled on,—generation has succeeded generation :—but the tie, that connects man with his fellow man, has never been severed. They, who have gone before, by their gradual advancement, have contributed to place us where we are ; and we, in our turn, are but carrying on the same great enterprise of improvement, in which they have labored. There is not a great event in the annals of the world, wherever or by whom achieved, that has yet ceased to operate, or that ever will. There is not a distinguished character,—be it for his virtues, or his crimes,—

who has ever trod upon the earth, who does not yet live in the good or ill influences of his life. Is it not a pleasing thought, that men of all ages, and all nations, are thus fellow-laborers,—are thus brethren? Is it not a high and interesting duty, which, in this view, history has in charge?

And in the same view, in which we have said that the history of man should be written, should it be read also, and studied. Indeed, the latter will be a consequence of the former. But are we not apt to disregard this great and extended view of our race, as we study the actions, which particular individuals, or particular nations, have accomplished? Do we not think and speak of the ancients,—the moderns,—the old world, and the new, too much as subjects distinct and wide apart,—the one beginning where the other ceased,—without relation to, and independent of each other? When we study our own Revolution, for instance, do we connect it with all preceding ones, as but a part of one whole? Do we not rather view it, as standing by itself,—wrought out, by our hands alone, without aid from past generations? And, on the other hand, when we pause upon the spots, where, ages ago and in other lands, the oppressed has wrestled with the oppressor,—when we witness the displays of patriotism and valor which those spots afford,—do we not look upon the events there achieved, as belonging only to the time and place which saw them,—to Greece, to Rome, or to England,—without reflecting, as we ought, that they are all but parts of the great history of man; that the spots, which bore witness of them, are immortalized, not so much by the events themselves, as by the immense influence which those events have exerted on all succeeding generations? Greece and Rome and England did, indeed, witness them; and if there be any glory in that circumstance, be it theirs respectively,—be it theirs entirely. But the influence of these events stopped not at the boundaries of either. It expired not with the age which saw them. The world has witnessed it. The human race has felt it. To the world, then,—to the human race,—to us even, belongs their influence,—and in that their greatest interest.

The thoughts, which we have thus expressed, on the views with which history should be written and read, are most naturally suggested by those great revolutions, which have from time to time agitated the world. We say, that the thought of the intimate connexion between all ages and generations of men,—the thought, that the present is the combination of the results of the past,—that the future will be the combination of the results of both,—and that all have in view the same grand result,—is most naturally suggested by the history of revolutions. For what are the events in the history of man? They are but a series of experiments upon human nature. And it is with these experiments, as with those in philosophy or mechanics. In these last, we see the operation of causes in producing the great ultimate effect; and comprehend that effect itself the better, the broader the scale on which the experiments are tried. And the same principle is true, in that noblest of philosophies,—the philosophy of man. Great revolutions are great experiments;—experiments on a broad scale. They are originated and led on by gigantic minds. They operate by the combined effect of combined causes, which in their separate operation would be unseen, but which become manifest in the great result. Whenever and wherever they may have commenced, they are clearly seen not to have terminated with those who immediately passed through them,—but, like the ocean-swell, when the fury of the tempest has subsided, to have spread round and reached forward to the farthest vestige of man. Great revolutions, in short, are the prominent and enduring landmarks on the highway of the world,—far raised above all that surrounds them, that they may point out to us the progress, not of this or that particular nation, but of the human race. It is in these revolutions, therefore, that for these reasons we most clearly trace the everlasting tie which links nation with nation, and man with man, from the first to the last of his species. It is from these, and for these reasons, that we learn, that the only correct view which history can take of mankind is the enlarged and comprehensive one we have suggested, that of one vast phalanx, without distinction of territory or time, moving onward to one great end; each generation and each event doing something to help forward the same cause;—the world, as it has been, and as it is, being but one extended theatre;—man, in his thousand varieties, but one grand, connected whole.

If the view which we have thus taken of our race and of their actions be a true one;—and if it be true also that the great revolutions, which have marked their progress, serve clearly to show this unity of interest, ‘end and aim,’—a connected history of these revolutions must become interesting and important. True, the revolutions, which have happened, are interesting in themselves. They are interesting, considered merely in reference to the times and places in which they originated. They are so, as all that is mighty and strange is interesting. But how will their interest be heightened, and become intense,—how will their importance be magnified,—how will they seize hold upon and rivet our attention,—if we discover that they are not distinct and separate things,—local, temporary, or transient;—that they are a series of connected events,—originating, whatever difference there may be in minuter points,—originating, all of them, in one and the same great principle, the struggle of man, to throw off the mass that had weighed down his spirit to the earth:—and always resulting in some advance, small though it often be, yet some advance towards the goal that he aims at.

We stand at the present day in the glorious light of freedom. The precious privileges of unshackled thought and action are ours, and as we go onward with a bounding step, and a laughing eye, we point to *our* Revolution, as the battle that was fought for them;—to its result, as the victory that was achieved in their behalf. But will not the high and generous feelings, which it so justly inspires, be elevated and strengthened;—will not our Revolution acquire an interest and a lustre unspeakably greater, if we shall discover that this too stands not alone,—an isolated thing;—that it began not with us, and will stop not with us;—that all past events have been preparing the way for it,—that all past generations have been laboring in its cause?

And we believe that all this is true. The history of man is that of one continued struggle for freedom. Man has indeed been debased, cast down, and trodden under foot. He has crawled in the very dust. Tyranny, and with it ignorance and superstition and vice, have bound him in their fetters, and buried him, as it were, in the dark caverns of the earth. But they have never quenched his spirit. Man has never despaired. Hope, that angel of light,—hope, 'which comes to all,' nations as well as individuals,—immortal hope has never deserted him. In his deepest degradation,—in his darkest prison-house, she has stood by his side, and pointed his view onward and upward. The eternal principle, created and destined for high attainments, was ever stirring within him, and urging him forward to something beyond, something better. True, man knew not what it was,—this dim, undefined, evanescent something. But he felt that it was worthy of his effort;—that though mysterious, it was animating, though distant, glorious. And his eye was ever upon it; his footsteps were ever toward it. His ever active spirit was longing, aching to lay hold of it, though it seemed like a vision. Man clung to it as to life, though he comprehended it not.

But, thanks be to God, it is no longer a mystery. The light that has broken in upon man, has revealed to us what it was. It was none other than that whose reality is now ours;—ours because the human race has been struggling for it. It was freedom, independence,—independence of mind, of heart, of soul. It was moral and intellectual improvement;—freedom to range, with thought, over her boundless empire,—to compass the earth,—to ascend to heaven.

This is the great cause which, though but lately developed, has united the efforts of the world. This is the great cause, which has linked together as one family all nations of all ages. It is in reference to this, that history, to be perfect, should be entire;—that its views, to be correct, should be connected; and it is in reference to this, that we would at this time glance, in this connected view, at some of those revolutions which have distinguished the great history of man.

We place ourselves at the Christian era. This was, in every respect, a most interesting period. It was the one, to which all prior history had been pointing. It was 'the fulness of time,' for which all preceding time had been making ready. It stands conspicuous,—not because a new order of things, different in causes and tendency entirely from the old, was then established,—but because a new and mighty instrument was then first put forth, in aid of the same purpose, which before had made but slow and feeble progress. For these reasons, therefore,—that it embodies in itself the result of all that had gone before,—and because the series of events, from that time to this, is sufficiently long to illustrate their connexion, it is the most appropriate and interesting point that we can start from.

We stand, then, at that momentous period, which the introduction of Christianity has immortalized. And what is the first thought, that bursts upon our mind? It is, that we are standing, at the very moment, in the midst of a most glorious revolution :—a revolution, glorious in itself, but incomparably more so in its tremendous and never-ending effects upon the human race. Yes, the star that rose in the east,—mild, peaceable, and radiant, as the young child to which it pointed ;—the guide of the wise men,—the light, as it has proved, of the world,—the 'star in the east,' was the herald of an event, mightier in itself, and mightier in its consequences, than any which the dazzling sun, in all his brilliancy, ever looked upon. The pæan of angels, as it sounded in the ears of the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, proclaimed the advent of a Being, before whom and whose kingdom tyrants have trembled, and conquerors fled away. The introduction of Christianity was, indeed, a revolution. And what a revolution! Where can we learn, that such events belong to the world,—that they interest man, whenever and wherever he is found,—if not from this, the first, the greatest of the series? Where can we be taught, that the great end of great events has been the improvement, the progress, the elevation of man, if not in this,—this 'heaven's best gift to man?' We need not say, in this day and generation, that Christianity stopped not with those, to whom it was proclaimed,—that the influence of this greatest, because religious revolution, was neither limited nor partial.

For what was Christianity,—and what was the purpose of the revolution, which ushered it in? It came, indeed, to proclaim, that there was a God,—a kind and beneficent Father. It pointed to a heaven. It spoke of an hereafter. But it did more than this. It came nearer to man, as an inhabitant of earth. It whispered to him, that he was an immortal being ;—that he had within him a noble spirit, capable of exalted attainments, and destined to lofty purposes, even here,—a spark of divinity itself. It bade him cultivate, improve, exalt it. It bade him rise up in his native strength, to shake off the tyranny of ignorance, of vice, and of his fellow man,—to burst asunder the shackles, which bound down his high nature. It bade him be free,—in mind, that he might be intelligent,—in conscience, that he might be holy,—free in every thing, as his Creator had designed him. This was the grand purpose of the Christian Revolution,—to fit man for heaven, by making him all that he could be on earth,—and to give him an impulse, in this upward direction, which he should feel to the end of time. And has its purpose been changed? Has its influence ceased? No. Christianity has not changed. In itself, it is, and ever has been the same. It breathes the same spirit,—it reads the same lessons,—offers the same examples, sanctions, hopes and fears, as when it fell from the lips of its divine proclaimer. The influence of Christianity has never ceased. It shines on, and has ever shone on, the same glorious, unvarying, never-dying flame,—hidden indeed, often hidden by the devices of the foe,—but never quenched. And now that the cloud has been, in part, rolled away, we can trace its bright and shining track along the nations and through the earth,—as a pillar of fire in the mental night.

But the struggle of this great revolution is over. The divine herald, at whose word it arose, has finished his course,—has risen from the dead,—has ascended to heaven. Christianity has obtained a foothold on the earth. Its apostles have gone forth, to proclaim its glad tidings. And now look round upon the civilized world, during a few centuries that succeeded. Its history may be written in a few lines. It was becoming rapidly the slave of proud, imperial, giant Rome,—Rome, whose romantic origin we smile at, as we read,—whose rapid and extended power strikes us with astonishment,—but whose fate furnishes the next great chapter in the history of man. Behold her, in the day of her greatness, rising up in her beauty and strength, the pride of the world, or rather in herself the whole world. Watch her as she emerges from the dark regions of fiction, gathering strength and elegance as she advances, till she stands forth in her bold and august reality. Behold the splendid city upon its seven hills,—with its rich dwellings, its extended forum, its noble temples,—the loved habitation of the Muses,—the home of architecture, of sculpture, of painting. Behold her towering amid all this her glory and magnificence. Above all, behold her vast empire. Go out with her, as she traverses the earth, with the sword in one hand and the sceptre in the other, beating down and overturning every obstacle in her way, overthrowing and subjugating every people that opposed her,—and inscribing her name, in golden capitals, upon the front gate of every city. Go with her, in short, through the East and the West, the North and the South, till her great purpose seems accomplished,

—till you stand with her on that mountain elevation, where the Roman Empire seems to encompass the earth,—where civilized mankind appear the subjects of her Emperor. How exalted her situation,—how rapid her progress,—how stupendous her power. But look again. Can it be, that the scene before us is real? Have we not been, and are we not still deluded by some magic vision? The noble city is in ruins. The Empire has vanished,—its glory has departed. What a sudden transition,—what an awful change! Rome, with all her beauty, magnificence and power, has fallen. The splendid scene, which we just gazed on with such delight, has faded,—and a dark, blank void seems to frown sullenly upon our view. Is it not, we ask again, in an agony of wonder, is it not all a vision? Is it not all the work of some 'mighty magic?' But, no,—it is not a vision. It is sober reality. Another great revolution has come over the affairs of man,—and the only magic, that wrought it out, is the same that wrought out others,—the tendency of the human race to mental and moral improvement. We have in it the next great event, in the series we have spoken of, connected with the past, and operating upon the future. And it is as such, that we would, for a few moments, dwell upon its leading features.

It would carry us too far from our main purpose, to trace the many circumstances that made Rome the prey of those who finally subdued her. We know that the ancient republican spirit, with its love of liberty, its heroism and its manly enterprise, had long ere this departed;—that the aristocracy, with its wealth and influence, had had its reign; and that now the dark days of the Emperors had come. Rome, ever dissatisfied with her present power,—and with an eye ever bent on some new conquest, had been constantly struggling to make her name synonymous with the World. But as her territory extended, her strength diminished. The spirit that should have accompanied her in her conquests had gone, and every step she took was but to her ruin. The portentous cloud, that was rising in the North, she saw not, or if she did, she disregarded it. The march of her power seemed to her yet strong and vigorous. But, at length, the evil hour came. The cloud that had been gradually rising and thickening, now burst upon her,—and all her boasted power and glory became as though they had not been. The revolution was total. Like the mountain torrent, the barbarians of the North came down upon her, and she fell. True, it was barbarism opposed to civilization. But it was also the vigor of nature, contending with the weakness of refinement. It was untutored valor struggling with polished cowardice, and it conquered,—completely conquered. On the ruins of the splendid temple now stood the hut of the savage, and in the place of the polished, and once noble Roman, now stalked the Ostrogoth, the Visigoth and the Saxon. These are the men who, as it were, overturned the world, and such are the circumstances under which they did it.

And standing now upon the ruins of Rome, thus overrun by barbarians, is its whole story told, when we say, that it rose and that it fell? Was the purpose of this great revolution fulfilled completely, when the beauty of the City, and the power of the Empire, had vanished under its influence? Was Rome built up, merely that it might be pulled down?

We have said, there was a link, which connected great events. We trace it in this. The Christian Revolution, as we have seen, though its struggle was over, had left behind its influence, and its energy. It did not, indeed, plant the seeds of freedom and improvement, for this had been done by God's own hand, when he created man. But it breathed into them a spirit of vitality. It bade them expand, grow up, and bear fruit. But the work of cultivation and nurture it left for man; and how unfit, how totally unfit for this great purpose were they who then occupied the civilized earth, the character of their overthrow illustrates. There never has been a character more manly and high-minded, than was that of the Roman in the day of his glory;—and there never has been one more mean and degraded,—more unfit to carry on the great cause of improvement, than that of the same being in his last moments. We may lament the fact,—we do lament it,—but yet it is true, that this once noble race had become so degenerate, that the safety of mankind was inconsistent with their existence; and because it was so, they were swept away, as we have seen. In their place came up those who, though ignorant and barbarous, were composed of native materials, out of which great things were to be wrought.

The degeneracy of the Roman citizens had been naturally followed by the degeneracy of their institutions. Government had become a rotten tyranny, destructive alike to the oppressor and the oppressed. The throne of the Emperor, exalted as it was, was not more so in its power, than in its detestable and despotic principles. The state of things, as then existing, was the result of that refinement, so called, which had been refining the world, till it had refined it to nothing. There was no soundness,—no foundation left, to build upon. These institutions, therefore, were swept away with the people among whom, and by whose agency, they had been established. Upon their ruins arose the Feudal System, whose simplicity and energy were characteristic of those who brought it forward,—and in whose strong embrace these strange conquerors were to be upheld and bound together.

As we stand, then, upon the spot where Rome once stood, a melancholy ruin is not all that meets our view. The thought of desolation is not the only one, that rises upon our minds. Rome, and all that was Roman, have, indeed, passed away. But it was to make room for better men, and better things,—better, especially, in that view which we would take of all great events,—better for the interest of the human race. And in this view, has not this event an intimate connexion with the human race? Does it not reach even to us of the present day? The blood of those very men, whom we have just met amid the ruins of Rome, now runs in our veins. Their history is the history of all Europe. Its inhabitants have been their descendants. We ourselves are their descendants,—bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. As long, therefore, as there is a tie, which binds an ancestor to his posterity,—as long as there is a relation between father and son,—so long is there a connexion between this event and us.

But it stops not here. It rests not with the individuals. The Feudal System, we have seen, was originated by these men. And who shall appreciate the influence which this system has had upon all succeeding times, and is even at this moment exerting? It would be interesting to trace the minute features of this institution, in its origin and progress, and to watch its operations upon subsequent systems. We can, however, but glance at it. Its origin was singular. It was not an institution, which sprung up in the gradual development of mental improvement, and political knowledge. It was not an institution, which statesmen and philosophers could claim as the result of their efforts to enlighten mankind. Like the forest oak, it started up, as it were, the offspring of nature. It originated without cultivation. It grew without support.

And though it extended its branches over man, yet it was over man ignorant, barbarous, but free. Its principles were energetic, and binding. They were precisely adapted to the age and the circumstances which called them forth. They were fit guardians for the infancy of men, who, instead of growing up in power, in the self-same spot where they had been planted in weakness, came down from their native mountains, and broke in upon a people, who were centuries before them in what gives a nation its character. Nor was the influence of the Feudal System confined to the infancy of those who established it. It was with them in their slow progress to manhood, uniting and sustaining them. By its energy alone, they were preserved through the dark ages. The dawn that succeeded did, indeed, reveal better guides, and more rational institutions. But the principles of this system have never been done away. And even at the present day, the study of these principles is essential to the understanding of our own systems of law.

We go back again to the ruins of Rome, and how different, now, is the view before us, from that which first met our eyes! How is the mystery cleared up;—how does light shine out of darkness! We repeat it, a melancholy ruin is not all that meets our view. We behold a manly and independent race of men,—the materials of subsequent generations, our own direct ancestors. We behold a system of government springing up, adapted to the age, holding together in its embrace those interests of humanity, which, under the institutions that it superseded, would have been unfriended and deserted; and surviving by the energy of its principles, in some measure, until now. The gloom that came over us has passed away. The idea of destruction is lost in the greater and more interesting one of improvement. It is in these men and this institution, that we perceive the result of the overthrow of Rome. Nay more. It is by the subsequent and unceasing operation of this result, by the influence which it has exerted upon succeeding times, that we connect the great event which produced it with ourselves. As the votaries of science,—the friends of literature,—the lovers of the arts, we may weep over the fall of this once mighty and beautiful and magnificent empire. We may lament that she could not have been spared, to be the ornament and pride of creation, as she once was. But there is a higher view and a nobler sympathy, which should rise up, to fill the eye and the heart. It is that which takes in and embraces the great interest of man. Rome has fallen, and we sigh. But look again. Rome has fallen, it is true,—but the world is comparatively free. She has fallen, and her fall was one great step in the march of freedom.

But again the tide of time rolls on. The new inhabitants of the earth, as they may more than figuratively be called, had peopled the places, which they first overspread with ruins,—and under the influence of the system we have spoken of, they had carried forward the great chain of history a few centuries further. They had become a great and wide spreading people. By the vigor of their own character, and of that of their government, they had emerged in safety from the dark ages, without any great convulsions ;—and by the guidance of the dawning light, cheerful, inspiriting, nay glorious, as contrasted with the gloom which it dispelled, they were advancing with more direct and rapid strides in their march of improvement. England had indeed been the scene of a few changes; small, it is true, compared with those we have before contemplated,—but yet changes, which in some measure affected subsequent events. England,—and as we mention her name in this connexion, and at this point of time, we cannot but pause and gaze upon her for a moment. If there be a tie which connects together and spreads round the influences of great events, how conspicuous, how important is the name of England. If there be any truth in the comprehensive view we have taken of man, how does the name of England glisten in this history of the human race! From the eleventh century to the seventeenth, her history is the key-stone of all history. Her name is associated with every great event which interested the great cause of man. The march of religion, of liberty and of improvement was, during this period, over the soil of England ;—and it was from her borders, that there went out the influence which was eventually to elevate and ennoble the world. Yes, if we would study the history of man further,—if we would watch his footsteps on the way to what he is,—England and her history are the principal subjects for our observation. Her soil was the great battle-field,—the only home of freedom,—till some of her own high-minded children found another and a better, in this Western world. Honor, therefore, and praise be to England and her children for what they have accomplished for man and for the world. Proud, indeed, on that view of it, are the recollections of this land; and happy are we, that it was the home of our fathers.

But we return to the order of time. England, in whom, as we said, from the tenth century, the interest of history, in the view we have taken of it, is concentrated,—had been, even before this time, the scene of a few changes, which in some measure operated upon subsequent events. The Briton had been subjugated by the Roman. The Roman had voluntarily withdrawn himself, but it was only to make way for the Saxon,—who, first solicited as an ally, had rushed in, and become master. But even he was not destined to remain the sole possessor of the land. Another change was to be made, which should give and which did give an impulse to the people whom it concerned. We refer to the Norman conquest. This, indeed, can scarcely be denominated a revolution, in the sense, in which we have used that word. It originated not in any national convulsion. It evolved no striking result, like that of the overthrow of Rome. It was rather a contest for a disputed throne,—a struggle, whether William or Harold should reign King of England. True, in its event it was a change, and one that deserves to be mentioned in the series of events, as beneficial to the progress of man. It is from this event, that the history of England, and in that history in general, takes a more definite and clearly connected form. Its result was important. It was so in the mingling together of the Saxons and the Normans, which it brought about, and in the formation thereby of a race of men, which has had no superior upon the face of the earth. It was important, too, as it placed a man, like William the Conqueror, upon the throne of a kingdom, by which so much and such great things were to be accomplished.

In the progress of man, as we have thus far traced it, and as it displayed itself for a few centuries beyond this, unmarked by any great event, the way was preparing gradually and almost imperceptibly, for another revolution, second only to that, by which Christianity was introduced. We have gone back to the period, when this instrument was set at work. We have spoken of its great purpose; and we left it struggling to gain admittance into the world. Fifteen centuries had now passed away, since that great event, and what a change,—what an advance in the human race, is perceived even from this point! But where, during all this, was Christianity,—where was that influence, which seemed to us omnipotent? Man has, indeed, been improved, his condition ameliorated,—but how very little, compared with what we thought Christianity would do for him. Where, we ask again, during these fifteen centuries, was Christianity? What has palsied its arm, resisted its progress, impaired its energy? Can it be, that the experiment has failed,—that this mighty agent has proved faithless to its trust? We thought, that when it came, darkness and ignorance were to flee away from its presence,—that, at its sovereign mandate, man's chains were to drop off,—that he would rise up exulting in the joyous feelings of liberty, and reach, at once, the high point of his destination. We imagined, that the light of Christianity was, at once, to be spread abroad,—that its course was to be one blazing, undimmed track,—that it was speedily to be glorified, and, with itself, was to glorify the human race. But how different the fact. During fifteen centuries Christianity had indeed been in the world,—but where had been her habitation,—what her condition? Go back with her, through those darkest of all dark ages, the ages of religious fanaticism and persecution. Watch her, as she lay trembling at the feet of that worst of all tyrannies,—the tyranny of priestcraft and superstition. Behold yon stately edifice, piled up in a profusion of magnificence, that distinguishes it from all about it. Behold its vast extent,—its solemn grandeur,—its wide domains. Surely it is the abode of power, of splendor, of some great one,—perhaps the greatest one of earth. The palaces of kings cannot compare with it. Emperors dwell not in such noble places. It is, indeed, the abode of the greatest one of earth. It is the prison-house of Christianity. Here, in thick darkness, has this light of the world,—this pioneer of freedom, been cooped up, and confined for centuries. Her bitter foes have torn off her garment of light, and arrayed her in sackcloth. The cheerful and animating sound of her voice they have stifled. The arm, which she reached out to man, they have bound down. Her sacred books they have sealed up;—and, secure in the oblivion to which they think she is consigned, they have gone forth to pollute and tyrannize over what she came to purify and make free.

This was the habitation, and such was the condition of Christianity, for fifteen centuries. The other tyrannies, under which men have groaned and been crushed, are poor,—they are nothing, in comparison with that over which the banner of religion floated, as its ensign and authority. But was there to be no end to all this? Was man forever to be cheated of the benefits of Christianity? Was her imprisonment to be interminable,—were her dungeon-doors never to be dashed asunder? Thanks again be to God, that it was not so. The sixteenth century was soon to dawn,—a century ever memorable for the great event, which has immortalized it. Another deliverer of man was to be raised up. Another revolution, in aid of his great cause, was at hand. That deliverer was Luther. That revolution was the Reformation. The progress of time has brought us to another great event in the history of man,—the Reformation,—an event, in its universal interest, and wide spread influence, second only to that by which Christianity was promulgated. We would speak of it, for a moment, in the view in which we have spoken of those which preceded it.

If the great purpose which we have assigned to Christianity, the improvement and freedom of man, even on earth, was its true and real purpose,—and who, in our day, will doubt it?—how does this great revolution, which achieved its reform, harmonize with the great view which we have taken of the human race:—how does its history furnish another,—a bright and striking proof,—that great events belong to mankind, and that they all, in their order, have been leading on to the same grand result! The minute causes of this revolution, it is neither within our limits, nor necessary to our purpose to describe. The review which we have taken of the previous history of man, and of the leading events which have marked its character, opens to our view the great operating cause of this event. That review has displayed to us the slow yet constant advance of man,—while Christianity, which, in its free course, would have hastened him forward, and which, enfeebled as it had been, had yet done something in his favor, had been fettered and locked up. It is easy to perceive the natural result of these circumstances. As man became more and more enlightened, as he felt the moving of his spirit within him stronger towards improvement, and as he grasped the more earnestly at every thing which would help him forward in this course, the enemies of the cause would strive to rivet closer the fetters in which they had bound him, and to shut out more completely the light that would show him what he was. And this was what they did. The history of Christianity has shown it,—for Christianity, perverted as we have seen it, was the great weapon which they wielded. But though the struggle between them might be long, it was yet certain that it must have an end :—that victory must declare itself in favor of one or the other :—that those who had laid hold of and converted to their degrading purpose the great engine of freedom, would either prevail in the contest, and thereby put an end to the hope of man :—or else that man, spurred on by the impulse of the last great struggle, would rise above his oppressors,—wrest from their grasp the weapon of his safety,—and, secure in its strength, march forward unmolested. The latter was the result. Man was the conqueror. The Reformation was the victory. We know, indeed, that other and minuter causes were in operation to bring about this result,—but we delight in the discovery, that they were all subservient to the great moving cause,—the irresistible tendency of the human race to more perfect liberty.

It is, however, in the influence which the Reformation has exerted, that we trace most clearly that it belongs to man and to the world. Where has that influence stopped? What time or place or boundaries have limited it? To what place or age does it belong exclusively? Joyfully we reply,—joyfully does all subsequent history respond, that it has found no limit, and that it never will. The Reformation of Christianity was the restoration of man to mental and moral power,—to himself. It taught him that he was capable of free thought and unrestrained action, that he had the ability to secure them, and that in these were his happiness,—his true power,—his only safety. The struggle which it caused him, gave a nerve to his arm,—the result with which it blessed him gave a courage to his heart, which has hastened him forward to that which he now is. We can trace its great principles, animating and governing all succeeding events, and giving a character of improvement to all subsequent history. But we need not enlarge upon this topic. The principles of our own Revolution, and the cause which gave it being, are too nearly allied to those of the Reformation, to need an argument to connect them together. The progress of man from this event is too direct and plain, to leave us in the dark as to the spirit that animated him,—where it originated,—or how it operated. Such, therefore, being the origin and results of the Reformation, it takes its place,—a high and conspicuous place indeed,—in the same great series of events we have been considering. Great as it is in itself,—it yet gathers interest and importance as belonging to the history of the world, as being, in its principles, one of the causes of our own free institutions. And he, too, the immortal Luther, he whose daring spirit and invincible firmness first lit up and bore aloft the torch of this revolution,—whose name will be remembered, while Christianity shall endure,—how is he doubly ennobled, when, in the universal influence of the Reformation, we can hail him as the benefactor of the human race! That title is his desert. For whatever of good has been since done for freedom,—for all the privileges and blessings, which have since been vouchsafed to mankind,—indeed, for the very elevation, on which we are now standing,—honor and gratitude belong to the great Reformer. His place is among the great and good of earth, whenever and wherever they may have lived,—high in the pages of Christianity,—in the annals of the world.

The immense influence which the Reformation thus exerted upon the human mind, was in nothing more conspicuous than in the spirit of inquiry, which it called forth and stimulated. Awakened, as it were, from a deep lethargy, men began to look round upon their condition generally,—to ascertain its wants, and to devise the means of most readily supplying them. They discovered, that in the sacred and precious matter of their religion, they had been trifled with and deceived by their oppressors. They discovered, too, by the result of their struggle, the animating fact,—the fact which gave a value and a power to every thing else,—that they were superior to their oppressors; that the force which had kept them down had been but chicanery; that truth was mighty, and as it had prevailed in religion, would also prevail in all else. And they availed themselves of this discovery. We can hardly estimate too highly this effect of the Reformation, the zeal for general investigation which it inspired among men,—the resolute determination with which it filled them, that as they had discovered and remedied one great abuse, they would search out, that they might remedy, every other that oppressed them. We say that this effect can hardly be estimated too highly, for we believe that it was this which gave the Reformation its greatest and most salutary influence upon subsequent events. This spirit of inquiry, thus resulting, became in its turn a powerful instrument. It went forth in every direction, and set itself about its great work of reform. It left nothing unexamined. In prosecuting its design, the first objects which attracted its attention, and those to which it applied the severest scrutiny, were the principles and institutions of government. And it was this spirit of inquiry, thus set in motion by the Reformation, and thus directed to the examination and improvement of government, which brought about the next great revolution, which will fall under our notice.

The throne of England had now been filled for six centuries by a series of individuals, whose characters, as far as they are material to our purpose, may be written in a few lines. They had all of them striven after, and exercised absolute power. They had all been tyrants,—different in degree, indeed, but only as they differed in personal energy and ability. The great principle which governed them all was, that the right of Kings was not only divine in its origin, but unlimited in its extent. Believing themselves born to govern, it followed that all the rest of men were born but to obey. The voice of the king, in its uncontrolled majesty, was to be the voice of God, and, of course, that of the people was to be stifled as unhallowed. Let it be understood, however, that we say not this of these kings, entirely as a reproach. There is much in the circumstances, the times, the small advance of mankind, their own education, to extenuate their conduct. But this was the uniform character of government, down to the Reformation,—the power of the monarch supreme, that of the people comparatively nothing. And this character was carried out to its extreme perfection, by that model of all tyrants, Henry VIII., when the light of the Reformation first displayed itself to man, and when the boldness, with which that event inspired him, first led him to examine its features. From this moment, a new scene of things appears. Instead of the dead calm of submission, there is a movement of the waters. Animated by the influence, which now began to operate upon the mind, men displayed at first a sort of restlessness. In their periodical assemblies, which, before, had been but matters of form, called to give a kind of sanction to the proceedings of the king, and to vote him the money which he would have wrested from them had they refused it, and dismissed when his sovereign power had exacted from them what he wanted, and his sovereign pleasure determined that they had sat long enough ;—in these periodical assemblies, thus a burlesque upon free debate, an 'unreal mockery' of liberty,—the spirit of inquiry made its first feeble attempts. The eternal cry of prerogative, to which men had so long listened, as to something harmless and sacred, began to have a startling sound in their ears. They wondered what it meant. The old charters were dug up, and examined, and studied, in reference to this point. New and strange ideas began to be broached. Men inquired, in their minds, whether they who were most interested in the operation of any measure, had not a right to be heard in regard to it,—whether they, who had earned and possessed, and were to pay their money, ought not to be consulted in relation to its disposition. It began to be a serious question, for whose benefit government was established; whether for the single individual on whose head accidental birth had placed a crown of power, or for the thousands and millions, whom the same accident had removed from the throne. In a word, the thought of his own importance, and of his own power, was dawning upon the mind of man, solemn and animating. True, it was at first but a thought,—a thought, which they who felt it could scarcely comprehend, and dared not utter. But it spread, for the cause that was operating was increasing in strength. Similarity of feeling brought men together. They whispered to each other these high thoughts, and were astonished to find they were not alone. The rest need not be detailed. The thoughts which men had conceived in their own bosoms, alone and solitary, soon ripened into united and successful action. Emboldened by a common sentiment,—urged on by a common cause, men gathered into one great phalanx, strong, resolute, irresistible,—and guided by this same principle of free thought and inquiry, widely and more widely extended, they have marched onward, clearly and directly, to the present day. But though clear and direct, their course has not been uninterrupted. Another storm was yet to be encountered. What we have seen of man's history, as he advanced to the great reform of religion, is literally true of his progress to the reform of government. The natural tendency of the principles which he began to apply to the investigation of government, was to display to him in its true colors the enormous tyranny, which he had suffered under its name. He discovered, that he whom he had honored as his king, had been his master and oppressor; that prerogative was extortion,—that power was despotism. A determination to set himself free from the yoke was coeval with the discovery,—and his subsequent history is but a history of his efforts.

But were they met by no counter ones? Did the hereditary and as they thought the sacred depositaries of wisdom and power, stand cool spectators of the destruction which the principles then spreading were to bring upon their thrones? Did the legitimate, divinely commissioned rulers of mankind, part with their time-hallowed sceptres without a struggle? No. They followed the example of their great king, the Pope. They planted themselves upon their thrones, armed with every weapon which sovereignty, long submitted to, could furnish, and bade defiance to the power that would touch its foundation. The spirit of liberty that was abroad was in their eyes a monster, to the destruction of which every nerve was to be strained,—every power exerted. But were they to succeed? Was the great tide of improvement and freedom, which had been rolling on, as we have traced it, for centuries, and which had just rolled over and buried the palace of a Pope,—to be stopped at the throne of a king, the servant of a Pope? How little did these opposers of man comprehend the power against which they were struggling! How little did they understand the nature of man, or anticipate the consequences which, in a single century, would result from his efforts!

The power and energy of the human mind, however opposed, still advanced, and gained strength. Henry VIII., whose reign is connected with the Reformation, only as the light of the latter serves to make the darkness of the former more visible, had passed off the scene. The boy Edward VI.,—the weak, bigoted, tyrannical Mary,—the great and singular Elizabeth, who seems to have supported the absolute power of the throne against the growing strength of free principles, more by the sort of infatuation which she inspired as a remarkable woman, than by her authority as a queen,—and last, that profound and erudite scholar, James I.,—these were the persons who, for the century succeeding the Reformation, had filled the throne, and upheld the degrading policy against which the efforts of man had, during the same period, been constantly and with increasing earnestness directed. The two great parties, though they had repeatedly clashed, had yet forborne an encounter. But it could be forborne no longer. A time of collected energy, like that of the Reformation, had again come round,—the great question was again to be tried. Charles I., whose education and disposition both led him to carry the ideas of sovereignty and prerogative to their farthest verge, was seated upon the throne; and in him, the opposers of freedom were to make their last great stand. Charles was the last bulwark of absolute power. True to his purpose, he resolved that, at all risks, it should succeed. But freedom, who had hitherto been struggling most manfully, though with doubtful fortune, was not left unfriended, in this hour of danger. Pym, Coke, Cromwell, Hampden, and other such men were numbered in her ranks,—and in them she found champions every way fit to meet the champions of her foes. Now was the hour, when another great battle was to be fought,—between the same parties and for the same cause, that we have traced through all history. The combatants were ready. They had borne with each other long enough,—the time had now come, when one or the other must fall. It was a dark and eventful hour; but it was the harbinger of a bright day for the human race. The combat was fierce and severe, but it was not long. The issue was the same as it always had been. Freedom was victorious. The collected vigor of centuries was too much for the oppressor,—he quailed before it, tottered, and fell. The empire of tyranny was thrown down, and in less than a quarter of a century from his ascending the throne, the champion of supremacy was headless upon a scaffold.

There is a startling interest connected with this last revolution, as it illustrates the immense impulse, which free principles had obtained. We trace this impulse in the victory itself,—but it strikes us most forcibly, as we see these principles overflowing their proper channels, as they subsequently did, and hurry-ing men away almost to the very ruin they were avoiding. Not satisfied with having attained their point,—all on fire, as it were, from the heat of the late combat,—men could not be restrained. The radical Cromwell rose up, and taking advantage of the prevalent delusions, seated himself in the place, though he dared not assume the name, of a King. These were some of the extravagances, into which men were hurried. But they did not continue long. Having been saved from their enemies, they were next saved from themselves. The fury of this tempest of freedom soon subsided. The events which followed the revolution were calculated to allay it. We look upon the Restoration by no means as a return to the old order of things, as we have sometimes heard it called. The *form* of the Government was indeed restored,—and we believe, that as things then were, this was a useful step. It was a salutary as well as natural re-action from the then dangerous extremity to which men's minds had been carried. But the *spirit* of the government was essentially modified. The power of the crown received a check, which it feels to the present hour. Men were not ripe for the extremity, into which the flush of victory had hurried them, and we rejoice that they receded from it partially, and only partially, as they did. We mean not to say that perfection, or any thing like perfection, was the result of this revolution. If it had been, there would have been no occasion for our own. There were many evils left,—there are many still remaining,—and whether they are chargeable to Charles or to Cromwell,—to the Revolution, or the Restoration,—it is impossible now to say.

But whatever may be thought, at the present day, of the characters of these two conspicuous individuals,—we believe that the revolution, with which their names are associated, was a mighty event for man, the influence of which was not counteracted, but only modified in its excesses by the subsequent events. Charles was a royalist; Cromwell a radical. Their doctrines were two extremes, and as men fled from one, they rushed into the other. But both were dangerous. Charles was a tyrant, it is true. But he was born a tyrant and educated a tyrant. He looked back upon the long line of his predecessors, and the lesson which they all taught him was, that the King was supreme. The stream of freedom had, indeed, been flowing on,—but it was among the people alone. He who sat upon the throne was above its current. He felt not its influence;—and when the sound of its motion first fell upon his ear, he knew not what it was. The rising spirit of his people, so strange to a King, he may have mistaken, and honestly so, for a movement dangerous even to themselves, and felt bound therefore, as the hereditary guardian of their safety, to quell and subdue it. Pity, therefore, mingles largely with our indignation at the character of Charles. But still he was a tyrant. Whatever and how honest soever his motives, which may apologize in any measure for the man,—he was yet laboring to defeat the great progress of the human race, and we thank God that he failed. Nay more, if his life was inconsistent with the safety of man, if it was necessary, for the accomplishment of the great work, that history should contain so painful an example, it was well that he was beheaded.

But now that all danger from Charles was at an end, we rejoice that men did not long follow, where Cromwell would have led them. His principles, as we have said, were at the opposite extreme, from those which had perished with Charles upon the scaffold; and unsettled as were men's minds, these principles were perilous. The transition to them was too sudden,—it could not be and it was not lasting. We would not impeach the motives of Cromwell. We can believe that he was carried away, like the rest of men, by the enthusiasm of the times, and that the course he pursued was an honest, though mistaken one. We condemn not the character of Cromwell:—on the contrary, we would unite his name among the benefactors of man. For the firmness and independence, with which he maintained the cause of freedom, we thank him. For the courage and bravery, with which he wielded the sword in her defence, when the last great struggle came, we thank him. But we must stop here. As a leader and a ruler, we must again rejoice that his principles failed for a time, as did those of Charles forever. We must rejoice that his extreme was abandoned without a convulsion,—as we did that Charles's was with one. We believe that the true and only safe course for man, was between the two. And we believe that it was the tendency of the Restoration, and of the events succeeding the Revolution, to lead him to that middle path.

Instead, therefore, of jarring and discordant influences among the characters and the changes of this momentous period, we perceive all unison and harmony. The brief survey we have taken of the men and the events, and of their operation upon each other, authorizes and demands of us, to hail the revolution of the seventeenth century, with its attendant circumstances, as another, and a brilliant triumph of the great cause of man. In our joy at the impulse which it imparted to mankind, we can overlook the shortlived excess, into which it hurried them. Its evil influence was soon remedied; the good has never ceased. We read it in every page of subsequent history, after the excitement of the various events had passed, in the better defined rights of ruler and people,—in the gradual rejection of the absurd notions of supremacy and obedience,—in the liberal and independent sentiments which have since marked the human mind,—in the constantly advancing freedom of thought, opinion and speech. These results, as they gradually developed themselves, bear witness of this event, that it belongs to the great series;—and above all, do they bear witness, that this revolution, combined with the rest which we have traced, inspired that energy of mind, and independence of feeling, which created and sent hither the heroes of our own.

The next great revolution was our own. The interval between this and that of the seventeenth century, was marked by no convulsion. The abdication of James II., and the accession of the houses of Orange and Brunswick, are events which fall within this period, and are of material importance. They shew the immense diminution of regal power, and the consequent increase of popular influence. By the circumstances attending them, we can trace the same great principles which have run, like a golden thread, through the whole texture of history. But the end had not come yet. The lesson of equal rights and privileges,—of what man owed to his fellow man, and of the only principles by which the elevation of the whole race could effectually be secured,—though all previous history had been teaching it, was not yet understood. The oppressors of man were not yet satisfied, that his cause was omnipotent,—and they resolved again to give it battle. Severe, therefore, and frequent as had been the struggle of freedom,—another, the boldest and the best, was yet to come. As if in direct anticipation of the accomplishment of the great purpose, a new country had been discovered, uncontaminated by the footprints of despotism, whose atmosphere was pure and free. Disgusted with the oppressions of the old world,—hither came the champions of freedom ; and secure in the sacredness of their purpose, they here made a stand, from which they vowed never to be moved. But the eternal foes of freedom, who had ever been upon her track, that they might strike her to the earth, still pursued her here. She had come out from among them, and here stood alone; they thought that she would fall an easy prey. But the scene had changed. Instead of lurking, like a criminal, in secret places, freedom had now a home,—a country of her own. Patriotism was on her side, and the impulse which that reflection gave her, carried her triumphantly through the struggle she encountered. Our Revolution was that struggle, and its result forever settled the question, which all time had been agitating, whether man should be free. It told him, that the time had at length come when government must be changed,—when he could govern himself. The foundation of monarchy, therefore, was completely thrown down, and republican institutions, the great bulwark of liberty, rose upon its ruins. We intend not to dwell upon this event. Its causes and result are too familiar to require even to be mentioned. We name it, however, as being the great point, to which all that we have said before has been tending. We name it, as being connected with and springing from all the other revolutions we have traced,—originating in a farther development of the same causes, and resulting in a wider extension of the same great principles. As we said, therefore, when we began, it stands not alone. The great view which should be taken of it is that which looks beyond the narrow bounds of its time and place,—pictures to the eye what went before and what shall come after, and embraces the whole as one entire, extended prospect. And when its history is studied, and its great features dwelt upon, we would have it remembered, as a point of unspeakable interest,—that it is not our history merely, but mankind's,—that its great arena was not our country alone, but the world,—that we only were not its combatants, but the human race.

In thus tracing, as we have attempted, the progress of revolutions, and marking their uniform tendency towards our own, and with that, towards universal improvement, we have spoken of religious and political revolutions without distinction. We have treated the events which sent forward Christianity, in common with those which aided the cause of political liberty. We have done it, because we believe them the same in principle. We have done it, because we believe that there is an uniformity of design, between that religion and the institutions of civil freedom, which bespeaks the same Author of both. We know not a more glorious thought, and we believe it to be true,—one that should move, animate and inspire, while it awes and controls us,—than this:— that free principles of government, liberty of opinion and action upon our rights and duties, are but a part, a wider extension of that stupendous, yet beautiful plan, which originated in Judea on the birthday of our Saviour. We know not a more glorious thought, and we believe it to be true,—than that Christianity and republican institutions, as far as they are based upon the same foundation of universal liberty and personal responsibility, as far as the design of both is to elevate man by giving him his free course, are to walk hand in hand, through the earth, brethren of the same family, children of the same Father. Christianity, we know, was the elder and the stronger,—the nobler and more exalted brother,—and it was meet, therefore, that it should lead the van as it did in the march of reformation,—for that reformation began at a time, when its younger and weaker brother, political freedom, would have been overwhelmed and crushed. The battle to be fought was tremendous, and it was fit that something more than human should come forth to meet its brunt. And Christianity came forth to meet it. It came forth to battle with men's prejudices and passions, to dispel the mists, to scatter the rubbish, and to teach them,—what has proved their hardest lesson,—themselves. And when it had opened a way, and when all things were ready, it called to its younger brother to come out to its aid. And that brother has gone forth. The time, we say, has come, and these two pioneers of liberty have joined their hands,—friends, compeers and fellow-laborers,—and they are going onward, each encouraging and supporting the other, and both enlightening and emancipating the world.

We may laugh at the story of the divine rights of kings, or the divine right of any other man, call himself what he may, to rule his fellow man. We may ridicule the idea, that any form of government, monarchical or republican, came from the hands or can claim the special sanction of the Ruler of the Universe. But there is one sense, in which we can believe in this divine origin of governments. It is when we contemplate them, as growing out of, supporting and being supported by the unshackled spirit of the people who live under them,—it is when we believe that the principles of our religion should be the principles of our government,—it is when we feel, that as individuals, as citizens and as Christians, we are the same, called to the same duties, blessed with the same privileges,—it is then, that we shall see the finger of the King of Kings, and learn that the charter of our religious and political liberties is one and the same hallowed scroll, and that it came from the hands of God.

There is much satisfaction to be gathered from the view we have taken of great events. It lights up and gives interest to the whole history of man,—that history which, without it, would, in many parts, be but dark and gloomy. It shows us the great stream of freedom and improvement, as it flowed 'fast by the oracles of God.' There was its great source and thence did it issue. It has been constantly flowing on through all time. Man has, indeed, endeavored to obstruct its course. Tyrants have labored to arrest its progress. But what have they effected? They have built up their barriers, lofty and strong, and thought that their purpose was accomplished. But though they had impeded for a moment, they had not arrested, the mighty current. The stream was flowing on, rising higher and higher,—gathering its forces against that which opposed it, till at length it reached the top. It could be stayed no longer. Furiously and in an instant, it dashed over its bounds. The barrier and its builder were swept away to destruction, and after a moment, you might have looked in vain for a vestige of the work. But again the stream rolled on, faster and freer, from the very resistance it had met,—till another barrier was erected, and, in like manner, swept away. This has been the course of the great stream. Like this has been the history of man. The silent gatherings of the waters are the seeming dark places. The loud rushes of their overflow are the great revolutions. The view we have taken, then, does light up history. It shows us, that its seeming dark parts, were but the preparation for the bright,—and that all, though not equally prominent, were the same in their purpose. It shows us, too, that the very opposition of tyrants has been made to give an impulse to freedom,—that man has never been deserted,—that his course has ever been onward.

The view we have taken of revolutions, as connected with our own, furnishes matter of useful, as well as pleasing reflection. We can invite the present generation, whose countenances are lit up by the fair light of freedom, to stand upon the eminence which Providence has assigned them, and to look back upon the history of their race. They will find in all other men fellow-laborers and brethren, partners in a common struggle, pressing forward to a common end. They will learn from the scene, to repress the vain thought, which would impute to their own Revolution alone, the liberty they enjoy. They will learn their indebtedness to past generations. The fathers of our Revolution were indeed, noble men,—generous, high souled men. Never forgotten, ever honored be their names. But they stand not alone, the sole pillars of freedom. They were but the associates of the great leaders of other revolutions. They took up the work, where these had left it, and to these, therefore, with them, is the honor due.

And they, too, who are apprehensive, that man's cause may yet be lost,—that he may yet fall from the height, which he has reached,—may gather cheering confidence from the scene which has been displayed. They will discover that freedom is not the mere bubble of a moment, blown up to deceive, and then to burst and disappear. They will learn, that it is the grand result of all things,—that as it has been striving for ages, it shall endure for ages, permanent and everlasting. We would bid those, then, who are trembling for the fate of liberty, to look upon the history of their race and be encouraged. Shall the glorious sun, which has so long been surmounting the clouds that obscured his rising, and which has just broken forth in brilliancy, above them,—shall it go down again, whence it rose,—its course unfinished,—the world in darkness? Shall it not rather ride upward to its meridian, in a bright and unclouded path, illumine the universe, and if it descend at all, sink placidly in the west, only when time shall cease? We believe it will be thus. It is the voice of history.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the revolutions, that have succeeded our own; and we need none. They have been too clearly the manifestations of the same principles which we have traced through history, too intimately connected with our own Revolution, to require extended comment. They tell the same story, which we have learned from their predecessors, that there is a power in man, which will struggle on till it completes its work; a power, which, though sometimes rash and misguided, is yet strong, in the end, for good. They are parts, therefore, of the same series we have been considering. In this view, they should be considered. In this view, their temporary evils can be overlooked. We can hail their principles, as the same for which past generations and even ourselves have labored, and therein can argue for them eventual success. We would, that these principles might triumph without convulsions, that reason might supersede the sword. But this may not be at present. Other revolutions must be met and passed through. We can but pray that the leaders of them may be just, true, patriotic, and disinterested,—not, however, because we believe that the result is in their hands. There is a higher power, which has watched over, and will continue to watch over that result. But the leaders may do much to shorten or prolong the struggle. We pray, therefore, that they may be patriots indeed,—and that the time may soon come, when in the history of mankind shall be read the perfect triumph of freedom, religion and right.

Art. VII.—*Southey's Life of Bunyan.*

The Pilgrim's Progress. With a Life of John Bunyan. By Robert Southey, Esq., LL. D., Poet Laureate, &c. &c. &c., and Illustrations by Martin and Harvey. London. 1830.

The seventeenth century in English Literature is a period we love to dwell upon. There is nothing in any other nation to be compared with it. It is an age to study; a vast Peruvian mine; its riches are inexhaustible, because it is the Empire of Thought. Gold became like iron, and silver like stones in the street. The whole aspect of the age is one of massy, cumbrous, intellectual magnificence. Their intellectual enterprises, like their scale of architecture, were gigantic. Immense buttresses propped the battlemented walls of their castles; great oaken beams roofed their halls; so, the very frame-work of their mental edifices, it would take the libraries of Europe to supply, and the giants of old to put together.

The power of the English tongue was tried in every way. It blazes with magnificence; subdues by its strength; and charms by its surpassing simplicity. The native energies and original traits of the nation were tried and displayed in like manner. The period succeeding the Reformation was exuberantly productive of great and good men. It was like the soil beneath a North American forest, when its bosom has been opened to the light in a *clearing*, and its accumulated mould of a thousand years upturned to the sun, and laid in rich furrows by the plough. The influence of Luther's intellect abroad was accompanied in England by peculiar commotions, both religious and civil, which dispelled the lethargy of the national mind, heaving it into surges from its most silent depths. Then arose men, whose names will be watchwords of glory to the human race.

Among the host of venerated names that adorn the history of this period, if we should select five, as indicating perhaps the most original and powerful minds that England ever nourished, they would be these :—Dr. Henry More, John Milton, Shakspeare, Bacon, and John Bunyan. Of these, for originality of genius, Bunyan stands in the foremost rank. Compare his intellectual discipline with that of Shakspeare, and it will be found, that, though neither of them had much to boast on the score of education, Shakspeare's was immeasurably superior. Almost the only books Bunyan ever read (at least before he wrote the Pilgrim's Progress) were the Bible, the Book of Martyrs, and two volumes, The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven, and The Practice of Piety, which formed the marriage portion of his wife. Of this latter book, composed by Bayley, Bishop of Bangor, more than fifty editions are said to have been published in the course of a hundred years.

Bunyan, more than others, was a mind from the people. He worked his way out of the ignorance and vice by which he was surrounded, against much opposition, and with scarcely the slightest aid from any of his fellow creatures. His genius pursued a path dictated by his piety, and one that no other being in the world ever pursued before him. The light that first broke through his darkness was from Heaven. It found him, even that being who wrote the Pilgrim's Progress, coarse, profane, boisterous, and almost brutal. It shone before him, and with a single eye he followed it, till his native City of Destruction could no longer be seen in the distance, till his moral deformities fell from him, and his garments became purity and light. The Spirit of God was his teacher; the very discipline of his intellect was a spiritual discipline; the conflicts that his soul sustained with the Powers of Darkness were the very sources of his intellectual strength.

Southey calls the experience of this man, in one stage of it, a burning and feverish enthusiasm. Cowper, in one of his letters to Lady Hesketh, after describing his own feelings, remarks, 'What I have written would appear like enthusiasm to many, for we are apt to give that name to every warm affection of the mind in others, which we have not experienced in ourselves.' We incline to think that Southey, with all his talent, is incapable of fully appreciating a character of such directness and originality as that of Bunyan, or of doing justice to the workings of his mind. It would have been the truth, as well as the better philosophy, if he had said that the Spirit of God was preparing Bunyan, by that severe discipline, to send forth into the world the Pilgrim's Progress. And when he was at length prepared for the task, then an overruling Providence placed him, through the instrumentality of his own enemies, in the prison of Bedford to accomplish it.

Bunyan has given a powerful relation of his own religious experience, in a little work entitled 'Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' He says of it himself, 'I could have stepped into a style much higher than this, in which I have here discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do: but I dare not.' The very extreme plainness of this work adds to its power. Never was the inward life of any being depicted with more vehement and burning language: it is an intensely vivid description of the workings of a mind of the keenest sensibility and most fervid imagination, convinced of guilt, and fully awake to all the dread realities of Eternity. In this work we behold not only the general discipline by which Bunyan attained that spiritual wisdom and experience exhibited in the Pilgrim's Progress, but there are particular passages of it, in which we see the evident germs of that work of genius.

> 'While Bunyan was in this state,' says Mr. Southey, 'a translation of Luther's Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians fell into his hands, an old book, so tattered and thumb-worn, "that it was ready to fall piece from piece, if he did but turn it over." Here, in the work of that passionate and mighty mind, he saw his own soul reflected as in a glass. "I had but a little way perused it," he says, "when I found my condition in his experience so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart." And in later life he thought it his duty to declare, that he preferred this book of Martin Luther before all the books he had ever seen, (the Bible alone excepted) as fittest for a wounded conscience.'

Southey quotes a passage from one of Bunyan's works, which he says is 'worthy of notice, because it is in Bishop Latimer's vein.' Those of our readers, who are familiar with the writings of Luther, will recognise in it a strong resemblance to the manner of the great reformer. Of the work from which it is extracted, Southey says,

> 'No doubt it contains the substance of some of his sermons; and to sermons in such a strain, however hearers might differ in taste and in opinions, there are none who would not listen.'—'They that will have Heaven must run for it, because the Devil, the Law, Sin, Death and Hell follow them. There is never a

poor soul that is going to Heaven, but the Devil, the Law, Sin, Death and Hell make after that soul. 'The Devil, your adversary, as a roaring Lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour.' And I will assure you, the Devil is nimble; he can run apace; he is light of foot; he hath overtaken many; he hath turned up their heels, and hath given them an everlasting fall. Also the Law! that can shoot a great way: have a care thou keep out of the reach of those great guns the Ten Commandments! Hell also hath a wide mouth; and can stretch itself farther than you are aware of! And as the Angel said to Lot, 'take heed, look not behind thee, neither tarry thou in all this plain, (that is, any where between this and Heaven,) lest thou be consumed,' so say I to thee, take heed, tarry not, lest either the Devil, Hell, Death, or the fearful curses of the Law of God do overtake thee, and throw thee down in the midst of thy sins, so as never to rise and recover again. If this were well considered, then thou, as well as I, wouldst say, they that will have Heaven must run for it.'

Bunyan always preached 'what he saw and felt,' and so the character of his preaching varied with the aspect which Divine Truth, in the coloring of his personal hopes and fears, wore to his own soul. How he preached, when himself amidst the terrors of his own Pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, may be gathered from his own mouth.

'This part of my work,' says he, 'I fulfilled with great sense: for the terrors of the Law, and Guilt for my transgressions, lay heavy upon my conscience. I preached what I felt,—what smartingly I did feel,—even that under which my poor soul did groan and tremble to astonishment. Indeed I have been as one sent to them from the dead. I went myself in chains, to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my own conscience, that I persuaded them to be aware of. I can truly say, that when I have been to preach, I have gone full of Guilt and Terror even to the Pulpit door; and there it hath been taken off, and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work; and then immediately, even before I could get down the Pulpit stairs, I have been as bad as I was before. Yet God carried me on; but surely with a strong hand, for neither Guilt nor Hell could take me off my work.'

Bunyan's features of character were naturally strong, and good, so far as unperverted. Yet if he had not been turned towards Heaven, he was likely to make a man of great wickedness.

Had he been pursuing his humble occupation when Matthew, Peter, and John were upon earth, his was a character of such native elements, that he might perhaps have been chosen as one of their associates in the work of the primitive Gospel ministry. Our Saviour committed the Gospel to unlearned but not to ignorant men.; and Bunyan, though illiterate, was not ignorant; no man is so who, believing with the heart in Him who is the Light of the world, beholds Spiritual Realities, and acts with reference to them. 'The fears,' says Mr. Coleridge, in the Aids to Reflection, 'the hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the inward and outward experience, the belief and the faith of a Christian, form of themselves a philosophy, and a sum of knowledge, which a life spent in the grove of Academus, or the painted porch, could not have attained or collected.'

Bunyan's imagination was powerful enough, in connexion with his belief in God's superintending Providence, to array his inward trials with a sensible shape, and external events with a light reflected from his own experience; hopes and fears were friends and enemies; acting in concert with these, all things he met with in the world were friends or enemies likewise, according as they aided or opposed his spiritual life. He acted always under one character, the Christian Soldier, realizing, in his own conflicts and conquests, the Progress of his own Pilgrim. Therefore his book is a perfect Reality in oneness as a whole, and in every page a book not of imaginations and shadows, but of Realities experienced. To those who have never set out on this pilgrimage, nor encountered its dangers, it is interesting, as would be a book powerfully written of travels in an unknown, romantic land. Regarded as a work of original genius simply, without taking into view its spiritual meaning, it is a wonder to all, and cannot cease to be. Though a book of personification and allegory, it enchants the simplest child, as powerfully, almost, as the story of Aladdin and his Lamp, or the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor, or the history of Robinson Crusoe himself. It is interesting to all, who have any taste for poetical beauty, in the same manner as Spenser's Fairy Queen, or we might mention, especially, for the similar absorbing interest we take in all that happens to the hero, Homer's Odyssey.

Yet its interest for the imagination is in reality the smallest part of its power; and it will be pleasing to the imagination, just in proportion as the mind of the reader has been accustomed to interpret the things of this life by their connexion with another, and by the light that comes from that world to this. A reader who has not formed this habit, nor ever felt that he is a stranger and pilgrim in a world of temptations and snares, can see but half the beauty of such poetry as fills this work, because it cannot make its appeal to his own experience; for him there is nothing within, that tells more certainly than any process of judgment or criticism, the truth and sweetness of the picture; there is no reflection of its images, nor interpretation of its meaning, in his own soul. The Christian, the actual Pilgrim, reads it with another eye. It comes to his heart. It is like a painting meant to be exhibited by firelight: the common reader sees it by day. To the Christian, it is a glorious transparency; and the light that shines through it, and gives its incidents such life, its colors such depth, and the whole scene such a surpassing glory, is light from Eternity, the meaning of Heaven.

We repeat it, therefore, as a truth which to us seems very evident, that the true beauty of the allegory in the Pilgrim's Progress can only be felt by a religious mind. No one, indeed, can avoid admiring it. The honest nature in the characters, their homely truth, the simplicity and good sense of the conversations, the beauty of the incidents, the sweetness of the scenery through which the reader is conducted, the purity of the language,

> The humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
> To teach the gayest, make the gravest smile,

all these things to the eye of the merest critic are beautiful, and he who loves to read Shakspeare will admire them, and on common ground. But such a reader, in respect to the veiled beauty of the allegory, is like a deaf man, to whom you speak of the sweetness of musical sounds. Of the faithfulness with which Bunyan has depicted the inward trials of the Christian conflict, of the depth and power of the appeal which that book makes to the Christian's heart, of the accuracy and beauty of the map therein drawn of the dealings of the Spirit of God in leading the sinner from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion above, he knows and can conceive nothing. It is like Milton's daughters reading aloud from his Hebrew Bible to the blind poet, while they could only pronounce the words, but were ignorant of the sacred meaning, nor could divine the nature of the inspiration it excited in his soul. Little can such a reader see

——————Of all that power
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.

And we might go on to express, in Wordsworth's delightful poetry, what is the utmost of the admiration excited by a common and not a Christian perusal of the Pilgrim's Progress.

The western sky did recompense us well
With Grecian temple, minaret and bower;
And in one part, a minster with its tower
Substantially expressed.——————
——————Many a glorious pile
Did we behold, fair sights, that might repay
All disappointment! and, as such, the eye
Delighted in them; but we felt, the while,
We should forget them.——————
The grove, the skybuilt temple, and the dome,
Though clad in colors beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home.
The immortal mind craves objects that endure.

Yes! it is perfectly true, that no critical admiration of this work, overlooking its immortal meaning, sees any thing of its enduring beauty; to look at it aright, we need a portion of the same spiritual faith by which it was inspired, by which only it can be explained.

Who scoffs these sympathies,
Makes mock of the Divinity within.

In the light of eternity this book is as far superior to a common poem of this world, or of man's temporal being and affections, as the soul of man is superior to the clod it inhabits. Whatever connects itself with man's spiritual being, turns his attention to spiritual interests and realities, and rouses his imagination to take hold on eternity, for whose infinitude this divine faculty, whose range no power but the Being that created it can circumscribe, is so well adapted, possesses, the mere philosopher would say, a dignity and power, with which nothing else can be invested. Religion does this. In her range of contemplation there is truer and deeper poetry, than in the whole world and all man's being else. Dr. Johnson, in the Life of Waller, advances the strange opinion, that devotion is not a fit subject for poetry, and, in his dogmatical way, dedicates some space to an enquiry why it is so. 'Contemplative poetry,' he says, 'or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer. The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few, are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.' In this sweeping style he proceeds with criticism that, notwithstanding our deference for his great intellect and name, might be shown on philosophical grounds to be as poor, as the assertions are authoritative. The very definition of poetry is a most degrading one; and it is the only one to which the reasoning will at all apply; the whole passage shows what a low estimation and false views the 'wits' of the 'Augustan age' of English literature possessed of the greatest of all intellectual subjects. It would not have been thought, that a being who could admire the Pilgrim's Progress, as Johnson did, would have reasoned in this manner. That book itself is a refutation of the sentiment quoted; so is Cowper's Task; so is Blair's Grave; so is even George Herbert's little volume of devotional poetry.

And how can it be otherwise? If man is not a mere creature of this world, if his vision is not restricted to the shadows that have closed around him, if he is connected with another, an eternal world, a world of higher intelligences, of angels, and archangels, and beings pure from sin;—a world, where the Creator of this and of all worlds manifests his immediate presence, where the vêil of flesh will no longer be held before the eye of the soul:—and if, by the revelation which God has made, and by communion with his Maker through Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, man becomes acquainted by inward experience, and that faith, which is the soul's spiritual vision, with the powers of that world to come,—then will those far-seen visions, and all the objects of this world on which light from that world falls, and all man's thoughts, affections, and movements in regard to that world, possess an interest and wear a glory, that makes them more appropriately the province of the poetical imagination, than any other subjects in the Universe. And the poetry of this world will rise in magnificence, in proportion as it borrows or reflects the light from that.

From worlds not quickened by the sun,
A portion of the gift is won ;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread !

All truth, to the humble mind, is poetry ; spiritual truth is eminently so. We long to witness a better understanding of its sublime laws, an acknowledgment of its great fountain, and a more worthy appreciation of its nature ;—to have it felt and acknowledged that there is poetry in this world, only because light from Heaven shines upon it, because it is full of hieroglyphics whose meaning points to the Eternal World, because man is immortal, and this world is only the habitation of his infancy, and possesses power to rouse his imagination only in proportion as it is invested with moral grandeur by his own wonderful destiny, and by the light reflected down upon it from the habitation of angels. *All on earth is shadow; all in Heaven is substance.* Truly, as well as feelingly, did Burke exclaim, 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!' We are encompassed by shadows and flitting apparitions and semi-transparencies, that wear the similitude of greatness, only because they are near us and interposed between our vision and the world of eternal reality and light. Man of the world, you know not what poetry is, till you know God, and can hail in every created thing the manifestation of omnipresent Deity ! Look at the highest creations of the art, and behold how they owe their power over the human soul to the presence of the idea of that Being, the thought of whom transfigures the movements of the imagination with glory, and makes language itself almost divine ! What is it that gives to Coleridge's 'Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny' the deep, unutterable sublimity, that awes the soul into worship, and suffuses the eye with swelling tears ? What, but the thought of Him, to whose praise that stupendous mountain with its sky-pointing peaks, and robe of silent cataracts, rises 'like a cloud of incense from the earth ?'

Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo God!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Surely, there is a spiritual world, and it is a world of light and grandeur! Man's relation to it is the greatest theme, that poet or philosopher ever yet exercised his powers upon. It broods over him 'like the day,'

————A master o'er a slave,—
A presence which is not to be put by!

The truths, that man is fallen,—exposed, because of sin, to the just indignation of God,—in peril of his soul forever, —the object of all the stupendous histories and scenes of revelation recorded in the Bible,—surrounded by dangers, and directed how to avoid them,—pointed to Heaven, and told what to do that he may enter there, and watched in all his course with anxiety by heavenly spirits, do, rightly considered, throw round every spiritual movement a thrilling, absorbing interest; an interest, for the individual who knows and feels it personally, too deep and awful, till he is in a place of safety, to be the subject of poetry. He can no more command attention to the sublimity of his situation, than Lot, hurried by the hand of the angel to Zoar, with the storm of fire rushing after him, could have stood to admire burning Sodom and Gomorrah. It was not amidst his distressing conflicts with the enemy, when it seemed as if his soul would be wrested from his body, that a thought of the Pilgrim's Progress came in upon the author's mind. It was when the Fiend had spread his dragon wings and fled forever, and the hand came to him with leaves of the Tree of Life, and the presence of God gladdened him, and on the mountain summit light shone around him, and a blessed prospect stretched before him, with the Celestial City at its close, that that sweet vision rose upon his view. To the Pilgrim, looking back from a safe resting-place, all the way is fraught with poetical recollections and associations. His imagination now sees a spiritual life full of beauty. In the new light that shines upon him, he loves to retrace it again and again, and to lift his hands in grateful, speechless wonder, at the unutterable goodness of the Lord of the Way. He is like Jacob, sleeping in the open air at Padan-Aram, and dreaming of Heaven: angels of God are ascending and descending continually before his sight. His are no longer the

> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized,

but the rejoicings of a weary Pilgrim, on whose forehead the mark of Heaven has been placed, and who sees close at hand his everlasting rest. Once within the Strait Gate, and in the holy confidence of being a Pilgrim bound from the City of Destruction to the City of Immanuel, and all past circumstances of trial and danger, or of unexpected relief and security, wear a charmed aspect. Light from a better world shines upon them. Distance softens and lends enchantment to the view. Proof from experience as well as warnings from above, shows how many dangerous places he has passed, how many concealed and malignant enemies were here and there lying in ambush around him, and in how many instances there were hair-breadth escapes from ruin. There were the Slough of Despond, the fiery darts at the entrance to the Wicket Gate, the Hill Difficulty, that pleasant Arbour, where he lost his roll of assurance, the Lions that so terrified him, when in the darkness of evening he could not see that they were chained; there was that dark Valley of the Shadow of Death, and that dread conflict with Apollyon before it. There were those fearful days and nights passed in the dungeon of the Castle of Giant Despair, and the joyful escape from his territories. There were the land Beulah, and the Delectable Mountains, and the Enchanted Ground, and all the glimpses of the Holy City, not dreamlike, but distinct and full of glory, breaking in upon the vision, to last, 'in the savor of them,' for many days and nights of the blessed Pilgrimage! Ingenious Dreamer, who could invest a life of such realities with a coloring so full of Heaven? Who can wonder at the affectionate sympathy with which a heart like Cowper's was wont to turn to thee?

> And e'en in transitory life's late day,
> That mingled all his brown with sober gray,
> Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road,
> And guides the PROGRESS of the soul of God.

D' Israeli has well designated Bunyan as the Spenser of the people ; every one familiar with the Fairy Queen must acknowledge the truth of the description. If it were not apparently incongruous, we would call him, on another score, the spiritual Shakspeare of the world : for the accuracy and charm with which he has delineated the changes and progress of the spiritual life are not less exquisite, than that of Shakspeare in the Seven Ages and innumerable scenes of the human life. He is not less to be praised than Shakspeare, for the purity of his language and the natural simplicity of his style. It comes even nearer to the common diction of good conversation. Its idioms are genuine English in their most original state, unmingled with any external ornament, and of a beauty unborrowed from any foreign shades of expression. We know of but one word that is not native English, in the whole book, and that is one, the humorous appropriateness of which our readers, who remember the character of By-ends, who was for Religion in her silver slippers, will recognise in the following extract.

> ' Now I saw in my dream, that Christian and Hopeful forsook him, and kept their distance before him ; but one of them looking back, saw three men following Mr. By-ends ; and behold, as they came up with him, he made them a very low *congée*, and they also gave him a compliment. The men's names were, *Mr. Hold-the-world*, *Mr. Money-love*, and *Mr. Save-all ;* men that Mr. By-ends had formerly been acquainted with ; for, in their minority they were school-fellows, and were taught by one *Mr. Gripe-man*, a school-master in Love-gain, which is a market-town in the country of Coveting in the north. This school-master taught them the art of getting, either by violence, cozenage, flattery, lying, or by putting on a guise of religion ; and these four gentlemen had attained much of the art of their master, so that they could each of them have kept such a school themselves.'

Of the best part of our language, Bunyan was a master : he became so in the study of the Bible. It was his book of all learning ; for years he studied it as for his life. No bewildered mariner, in a crazy bark, on an unknown sea, amidst sunken reefs and dangerous shallows, ever pondered his chart with half the earnestness. It was as if life or death depended on every time he opened it, and every line he read. ' The Scriptures were wonderful things ' to him. The fear of ' those sentences that stood against me, as sometimes I thought they every one did,—made me with careful heart and watchful eye, with great fearfulness, to turn over every leaf, and with much diligence, mixed with trembling, to consider every sentence with its natural force and latitude.' Now would he 'leap into the bosom of that promise, that yet he feared did shut its heart against him. Now also I would labor to take the word as God hath laid it down, without restraining the natural force of one syllable thereof. Oh! what did I now see in that blessed sixth of John, "and him that comes to me, I will in no wise cast out."—Oh, many a pull hath my heart had with Satan for that blessed sixth of John!—A word! a word! to lean a weary soul upon, that it might not sink forever! 't was that I hunted for! Yea, often, when I have been making to the promise, I have seen as if the Lord would refuse my soul forever: I was often as if I had run upon the pikes, and as if the Lord had thrust at me, to keep me from him, as with a flaming sword!'

Here is the secret of his knowledge of the Bible; and his intense study of the Bible is the secret of the purity of his English style. The fervor of the Poet's soul, acting through the medium of such a language as he learned from our common translation of the Scriptures, has produced some of the most admirable specimens in existence of the homely power and familiar beauty of the English tongue. There are passages even in the 'Grace Abounding,' which, for homely fervidness and power of expression, might be placed side by side with any thing in the most admired authors, and not suffer in the comparison. As long as the Bible, in its present translation, is the property of all who read English, while the Pilgrim's Progress is the book of the people, and the merit of Shakspeare rightly appreciated, we need not fear any great corruption in the English tongue.

The allegorical image of a pilgrimage is beautifully adapted to express the dangers and hardships of the Christian life; a pilgrimage, with a glorious city at its end, into which the weary but faithful pilgrim shall be received to repose forever from his toils. Every thing connected with the idea is pleasant to the imagination. It has been the origin of many beautiful hymns. Some of our readers will call to mind the one, beginning 'Jerusalem, my happy home!' The glories of the Celestial City, and the employments of its inhabitants, are the sources of many images in the Bible, and constitute much of the poetry in the Apocalypse. And these images always had a powerful effect upon the inmost soul of Bunyan. Spenser remembered them not a little. The following beautiful stanzas from the Fairy Queen are a picture in miniature of the Pilgrim's Progress.

> From thence far off he unto him did show
> A little path, that was both steep and long,
> Which to a goodly city led his view,
> Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong
> Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly tongue
> Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
> Too high a ditty for my simple song!
> The city of the great King hight it well,
> Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell.
>
> As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
> The blessed angels to and fro descend
> From highest Heaven, in gladsome company,
> And with great joy into that city wend,
> As commonly as friend does with his friend;
> Whereat he wondered much, and 'gan enquire,
> What stately building durst so high extend
> Her lofty towers into the starry sphere,
> And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

The poetry of the Bible was not less the source of Bunyan's poetical power, than the study of the whole Scriptures was the source of his simplicity and purity of style. His heart was not only made new by the spirit of the Bible, but his whole intellectual being was penetrated and transfigured by its influence. He brought the spirit and power, gathered from so long and exclusive a communion with the prophets and apostles, to the composition of every page of the Pilgrim's Progress. To the habit of mind thus induced, and the workings of an imagination thus disciplined, may be traced the simplicity of all his imagery, and the power of his personifications. The spirit of his work is Hebrew; we may trace the mingled influence both of David and Isaiah in the character of his genius; and as to the images in the sacred poets, he is lavish in the use of them in the most natural and unconscious manner possible; his mind was imbued with them. He is indeed the only poet, whose genius was nourished entirely by the Bible. The following short extract would be enough without any thing else to vindicate to him this title, and to show how he thought in Scripture imagery.

'Now I saw in my dream that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season; yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore, this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof, for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them."'

A great characteristic of original genius, perhaps its greatest proof, and one which Bunyan possessed in common with Shakspeare, is its spontaneous exertion; the evidence of having written without labor, and without the consciousness of doing any thing remarkable, or the ambitious aim of performing a great work. The thought 'how will this please?' has no power as a motive, nor is it ever suggested to such minds: the greatest efforts of genius seem as natural to it, as it is for common men to breathe. In this view Bunyan's work comes nearer to the poetry of the Hebrews in its character, that any other human composition. He wrote from the impulse of his genius, sanctified and illuminated by a heavenly influence; and its movements were as artless, as the movements of a little child left to play upon the green by itself; as if, indeed, he had exerted no voluntary supervision whatever over its exercise. Every thing is as natural and unconstrained, as if there had been no other breather in this world but himself, no being to whose inspection the work he was producing could ever possibly be exhibited, and no rule or model with which it could ever be compared.

We can imagine this suffering Christian and unconscious poet, in the gloom of his prison, solacing his mind with its own visions as they came in one after another, like heavenly pictures to his imagination. They were so pleasant, that he could not but give them reality, and when he found how they accumulated, then first did the *ideal* of his Pilgrim's Progress rise before his view. Then did he, with the pervading, informing, and transfusing power of genius, melt the materials and mould them into shape. He put the pictures into one grand allegory, with the meaning of Heaven shining over the whole, and a separate interest and beauty in every separate part. It is an allegory conducted with such symmetry and faithfulness, that it never tires in its examination, but discloses continually new meaning to the mind, and speaks to the heart of the Pilgrim volumes of mingled encouragement, warning and instruction.

We know of no other work, in which we take a deeper sympathetic interest in all the circumstances of danger, trial, or happiness, befalling the hero. The honesty, integrity, open-heartedness, humor, simplicity, and deep sensibility of Christian's character, make us love him: nor is there a character depicted in all English literature, that stands out to the mind in bolder truth and originality. There is a wonderful charm and truth to nature, in Christian's manifest growth in grace and wisdom. What a different being is Christian on the Delectable Mountains, or in the land Beulah, and Christian when he first set out on his Pilgrimage! And yet, he is always the same being; we recognise him at once. The change is not of the original features of his character, but a change into the character of the 'Lord of the Way,' a gradual imbuing with his spirit, a change, in Paul's expressive language, 'from glory to glory into the same image.' In proportion as he arrives nearer the Celestial City, he shines brighter, his character unfolds in greater richness, he commands more veneration from us, without losing any of our affection. As we witness his steadily increasing lustre, we think of that beautiful Scripture image, 'the path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth brighter and brighter unto the Perfect Day.' From being an unwary Pilgrim, just setting out, with all the rags of the City of Destruction about him, and the burden of guilt bending him down, he becomes that delightful character, an experienced Christian; with the robe given him by the Shining Ones shining brighter and brighter, and the roll of assurance becoming clearer, and faith growing stronger, and courage more confirmed and steady, and in broader and broader light Heaven reflected from his countenance. We go with him in his Pilgrimage all the way. We enter the Interpreter's House; we see all the rarities which the Lord of the Way keeps there for the entertainment of the Pilgrims; we turn aside from the rough path to go in the soft meadow; we are overtaken by the storm; we fall into Giant Despair's Castle, we are there from Wednesday noon till Saturday night;—there never was a poem, into which we entered so wholly, and with all the heart, and in such fervent love and believing assurance.

All this admirable accuracy and beauty Bunyan wrought seemingly without design. It was not so much an exertion, a labor of his mind, as the promptings and wanderings at will of his unconscious genius. He never thought of doing all this, but he did it. He was a child under the power and guidance of his genius, and with a child's admiration he would look upon the creations, which his own imagination presented to his mind. Thus Bunyan went on, painting that narrow way, and the exquisite scenery each side of it, and the many characters crossing, appearing, and passing at a distance, and Christian and Hopeful on their way, and making every part of the picture, as he proceeded, harmonize with the whole, and yet add anew to its meaning, and all with as much quiet unconscious ease and simplicity, as an infant would put together its baby-house of cards, or as the frost on a winter's night would draw a picture on the window.

The minute passages of beauty in this work from beginning to end are so many, that we can scarcely make a selection. Of the 'rarities' we saw at the house of the Interpreter, besides that terrible picture of the *Man of Despair*, we well remember with what power the dream of the Judgment that one told to Christian affected our youthful imagination, and how the description of that 'venturous man that cut his way through the armed men, and won eternal glory, did ravish our heart.' It is not a less stirring passage to us now.

> 'I saw also that the Interpreter took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was built a stately palace, beautiful to behold, at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted; he saw also, upon the top thereof, certain persons walking, who were clothed all in gold.
>
> Then said Christian, may we go in thither?
>
> Then the Interpreter took him, and led him up toward the door of the palace; and behold, at the door stood a great compa-

ny of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a book and his ink-horn before him, to take the names of them that should enter therein: he saw also that in the door-way stood many men in armor to keep it, being resolved to do to the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was Christian somewhat in amaze; at last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, Set down my name, Sir; the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his sword, and put a helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace; at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying,

Come in, come in:
Eternal Glory thou shalt win!

So he went in, and was clothed with such garments as they. Then Christian smiled, and said, I think verily I know the meaning of this.'

The comparison of Christian's and Faithful's experience is beautiful; so is Faithful's description of a bold fellow he met in the Valley of Humiliation,—Shame. The character of Talkative, and the way they took to prove him, are excellent. Their passage through Vanity Fair, and the whole trial in that town, with the names of the jurors and judges, and the characteristic speeches of each, are admirably described. The character of By-ends, and the humor and keen satire in the dialogue between By-ends, Money-love, Save-all, and Hold-the-world, are equally admirable. Then we may remember that pleasant River, and the roughness of the road where it parted from that River, so that it made them not scrupulous to get over the stile, and walk in By-Path Meadow, where that tempestuous night came on; and though amidst the darkness they heard a voice sounding, Let thy feet be to the King's highway, yet with all the effort they made, they could not that night regain it, but trespassed on Giant Despair's grounds, and fell into his castle. It was a pleasant thing to see the Pilgrims, when they had escaped the Giant, and got again to the King's Highway, and so were safe, devising an inscription, to keep those that should come after from falling, as they did, into the hands of Giant Despair. 'Over this stile is the way to Doubting-Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy Pilgrims.' On the Delectable Mountains, they saw some pleasant and admonitory sights. When the Shepherds unconsciously were telling Hopeful and Christian of Doubting-Castle and Giant Despair, Christian and Hopeful looked meaningly on one another, and the tears gushed out, but they said nothing. It is also a beautiful incident, when, though they were bidden to look through the telescope at the Celestial City, in the distance, their hands so trembled at the remembrance of the dangers they had seen, that they could not hold the glass so as to discern it with any clearness. The dialogue between Hopeful and Christian on Little-Faith's misfortunes is exceedingly characteristic and full of humor.

The scenery, and the countries all the way that lie on both sides the path, are in perfect keeping with the whole allegory. So are the paths, that 'butt down,' on the King's highway, by which many enter, because the right way is too far round, not entering at the Wicket Gate, through which Christian, Faithful and Hopeful entered, after sore difficulties encountered. The characters we meet here and there on the road, that have entered by such lanes and cross-paths, are equally in keeping, and as they come successively under Christian's observation, it is amusing to see the manner in which, by turns, their real character is exposed in his honest, plain dealing, rugged and humorous way. The conversation of Hopeful and Christian all along is truly delightful. It is as becometh saints; grave, sincere, full of goodness and discrimination, with much cheerful pleasantry; exhibiting Hopeful's youthful inexperience and ardor, and Christian's superior experience, richness of thought, frankness and kindness. They walk together so lovingly, so sympathizing, so faithful to each other, that all must acknowledge they are a perfect example of the brotherly kindness, becoming the fellow-pilgrims of that Way.

Between the first and second parts of the Pilgrim's Progress there is a diversity, that may be compared to that between the Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained. Milton's genius, in his second effort, appeared not less than

'The excess of glory obscured.'

In the second part of Bunyan's Work, we readily recognise, and are pleased to follow, the footsteps of that original genius, which has so delighted us in the first. Yet we feel that the region is inferior; there is more familiarity and humor, but less poetry, and though there is the same vigorous delineation of character, the allegory is imperfect. We doubt if our readers ever happened on a more amusing account of a courtship than the following, which took place while the parties were at the House of the Interpreter.

'Now, by that these Pilgrims had been at this place a week, Mercy had a visiter, that pretended some good will unto her, and his name was *Mr. Brisk*, a man of some breeding, but a man that stuck very close to the world. So he came once or twice, or more, to Mercy, and offered love unto her. Now Mercy was of a fair countenance, and therefore the more alluring. Her mind also was to be always busying of herself in doing; for when she had nothing to do for herself, she would be making of hose and garments for others, and would bestow them upon them that had need. And Mr. Brisk, not knowing where or how she disposed of what she made, seemed to be greatly taken, for that he found her never idle. I will warrant her a good housewife, quoth he to himself.

Mercy then revealed the business to the maidens that were of the house, and inquired of them concerning him, for they did know him better than she. So they told her that he was a very busy young man, and one that pretended to religion; but was, as they feared, a stranger to the power of that which is good.

Nay, then, said Mercy, I will look no more on him; for I purpose never to have a clog to my soul.

Prudence then replied that there needed no great matter of discouragement to be given him; her continuing so as she had begun to do for the poor, would quickly cool his courage.

So the next time he comes, he finds her at her old work, a-making of things for the poor. Then said he, What! always at it? Yes, said she, either for myself or others. And what canst thee earn a-day? quoth he. I do these things, said she, '*that I may be rich in good works, laying a good foundation for the time to come, that I may lay hold on eternal life.*' Why, pr'ythee, what doest thou with them? said he. Clothe the naked, said she.

With that his countenance fell. So he forbore to come at her again; and when he was asked the reason why, he said "that Mercy was a pretty lass, but troubled with ill conditions."'

Southey has scarcely done justice to Bunyan's rhymes, in quoting the doggerel which he wrote beneath the plates in the Book of Martyrs. Some snatches of melody in the second part of the Pilgrimage show the true poet.

'Christiana thought she heard, in a grove a little way off on the right hand, a most curious melodious note, with words much like these:

Through all my life thy favor is
So frankly showed to me,
That in thy house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

And, listening still, she thought she heard another answer it, saying,

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Prudence told her they were the 'country birds;' 'also they make the woods, and groves, and solitary places, places desirous to be in.'

Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favored countenance, and as he sat by himself he sung. Hark! said Mr. Great-heart, to what the shepherd's boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said,

He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.
Fullness to such a burden is
That go on Pilgrimage:
Here bitter, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

Then said their guide, do you hear him? I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called *Heart's-ease* in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet!'

Perhaps no other work could be named, which, admired by cultivated minds, has had at the same time such an ameliorating effect on the lower classes in society, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is a book so full of native good sense, that no mind can read it without gaining in wisdom and vigor of judgment. What an amazing effect it must have produced in this way, on the mass of common minds brought under its power! We cannot compute the good it has thus accomplished on earth. It is one of the books, that by being connected with the dearest associations of childhood, always retains its hold on the heart, and exerts a double influence, when, at a graver age, and less under the despotism given to imagination in childhood, we read it with a serene and thoughtful perception of its meaning. How many children have become better citizens of the world through life, from the perusal of this book, almost in infancy! And how many, through its instrumentality, may have been fitted after life to live forever! The Christian Warfare is here arrayed in the glow of imagination to make it attractive. How many Pilgrims, in hours when perseverance was almost exhausted, and patience was yielding, and clouds and darkness were gathering, have felt a sudden return of animation and courage, from the remembrance of Christian's severe conflicts, and his glorious entrance at last through the gates into the city!

As the work draws to its conclusion, the Poet's soul seems to expand with the glory of the subject. The description of Christian's and Hopeful's entrance up through the regions of the air into the Celestial City, preceded by the touching account of their passing the River of Death, though composed of the simplest materials, and depicted in the simplest language, with Scripture imagery almost exclusively, constitutes one of the finest passages in English literature. The Shining Ones, and the beauty and glory of their conversation; the Angels and their melodious notes; the Pilgrims among them, 'in Heaven as it were before they came at it;' the city itself in view, and all the bells ringing for joy of their welcome; 'the warm and joyful thoughts they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that forever and ever;' the letters of gold written over the gate; the transfiguration of the men as they entered, and the raiment put on them, that shone like gold; the harps and crowns given them, 'the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor;' the bells in the city ringing again for joy; the shout of welcome, 'ENTER YE

INTO THE JOY OF OUR LORD;' the men themselves singing with a loud voice, BLESSING AND HONOR AND GLORY AND POWER BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB, FOREVER AND EVER!

'Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns upon their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!' And after that they shut up the gates; *which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.*'

That CITY! The genius of Martin fails to delineate its architectural splendors. Yet his is a magnificent engraving. Those mighty domes, piles far-stretching into dimness, city after city sinking at length into indistinguishable splendor, and lost in light!

——————We stand and gaze
On those bright steps, that Heavenward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!

In thinking of the Pilgrim's Progress, and of Bunyan its author; of his labors and sufferings, his sins, repentance, and forgiveness; of the wave of happiness he has set in motion to roll on through time, and not be lost, but grow deeper and broader as it swells into the Ocean of Eternity; and of the overruling Providence so remarkably exhibited in his life, we wish our readers to apply the remark of one, whose writings are a treasure of philosophical and spiritual wisdom, Henry More.

'The whole plot of the world being contrived by Infinite wisdom and goodness, we cannot but surmise that the most sad representations are but a *show*, but the delight *real* to such as are not wicked and impious; and that what the ignorant call evil in this Universe, is but as a shadowy stroke in a fair picture, or the mournful notes in music, by which the beauty of the one is more lively and express, and the melody of the other more pleasing and melting.'*

In the Pilgrim's Progress, there is a charming passage, descriptive of the Pilgrim's entertainment in the Palace Beautiful, which was thus: 'The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.'—A great and thoughtful Poet, who 'loves the flower as his own child, and sees a beauty in the ragged bur,' has written a poem, with this sentence as its motto, which he has entitled 'Daybreak,' and which closes with the following stanza.*

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* Immortality of the Soul. Book 3. chap. 15. Sec. 9.

> How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
> Shot 'thwart the Earth!—In crown of living fire
> Up comes the Day!—As if they, conscious, quaffed
> The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire,
> Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain Desire!
> The dusky lights have gone; go thou thy way!
> And, pining Discontent, like them, expire!
> Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day;
> And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray!

ART. VIII.—*Thatcher's Indian Biography.*

Indian Biography. By B. B. THATCHER, Esq. New York. J. & J. Harper. 1832.

This is a very interesting chapter in the history of man; and no one will read this work, without acknowledging that the subject has fallen into the right hands. There is much to awaken interest and sympathy in the character of this unfortunate race, who, with manners and habits essentially savage, exhibited some traits of refined and elevated feeling, and who, when brought into direct contrast with cultivated men, were, in some respects, able to put civilization to shame. For such a people, once great and powerful, to pass away from the soil possessed by them and their fathers; for those, who once made others tremble, to dwindle away to weak and helpless remnants, scattered here and there upon the face of a country, changed in such a manner, as to make their destruction sure, and whose only trust is in the protection of persons, who feel most interested to oppress them, is a destiny well calculated to excite the compassion of those, whose benevolence is not limited to family or nation, but comprehends alike the Samaritan and the Jew. But to carry this feeling so far, as to express regret that civilization has extended ; to maintain, that it would have been better that the country should still be a hunting ground, instead of being divided into cities and villages ; to speak, as if the accidental vices of civilized life are so many and great, that barbarism would be better, is carrying this sympathy much farther than good sense and reason would be disposed to go. Wherever civilization comes in conflict with barbarism, we mean, with a race which has no active principle of improvement within it, it is the order of nature that barbarism shall give way ; the savage either ceases to be a savage, or retreats before the rising flood ; justice and humanity do not require the civilized to conform to his habits, nor to abandon the country ; for in that case, no room on earth would ever have been found for cultivated man. But justice and humanity do require, that the rights of the weaker party shall be respected, that no advantage shall be taken of superior strength to injure nor oppress them ; that avenues shall be opened, by which they may enter into the privileges of civilization if they will ; and that civilization shall be recommended to them in every possible way, instead of being associated in their minds with violence and wrongs. We do not hold our fathers responsible for the extinction of the Indian race, for we see not how it could have been prevented ; but we fear that there were instances, in which they violated the laws of justice and humanity in their dealings with their neighbors, and if so, the other party should not labor under perpetual reproach for the sake of vindicating their reputation. There is enough in their character of which their descendants may reasonably be proud, and if they deserve blame in this instance, let them bear it ; but let the cases of oppression charged upon them be investigated, for sympathy in such cases is poorly qualified to act the judicial part ; it takes too much for granted, and trusts as readily to feeling, as to evidence and examination. Mr. Thatcher has touched these cases with a delicate and discriminating hand ; in a popular narrative, he could not enter into the subject very largely ; we would suggest to his consideration, whether a work of permanent value as an authority is not required. The separate sketches of tribes and individuals, which he has given, might easily be woven into a philosophical history, and it would give us pleasure to see it done by one so industrious and impartial, who has the talent withal of giving it so much attraction.

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* See the poem extracted entire, N. A. Review. Vol. XXXIII. p. 305.

We do not by any means admit, that the Indians met with such treatment from our fathers as they have met with in later times, in a case already too well known to the world, and justified only by those who are blinded by local interest and party passion. Our fathers meant to do them substantial justice, and if they failed, it was owing to jealousy and suspicion; it was not because they coveted their lands and were willing to descend to base means to possess them. When such cases are represented as in all respects the same, and attempts are made to involve the pilgrims in such a condemnation, it is time to repel the charge and to show their injustice if they were guilty of any thing mean, avaricious and grasping; to show also, that if their jealousy of the Indians made them unjust to them, they stood in a relation to them in which no people can ever stand again. Much may be forgiven to their feeling of weakness; they did not presume upon their power.

In the first place, they held the Indians in fear,—a passion, which always leads to the borders at least of inhumanity. Cruelty arises more directly from this feeling than from any other. Those who live in security may not be able to conceive it, but it is the fact nevertheless, that the feeling of revenge is always strong in proportion to the fears; and when the same alarm, which unsexes the tender and delicate woman, and petrifies the colder heart of man, grows into a panic, and spreads throughout a community, the effect is like that of a demoniacal possession. This was powerfully illustrated in the case of witchcraft; the universal fear, heightened by the mysteriousness of the danger, could not be quenched without blood; and even within the last year, we have seen the fear of a pestilential disease lead to acts of gross and enormous inhumanity, which, but the day before, would have been pronounced impossible in the present age of the world. There can be no doubt, that the first settlers of the country regarded the Indians with great and constant dread; not that they feared acts of personal violence from individuals; these, they felt themselves able to resist and put down; but when they looked upon the tribes about them, whose numbers and bounds they could not possibly know; when they saw their energy, cunning, fierceness, and jealous impatience of wrongs; when they saw the stern reserve of many of the chiefs, and felt how easy it would be to unite all in the common cause of expelling the stranger, they evidently dreaded their rising in the greatness of their strength; they felt like men, embarked in slight vessels on the ocean, who fear nothing in the sunshine, but tremble at the most distant breathings of the storm. This distinction is not made, as it should be, between immediate and foreboding fears; and because the Indians were regarded with indifference, like every thing familiar, even familiar dangers, it is often supposed that our fathers felt perfectly secure against them; but if they did not regard the danger as pressing, they feared that it might at any time come, and when they thought it actually on the way, they had only the resource of desperation, which was to anticipate the blow. It was necessary for them to be on their guard, and they were perhaps needlessly jealous. It was natural that their suspicion should be over-active, rather than suffered to sleep. As they knew themselves unable to resist a combined assault of all the tribes, or even the determined hostility of one, they could only ward off the stroke, by attempting to disable the uplifted arm. If they sometimes suspected without cause, and acted with excessive rigor, it was evidently no more than was natural in the position in which they stood. But we do not believe that, in any part of our country at present, the Indians are held in similar dread; they know perfectly well, that an act of violence on their part is suicide to themselves; when therefore the fear of the Indians is pleaded as an excuse for violence at the present day, we see manifest and sufficient reason, for not allowing it to shelter itself under the example of our fathers.

Another circumstance, which goes far to justify their conduct where it needs justification, is their religious feeling. They could do no more than follow the injunctions of the Scripture, which they regarded as binding on themselves; and we cannot censure them severely for mistaking its commands, if all the rest of the world was in similar delusion. For the same reason, we cannot charge them with intolerance, if it appears that toleration was hardly known or practised in the world at the time; because there is no reason why we should expect to find them exempt from such prejudices, as enslaved the minds of others. It may be asked, if others being bad made them better; certainly it did; for excellence is a comparative thing, and it makes an essential difference, whether we compare them with the standard of their own time, or with that of an age when the Scripture is better interpreted, and moral obligations better understood. They believed, that they saw in the Scriptures a history very nearly resembling their own; they believed that the Hebrews were commanded to exterminate the inhabitants of the promised land; and so far from its being a crime to pursue that purpose with unrelenting rigor, the warrior was doing God service who destroyed and tortured that devoted people. Without making any distinction between the Hebrew religion and the Hebrew nation; without observing whether Moses spoke in that instance as a statesman, or as a teacher of divine truth; without asking whether the conduct of the Israelites fairly represented the spirit of their sacred law, they at once adopted that people as their example, and felt safe in imitating their actions both in peace and war. Now, we see that many enlightened persons at the present day identify the Hebrew practice with their religion, and taking it for granted that their religion sanctioned all that they did, make this assumption an argument against the divine origin of their religion; if this is done now, by those who consider themselves free from prejudice, what wonder is it, that the same impression should have prevailed two centuries ago, in those who were looking into the Scripture to ascertain what to do, in a situation so new and difficult as that into which our fathers were thrown. We, no doubt, are able to discover that the Hebrews sometimes acted under the impulse of passion, believing it to be the inspiration of the Almighty, as Christians have often done; but why should they be expected to discern this fact, at a time when it was hidden from all the rest of the world? But we would not give the impression that they copied this example to the letter; it was only in times of violent excitement, that they resorted to harsh measures. Indeed, we do not know where any other men, placed in similar circumstances, have conducted themselves with more forbearance and mercy; assuredly it was not in Mexico nor South America; and if it be said, that William Penn acted on wiser and more benevolent principles, it must be remembered that his experiment was not made till half a century after theirs, and moreover, his colony was from the beginning prosperous and strong.

Again, it must not be forgotten, that the Indians were a savage people. Though we, from observing the whole course of their history, arrive at the conclusion that they were in some respects a generous and high-minded race, distinguished by respect for age, by kindness to the unfortunate, and hospitality to all, these virtues are such as are almost always found in the uncivilized state,—a state with which it is extremely difficult for civilization, however well disposed, to live on friendly terms. Their virtues also were generally of the warlike kind; such as made them formidable not only as enemies, but as friends; and their strongest advocates will not deny, that they had at times a taste for cruelty and torture, which could not be otherwise than disgusting to those who might possibly become subjects of their skill. The Indian character, which has been so often recommended to poetical imaginations as a subject of art, affords but few varieties of expression and feeling;—it is like the ocean, which has been thoroughly seen by those who have seen it in the tempest and the calm,—it is doubtless a fine subject of contemplation, but when the poet said, that it was sweet to behold it, we imagine that he would excuse those from enjoying it, who were within the reach of its waves. This was the case with our fathers. The Indian character, however remarkable and striking it might have been to a distant observer, was too near and threatening for them to regard it with much delight. Their writers said, and no doubt believed, that the land was covered with wild inhabitants, in whom 'the prince of the power of the air' did work as a spirit. Satan took the alarm when he saw churches growing up in New England; and believing the movement to be directly contrary to his interests, stirred up the minds of the savages to bloody and violent actions. Considering the Indians as his subjects, and as wholly under his influence, for there is no reason to doubt that the language of superstition was sincere, it is not at all surprising that the colonists should have regarded them with dislike and dread. The country was perpetually ringing with stories of their 'devil worship,' and of the tortures which they practised upon prisoners who fell into their hands; and these narratives, which we read so coolly as legendary tales, when they were thought of as things which had happened near them, and might soon happen again, inspired the deepest horror and aversion in the hearers of that day. We cannot wonder that our fathers should have feared and disliked their neighbors: this, it is true, is no excuse for treating them ill; but it may show why their suspicion was constantly awake, and why the severe reality of the Indian character, always near and always threatening, should have made them insensible to the savage virtues, and destroyed their relish for all Arcadian imaginations of the beauty and simplicity of the state of nature.

One trait in the Indian character, which was made important by the situation of the two parties with respect to each other, was a haughty impatience of superiority. Even when they made concessions to the English, they carefully reserved their own independence of action. This is oddly illustrated by one article of a treaty, in which the colonists required them to abstain from labor on the sabbath; they expressed their willingness to assent to the arrangement, inasmuch 'as they had not much to do on any day.' There seems to have been no good reason why, with 'their foot on their native soil,' they should have looked up to others, or suffered others to look down on them; least of all could they have dreamed of accepting protection from the colonists, who seemed indebted to their kindness for a home, and to their forbearance for life. On the other hand, it was impossible for the English, exalted above them in intellectual improvement, and knowledge of all those arts and appliances which form the elements of power, to forbear using the language and manner of condescension, which are sufficiently expressive to all, and peculiarly so to Indians, who cannot endure the least approach to contempt. Here was a fertile cause of unpleasant feeling, even without blame on either part. But the colonists increased the danger, by taking it for granted that the Indians acknowledged the sovereignty of the English king; one of those refinements in civil relations which they certainly could not understand, and which, had they understood it, would have been rejected with scorn. And in all their intercourse with the Indians they assumed a superiority, which must have had its effect in widening the separation caused by such collisions of individuals, as were constantly taking place, and could not possibly have been prevented. The high feeling of the other party is strikingly manifested by their willingness to give away their lands, but not to sell them. Massasoit the Wampanoag Sachem, in whose dominions the colonists of Plymouth established themselves, made his liberal grant to them without price or reward.

We will not however extend these suggestions; it is not necessary. We have no desire to justify our fathers, where they have done wrong. We only wish that the delicacy of their position may be taken into the account, by those who are disposed to judge them; and moreover, we desire to ask those who can extend no such forbearance to them, to show us what other set of men in a similar situation would have conducted themselves better; what community there is, whose feeling would have been more liberal on the whole; what government, from which the Indians would have received less oppression: and let them say what state or nation in modern times, with all the benefit of two centuries of improvement, would, if brought into similar contact, extend better treatment to that injured race. No one needs to be reminded of events, which make it evident that there is none. And then we assert, that if our fathers conducted themselves as well as any body of men in a similar situation ever has done, or could be reasonably expected to do, no charge lies against them which does not bear equally hard on human nature, on the whole race of civilized man. It is enough, if their moral feeling and action was pure and elevated, as that of any other set of men ever has been or is likely to be.

But we proceed to notice some of those instances, in which they dealt most severely with the Indians: this writer has stated them with great impartiality. He does not wish to vindicate our ancestors at the expense of truth and justice, nor does he let his sympathy for the weaker party make him insensible to what can be said in behalf of the other. He remembers that they judged from circumstances, which would be differently viewed by those who stood in different positions: there were many things in their situation to justify suspicion and even rigor, which can never occur again, and therefore cannot be pleaded in defence of acts of modern oppression.

Their most threatening conflict was with the Pequots, a warlike tribe residing within the bounds of Connecticut; they had waged war upon the Indians round them, subduing some and expelling others, till their name carried terror with it throughout the country. When the English came within their limits, and established themselves without leave asked or given, it was not unnatural that they should regard it as an intrusion; with how much reason, we can better understand, perhaps, if we imagine colonists from another country pitching their tents in like manner among ourselves. It is no libel upon American hospitality to suggest, that they might possibly be looked upon with a jealous eye, at least by those who happened to be near them; nor should we much wonder if some of our States should declare them under their jurisdiction, or, in other words, claim a right to seize their lands and possessions, and without actually driving them out, only treat them in such a manner that they could not possibly stay. But, as we have said, this refined process was unknown to the Indian law; and it does not appear that they made any serious attempts to dislodge the colonists, though it was impossible to avoid occasional provocations.

The circumstance which interrupted this harmony, such as it was, appears to have been the murder of Capt. Stone, with his crew, on Connecticut River, in the summer of 1633. A detailed account is given of the proceedings of the Pequots on this occasion, but by whom furnished does not appear; the party interested left no survivor to tell their melancholy story, and the Pequots themselves gave a very different version of the affair. Sassacus, then chief, sent a deputation to the Governor of Massachusetts, desiring his friendship and alliance: he was told that before the English could treat with him, the murderers of Stone must be delivered up to justice. The envoys, without sending to their court for instructions, replied, that the small pox had destroyed all the murderers, so called, but two, who would doubtless be surrendered by Sassacus, if anything were proved against them. They alleged, that Stone had been guilty of most violent proceedings, and that, in the course of an affray which ensued, the vessel had been blown up, for what purpose they did not pretend to know. This account was given with such confidence, that, Governor Winthrop says, 'having no means of proving it false, we inclined to believe it.' This is exactly our case; in the absence of all direct evidence, the story of the Indians was at least as likely to be true, as the suggestions of suspicion; and it was confirmed moreover by what was known of the character of Stone, who, it appears, was before this banished from Massachusetts for piracy and other disgraceful crimes. Nor does it appear, that the suspicions of the colonists prevented their concluding a treaty on terms favorable to themselves. But in 1636, one Oldham, a trader, was murdered by a party of Block Island Indians, some of whom were said to have found a shelter in the Pequot country. Upon this, the Governor of Massachusetts sent a party to Block Island, with orders to seize the place, to put to death the men, and bring away the women and children; and after this object was effected, they were to proceed to the Pequots, and to demand the two murderers of Stone, together with one thousand fathom of wampum for damages. Since it does not appear that they had done any damage, it could hardly be expected that they would pay this enormous assessment; and certainly the whole proceeding was an insult, which so spirited a race could not be expected to bear. This enterprise was executed as much in the spirit of the Gospel, as it was designed; and after this, as might be supposed, there was no more friendly intercourse between the parties.

Dr. Dwight, who defends the colonists with great vigor, and others on the same side, give the same account of these matters, though with a different coloring. They maintain that the Pequots were inveterate in their hostility to the English; it is true that there is no proof of this, but it was evidently the same impression which influenced our fathers. They may possibly have had evidence of the hostile dispositions of the tribe; but this evidence has not been recorded, and we must confess that, so far as we can discover, the inveterate enmity was on the other side. It is not surprising, that after the last mentioned expedition, they should have resolved to exterminate the whites from the country if possible; but up to that time their proceedings indicated, if not friendship, at least a disposition to avoid hostility with the English, and to derive advantage from them in the way of trade. It is painful, therefore, to read the account of the sanguinary war which followed; the description of the storming of the Pequot fortress, when more than six hundred men, women, and children were shot down or perished in the flames; the vessel, with its crew of victims on board, to be slain without the harbor; the swamp, where the warriors cut their way through the English, leaving the more helpless, who were killed as they sat upon the ground, by putting the muzzles of the guns within a few yards of them; the sending of the children to the Bermudas, or to other tribes, selected as most hostile to their fathers;—these are passages in our history, which can only be justified by necessity; and then, perhaps, it would hardly be safe to inquire, how and by whom this necessity was created. It is evident, that our fathers labored under the impression that there could be no security for themselves, so long as this warlike tribe existed: judging from the circumstances under which they had established themselves near the Pequots, and the well-known pride and fierceness of the race, one would say that this conclusion was just; but at the same time, there are no acts or movements, on the part of the Indians, recorded, which strengthen it, or tend to prove that they would have been disposed to crush the settlements made within their bounds. As we can only judge from such evidence as remains in history, we must say that they appear to have been more sinned against than sinning: and yet there was probably no other set of men, in that age, who, in the same circumstances, under the influence of the same apprehensions, would have acted differently from our fathers.

The next charge against them respects their treatment of Miantonomo, who, together with Canonicus, presided over the Narragansetts, one of the most powerful tribes in the country. Canonicus received Roger Williams, who was thrown upon his mercy, when driven from the Massachusetts and Plymouth jurisdictions; it is true he received him reluctantly; but this only increases the merit of his subsequent kindness and hospitality. They were not at first disposed to be friendly to the Plymouth colony, but afterwards their disposition changed, and they became important allies in the Pequot war. That war gave birth to a new power; Uncas, Sachem of the Mohegans, a tribe which had been overshadowed by the Pequots, rose upon the downfall of that race; and judging, probably from their fate, that it was for his interest to maintain frequent relations with the English, he made himself useful and important to them, caring little meantime on what terms he stood with the neighboring tribes. Uncas and Miantonomo were both of service to the colonists in their war with Sassacus; and when it was ended, the two Sachems pledged themselves to be friends to each other. But they had too much of the feeling of rivals to continue at peace; and it was not long before their jealousy found pretexts for breaking into open war. The result of this conflict was, that Miantonomo was taken prisoner by the Mohegans; and Uncas, on applying to the commissioners of the United Colonies, then assembled at Hartford, was authorized, so far as their advice and consent would go, to put his prisoner to death.

It is easy to imagine the reasons which induced Uncas to leave the matter to their decision, though the question was sufficiently decided in the practice of the Indian law. He feared lest he might be called to account for proceeding in too summary a way, and thought that he might make the English the instruments of his revenge and ambition. But why they should have accepted the trust, is not so easily accounted for: if their desire had been simply to destroy Miantonomo, they might have left him in the hands of his rival, and thus have gained their point, without taking the responsibility. This would seem to have been the only proper course, unless they followed a more generous principle, and took the opportunity to teach the savage what Christianity required him to do. It appears that before this time, when the difficulties between the Narragansetts and Mohegans were growing up, Miantonomo had applied to the colonists to obtain for him redress from Uncas, knowing that their suggestion would be a law to their ally. The Connecticut people answered him graciously, that they had nothing to do with the business. He then applied to Governor Winthrop, and was told, in answer to his inquiry whether the colonists would take offence at his proceeding to take redress for himself,—that if Uncas had wronged him, and would not give satisfaction, he might take his own way. It is remarkable, that when, owing probably to the arts of Uncas, he was strongly suspected, he came boldly to Boston, and demanded to be confronted with his accusers: he also offered to meet Uncas at any appointed place, and there to establish his own innocence and the guilt of his rival. When he did meet him in Hartford, he invited Uncas to sup with him, which the other declined; his whole bearing was that of a man, who knew that he was injuriously suspected, and was willing to make the English all the explanations in his power. There was something chivalrous in his feelings on these subjects. When he was in the custody of the Governor of Connecticut, he told that officer that the Narragansetts would make attempts for his rescue, and warned him to increase the guard; he also made a present to Uncas, for the kind treatment he had received during his imprisonment. It is painful to think that a high chief like this was compelled to die the death of a dog, and that the English made themselves responsible for his doom.

It is impossible to acquit these commissioners of blame in this transaction, but it does not readily appear what they were to gain by taking an active part. If they could not use their influence in favor of their ancient ally, and no one can doubt that their suggestion would have carried with it the force of a law, they had nothing to do, but to throw back the case upon Uncas's own decision, which no doubt would have served their own purposes of revenge, if they had any, and would have relieved them at once from all their fears. After their professions of neutrality, it was not decent for them to interfere as judges, in a case where they had the feelings of a party. But we can more easily understand how they should have deceived themselves with respect to the demands of justice, in a case where they felt bound to regard the laws and habits of Indian warfare, than how they could take advantage of the opportunity, against their conscience, for their own purposes of selfish vengeance and to shed innocent blood. We look upon it as a case of self-delusion, in which they were blinded in a measure by their wishes and fears: and they were still farther misled, by a feeling, which betrays itself too often in their history, that the blood of an Indian was of little value. How easy it was for them to form this impression, appears from parallel cases in modern times, afforded by the wrongs of another injured race. Let any one read the proceedings of West Indian courts of justice, so called, and he will see how much less in value the life of an African is, than that of a man. We would not excuse such feelings: but it is but just to remember, that this was a prejudice from which no one was free. Mather says, that the colonists unanimously resolved that the Indians, that generation of vipers, should be exterminated from the country.

We are not surprised to find, in the course of the history, that Canonchet, the son of Miantonomo, who after many years succeeded his father, should have been an enemy to the English name. The tribe were bound, according to their wild notions of duty, to avenge the death of their chief; and it was with extreme difficulty, that the immediate successors of Miantonomo could restrain their men. The colonists imposed severe terms upon them, and they evaded and resisted them as well as they could without open war: but when Philip's coalitions began to agitate New England, the colonists determined to make the Narragansetts a terrible example. They charged them with sheltering some of Philip's subjects, who had taken refuge in the country, and with aiding the hostile Indians. It was evidently no crime to offer an asylum to the unfortunate, and it was not proved that they had assisted the enemy; but a strong force was sent against Canonchet, which defeated him in the well known 'swamp fight,' where, after a desperate resistance, several hundred warriors perished, beside old men, women, and children, who were burned in wigwams. The whole cause assigned for this energetic proceeding was, that they had not surrendered the hostile Indians; but since this could not be done without a violation of the laws of hospitality, they could not be expected to act with much energy in doing it, and would not have consented at all, except under the fear inspired by the presence of an English army.

From this time, Canonchet employed himself in making inroads upon the English villages, and kept the country in a state of dread. At last he fell into the hands of his enemies, and was put to death. The historians of that day express the utmost bitterness towards this chief; but though it was natural enough that they should have been prejudiced against him, he appears to have been a fine specimen of savage greatness : high and honorable in feeling, decided in counsel, energetic in action. He was excited against the colonists by the memory of a thousand real or imaginary wrongs, a single one of which, the death of his father, was a sufficient excuse, had any been needed, for all his unfriendly designs and deeds.

The most important passage in our Indian history is the war with Philip, who was a most formidable enemy to the colonists, and is never mentioned in their journals without some expression of dislike and dread. His father, Massasoit, was a man of peace. Without possessing those warlike virtues, which savages are most apt to admire, he secured and exercised for years a commanding influence among the Indians. He was uniformly friendly to the whites, and they appear to have manifested good feeling to him, except on one or two occasions: in the case of Squanto, for example, an Indian who was valuable to the English as an interpreter, having acquired the language in a voyage with Master Hunt, who kidnapped several of his tribe. Squanto seems to have made greater advances in philology than in morals. He took occasion to slander Massasoit to the colonists, and that sachem required the Governor to surrender him to justice, which, as he was one of Massasoit's subjects, there was no pretext for refusing: in fact, the terms of their treaty required it ; but as the English could not spare Squanto, the demand was evaded. Surely those who afterwards punished the Narragansetts so severely for refusing to deliver fugitives, should have remembered that they were sheltered both by authority and example. The historians say, that after this Massasoit seemed to frown upon them : they might think themselves very fortunate, if he contented himself with that sort of vengeance; their own was more searching and effectual.

This chief died at peace with the English, and his power descended to Alexander and Philip, his sons. Alexander lived on good terms with the English, till he was sent for to Plymouth, to answer to a charge against him of exciting the Narragansetts to war. What proof they had of his unfriendly exertions, or whether they had any, does not appear, but no amount of testimony could have justified their proceedings. They sent a force to seize and bring him to Plymouth, as if he were amenable to their laws. He was taken, and ordered to proceed to the English settlement, on pain of death, if he refused to go. The insult was so gross, and he felt so keenly his want of power to take revenge, that the agitation threw him into a fever, of which he died. If the colonists could have imagined the Indians sending for their Governor in a similar manner, they might have understood the true character of their own proceeding better. They would assuredly have thought it sufficient cause for an exterminating war, and there were days in their history not long before, when the father of this prince held the destiny of the settlement in his hand.

It is but just to ask, what must have been the feeling of Philip, when he succeeded to the chieftainship of the tribe. He had seen his brother die of a broken heart, under the treatment of those, who had enjoyed the friendship of the family for years: he had seen the sovereignty degraded by their usurpation, for usurpation no doubt it was, in such a manner, that he must have felt himself disgraced had he submitted to it. Was it reasonable to suppose that he would repress all feelings of wounded pride and affection, and establish the sovereignty of the colonists over him, by neglecting to protest against it? Truly we should be glad to find one in a thousand of the pretexts for hostilities between civilized nations, half as well founded as the right which Philip had to resist invasion, and to redress his brother's wrongs. Since one such claim submitted to usually leads on to more and greater usurpations, he must have felt as if he were called upon to contend for the existence of his authority, and his people. He appears accordingly to have devised a plan, which, considering his means and powers, was really stupendous, for associating all the tribes in a coalition, which should rise, at once, on every side, against the English, and sweep them from the whole face of the country.

The consternation, into which the country was thrown when hostilities began, seems to have been a sort of retribution. For more than a year, the four colonies were constantly in arms; stories were every day received, of lives destroyed, and villages burned by the Indians; thirteen towns were ruined; six hundred dwelling houses burned, and almost every family involved in the wide and general mourning; the expenses of the old colony alone, for military services and expeditions, amounted to the sum of one hundred thousand pounds. They gained, it is true, a season of peace by means of the desolation; but we cannot help thinking, that they might have secured the same quiet, without the preparation of war; and as for the removal of the Indians, time would have done it for them, without such wild waste of blood. The last act of this tragedy is not the least unpleasant to remember: the son of this brave and unfortunate sovereign was sold as a slave, and shipped to Bermuda,—an act of vengeance merely; for nothing could have been apprehended from him after the total destruction of his people.

Such are the principal acts of injustice to the Indians, which are charged upon our fathers. When it is said, in order to silence our remonstrances against the wrongs of this people, that our fathers did the same, the reply is, what then? We do not defend these things in our fathers, more than in any other men. Whoever has committed, or whoever may commit such acts of oppression, the character of the deeds is still the same. It is, however, evident that our fathers had excuses, which can never be offered for others. They lived in times of trouble and danger: their minds were constantly in a state of powerful excitement,—in a state, which made them easy subjects of alarm and any other strong passions; they were enslaved to certain prejudices also, which the growing light of the world has done away; and however it may appear to us, now we have seen the essential weakness of the Indian power, they doubtless thought that they were engaged in a struggle for life,—a struggle in which one must die.

It is needless for us to recommend this work, which is already in the hands of most of our readers, but we are desirous to bear our testimony in favor of the ability with which it is executed. The spirit of the writer is also worthy of all praise. He shows a ready sympathy for the unfortunate subjects of his description, but does not allow his sympathy to overstate their wrongs; in every case, he takes all possible care to state his facts correctly, which is no easy matter, considering what the authorities are, from which his materials are drawn. His series of biographical pictures has attracted the public attention to the subject, and were he to expand them hereafter into an Indian history, we have no doubt that it would meet with an honorable reception, and be appealed to as a work of lasting authority and value.

Art. IX.—*Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers.*

Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth. By John Abercrombie, M.D. F. R. S. New York. 1832.

The utility of the study of metaphysical subjects has often been called in question, by men whose opinions are entitled to respect and consideration. The different ideas which have been maintained by the various writers on intellectual philosophy, and the violence with which they treat the sentiments of their predecessors and contemporaries, are certainly sufficient reasons for withholding our assent from the doctrines of any particular author, until they have been sufficiently compared and examined. But to deny that any advantages are gained by an acquaintance with the manner in which our mental operations are performed, is carrying our objections to the imperfect efforts of writers on this subject, to a very unwarrantable extent.

Plain practical men often regard metaphysical disquisitions with contempt. This generally arises from the fact that such persons rarely meditate on general subjects, or on those in which they are not immediately concerned; and of course do not give them attention sufficient to be able to judge with accuracy of their importance. There is another reason for our neglect of this study, which, though perceived in a confused manner by most persons, does not fail to affect our actions. We have experienced, in numberless instances, that the things of most importance are in general understood with the greatest ease, and therefore when a subject is presented for our consideration, which is not comprehended without difficulty, we naturally dismiss it as unworthy of our attention. The truth of the last observation, however, though very general, is by no means universal. A reference to the abstruse astronomical calculations, which are indispensably necessary for the mariner, or to the subtile arguments employed by the theologian and jurist in the explanation of principles which are considered as all-important to our happiness, is sufficient to prove that facts, discovered by the most difficult analysis, or deduced by the most extensive and careful reasoning, may be of the first consequence. That the science of ideas has been cultivated by some fine scholars of the present age, among whom we may reckon this author, is a proof of the estimation in which it is held by those who are best qualified to judge, from their observations and pursuits, of its practical utility.

If we consider that the several branches of the faculty of thinking, as memory, judgment, &c., are improved and strengthened by certain treatment, according to their several qualities, it is obvious that the nature and relations of each should be fully understood, before they can be improved in the highest degree. Mental philosophy is therefore a study necessary for the instructer, as well as for the scholar who would direct his mind in the proper channel to discover truths, to retain them, or to deduce from them the greatest number of important consequences.

Our author appears to think, that the largeness of the number of facts which have relation to mental operations, is what constitutes perfection in this study. In his Introduction he says, 'It is in modern times only that this science has assumed a real value, and a practical importance, under the researches of those eminent men, who have cultivated the philosophy of mind, on the principles which are acted upon in physical science: namely, a careful observation of facts, and conclusions drawn from these by the most cautious induction. The chief hindrance to the cultivation of the science on these principles, arises from the difficulty of procuring the facts, for the only field in which the mental philosopher can pursue his researches with perfect confidence is his own mind.'

The manner of treating the philosophy of the human mind, considered here as proper, is not in our opinion that which is best calculated to carry it to perfection; nor is it the method pursued at present in those physical sciences, which are susceptible of being deduced from principles. That it was the mode in which they were commenced is not denied; but by slow and almost imperceptible gradations they have changed their original character, and at length approach perfection. At first, a mass of facts which had relation to a particular subject was collected, to which others were slowly added. But still these truths could no more be said to constitute a science, than the simple enunciation of the principal properties of spherical triangles could be called spherical geometry or trigonometry. It was only after the facts were compared, and shown to depend on a few general principles, from which they and many others could be readily deduced, that the science was formed. And in general the more we are able to reduce the original principles which constitute its basis, the nearer we bring it to perfection.

The truth of our reasoning is exemplified in the science of hydrostatics, which is now deduced entirely from the fact, that all parts of the surface of a fluid in a quiescent state, preserve a uniform level. Formerly, a great number of experiments, more or less liable to error, was all that was known concerning it, and thousands of the most useful applications of the science were undiscovered, because no general principles were inferred, from which all possible consequences could be drawn. Mechanics, formerly, was only a description of a number of complicated machines; and as a proof of its imperfection in that state, we have only to refer to the innumerable and very expensive efforts of the greatest philosophers of those days, to discover perpetual motion, or to form a machine which should possess the power of motion in itself, continuing as long as its materials should endure. It is only of late, since the science of Mechanics has been really formed, after the powers of all machines have been deduced from a few elementary principles, that such a machine has been demonstrated to be impossible.

It would therefore appear, that a science is not nearer to perfection, in proportion to the greatness of the number of isolated facts which are known concerning it, but rather to the facility with which all the truths relating to it are derived from a few first principles. It is not denied, that experimental facts are extremely useful in pursuing our researches in any branch of study; the conclusions to which we arrive, in conducting our inquiries, should be constantly compared with them. By this means, not only the falsity of the results to which we arrive may be detected, if we have reasoned incorrectly; but also those things which we have regarded as facts may, on a thorough examination, when compared with our deductions, be found to possess no reality, or to have no relation to the subject. Our remarks of course do not apply to anatomy, medicine, &c., nor to those sciences which are called descriptive: for perfection in these, from the nature of things, really does depend on the number of the truths relating to them which have been observed. It is obvious to any mind, which considers the subject, that there can be no general principles in such studies, from which facts concerning them may be inferred with any degree of certainty.

Dr. Abercrombie pursues the course which, in his Introduction, he considers as most proper for investigations of the kind under consideration. His method is much the same as that of Reid and Stewart. Many facts are related, which are considered as being experimentally known and understood, and the more immediate consequences are drawn from them. The subject, when discussed in this manner, is susceptible of an almost infinite extension, which Reid, Stewart and some others seem to have fully comprehended. It must be acknowledged that, in some respects, we are less liable to error in pursuing the method of Abercrombie, than when that of which we have spoken is followed: for if the facts which we relate are well examined, and none admitted that are unconnected with the subject, or whose reality is not fully determined, they furnish so many points, on which our minds may rest; and if we do deviate from the truth in the immediate inferences which are drawn from them, we seldom err so grossly, as when we follow out the consequences of a few principles to a great extent. But then, as we have already intimated, many of the most important truths, which depend on a great number of these facts, can never be discovered.

Abercrombie regards the deficiency of facts as the chief difficulty in conducting metaphysical researches. We think, on the contrary, that if the innumerable facts which have been brought forward in relation to intellectual philosophy, by the host of writers from Aristotle to this day, do not furnish *sufficient materials* to conduct our inquiries on this subject, it is time for us to relinquish such barren and unprofitable speculations.

Our own opinion is, that the science is sufficiently rich in isolated facts; that no more or very few more are wanted, in order that it may be completely developed in all its branches. It is merely necessary that they should be compared, their relations traced, and that all the operations of the mind should be shown to depend on certain faculties, which can be decomposed into no others more simple. The work under consideration seems, however, not to be intended as an elementary treatise, but rather as a collection of observations on the mind, which may be read by every one, and understood without much meditation. The style is popular, and of course we are not to expect that careful regard to system, and those close and rigid arguments, which are appreciated only by such as have formed habits of attention and nice discrimination.

The reader must constantly keep in mind, that the author does not profess to confine himself to those subjects which are usually understood to belong to intellectual philosophy, nor even to examine all those which do appertain to that science; but to show the results of certain inquiries which he institutes concerning the intellectual powers and *the investigation of truth.* It will be readily perceived, that inquiries concerning the investigation of truth belong to the science of logic, or the science of the deduction of ideas: indeed they form that science. These last inquiries, pursued under the heads of Reason and Medical Science, occupy more than half the volume, even if we deduct from them the occasional discussions, which are generally ranged under the science of mental philosophy.

Some persons speak of this treatise as 'elements of the philosophy of the human mind.' The following is the language of the British Critic. 'In the very moderate compass of one volume, he has placed within the reach of the student as much sound metaphysical lore as any human being need give, and wish to possess, unless he aspires to very high distinction in that peculiar line of investigation. He has divested his researches of all the frivolous trumpery, in which the philosophers of former days were often in the habit of disguising their ambitious poverty.' The reviewer here gives the author credit for much more than he claims himself. We strongly suspect that Dr. Abercrombie would agree with us in asserting, that some of the most important branches of logic, and of the philosophy of the human mind, are not discussed, nor indeed hinted at in this work; and that it is in reality what it professes to be, certain inquiries concerning the intellectual powers, and the investigation of truth.

We are moreover by no means certain, that the motive which influenced the writer to attend to these researches, was not the desire to give to others of his profession a method, by which their medical investigations might be conducted with ease and accuracy. We believe, in fact, that this was the case, and that some of the principal outlines of the science of the human intellect were given merely as preliminaries, necessary before entering on the general plan. To this conclusion we are led by a careful and thorough examination of the work; and we are the more confirmed in our opinion by the fact, that the author himself expressly declares in his introduction, that he was incited to this work by the desire with which we have supposed that he was actuated, and that his plan was precisely such as might be rationally conceived from its execution. He holds the following language.

> 'From the deep interest with which the philosophy of mind thus presents itself to the medical inquirer, I have been induced to attempt a slight outline of this important subject. In doing so, I do not profess to offer any thing new or original. My object is to present to the younger part of the profession some leading facts, which may serve to direct their further inquiries on a subject of great and general interest.
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> This slight outline of the functions of mind *will be followed* by an attempt to trace the rules, which ought to guide us in applying these powers to the investigation of truth in any department of knowledge. The practical application of the subject will lead to a general view of the laws or principles of philosophical inquiry and inductive science, and will be directed in a more particular manner to the purposes of medical investigation. This is attempted, in a hope that the principles which it is meant to convey may be of use in giving precision to medical investigations, by illustrating those rules of sound instruction, which are acted upon in other departments of science.'

The statements of the reviewer, whom we just now noticed, are completely ridiculous when he says, 'He has divested his researches of all the frivolous trumpery, in which the philosophers of former days were often in the habit of disguising their ambitious poverty.' If, 'by philosophers of former days,' he refers to the ancient logicians or schoolmen, Dr. Abercrombie deserves about as much credit for divesting his researches of all their frivolous trumpery, as a minister of the Gospel of the present day for divesting his researches of the trumpery of the doctrines of the heathen, or as a modern chemist for divesting his researches of the ancient doctrine of combustion. If, by 'philosophers of former days,' he refers to Stewart, Brown, Reid, Locke, Hume, Tracy, Condillac, Descartes or Leibnitz, we think that Abercrombie has received much more credit than he merits. Though his work contains many fine observations and important investigations, so many that we should strongly recommend it to the perusal of all those for whom it was especially intended, and indeed to any who devote themselves to metaphysical researches, yet it can by no means be compared, as a treatise on the human mind, to the works of either of the writers whom we have named.

Dr. Abercrombie speaks of the conclusions to which he arrives with the modesty of a perfect gentleman; we no where find the opinions of other metaphysicians treated with contempt, or unfair deductions drawn from them in order that they may appear false or ridiculous. It is certainly a very poor ambition to wish to lower the value of the labors of others in order to show our own superiority; but some metaphysicians never appear so well pleased as when they think they have found an absurdity in the writings of a celebrated philosopher, and often congratulate themselves on the discovery of errors, which exist only in their distorted imaginations.

The science under consideration may be called with propriety an uncertain science, that is, the facts which we suppose that we observe, and the relations which we believe are discovered between them, are often illusory. For these reasons, as well as from the respect which is due to others, we should be careful not to deride an opinion, although its correctness may not be perceived at a hasty glance. Our author expresses himself with clearness on the causes of the uncertainty of intellectual philosophy. After speaking of the reason of the certainty of some sciences, as the pure mathematics, he adds.

> 'With these characters of certainty in the purely physical sciences, two causes of uncertainty are contrasted in those branches of science in which we have to deal with mental operations, or with the powers of living bodies. The first of these depends upon the circumstance, that in investigating the relations and tendencies in these cases, we are generally obliged to trust to observation alone, as the phenomena happen to be presented to us, and cannot confirm and correct these observations by direct experiment. And as the actual connexions in which the phenomena occur to us are often very different from their true relations, it is in many instances extremely difficult to ascertain the true relations; that is, to refer effects to their true causes, and to trace causes to their true effects. Hence just conclusions are arrived at slowly, and after a long course of occasional observations; and we may be obliged to go on for a long time without acquiring any conclusions which we feel to be worthy of confidence.

In these sciences, therefore, there is great temptation to grasp at premature inductions, and when such have been brought forward with confidence, there is often difficulty in exposing their fallacy ; for in such a case, it may happen that as long a course of observation is required for exposing the false conclusions, as for ascertaining the true. In physical science, on the other hand, a single experiment may often overturn the most plausible hypothesis, or may establish one which was proposed in conjecture.

'The second source of uncertainty in this class of sciences consists in the fact that, even after we have ascertained the true relations of things, we may be disappointed of the results which we wish to produce when we bring their tendencies into operation. This arises from the interposition of other causes by which the true tendencies are modified or counteracted, and the operation of which we are not able either to calculate upon or to control. The new causes which operate in this manner, are chiefly certain powers in living animal bodies, and the wills, feelings, and propensities of masses of human beings, which we have not the means of reducing to any fixed or uniform laws. As examples of the uncertain sciences, therefore, we may mention medicine, and political economy ; and their uncertainty is referable to the same sources ; namely, the difficulty of ascertaining the true relations of things, or of tracing effects to their true causes and causes to their true effects ; and the intervention of new causes, which elude our observation while they interfere with the natural tendencies of things, and defeat our attempts to produce certain results by bringing these into action. The scientific physician well knows the difficulty of ascertaining the true relations of those things which are the proper objects of his attention, and the uncertainty which attends all his efforts to produce particular results. A person, for example, affected with a disease, recovers under the use of a particular remedy. A second is affected with the same disease, and uses this remedy without any benefit, while a third recovers under a very different remedy, or without any treatment at all. But even in these cases, in which he has distinctly ascertained true relations, new causes intervene, and disappoint his endeavors to produce results by means of these relations. He knows, for example, a disease, which would certainly be relieved by the full operation of diuretics, and he knows various substances which have unquestionably diuretic virtues. But in a particular instance he may fail entirely in relieving the disease by the most assiduous use of these remedies ; for the real and true tendencies of these bodies are interrupted by certain other causes in the constitution itself, which entirely elude his observation, and are in no degree under his control.'

The reasoning here used is very general, and it will be found that such is the case throughout the work. Although the principal points of investigation, conducted in this manner, are easily understood with little attention by most persons, yet they are not comprehended in all their extension, unless the mind has been previously much disciplined in this mode of reasoning, so that it can readily call up a great number of examples under each general observation. We observe also that a constant reference is had to medical science; every opportunity of giving an illustration from it is seized; every example drawn from intellectual philosophy, or any other study which would tend to confirm a proper mode of conducting our inquiries on that subject, or of overturning an improper manner of deducing consequences, is brought forward. The writer no where allows us to lose the idea, that the volume was intended for medical men.

After having prepared the way, and smoothed the impediments, he proceeds to consider the essence of mind. It is well known, that there are two great classes of moral philosophers: one, that regards the mind and body as two essences wholly distinct, the other, that considers the mind as a consequence,—a result of the organization of the body. Those of the former class are called immaterialists, and of the latter materialists. Abercrombie conceives that we are unable to decide by *argument* whether the mind is immaterial or material, * but very justly intimates that if it were proved material or immaterial, still the question of its immortality would not be affected in the least. We agree with him that this subject cannot be explained philosophically.

> 'We talk indeed,' says he, 'about matter, and we talk about mind; we speculate concerning materiality and immateriality, until we argue ourselves into a kind of belief that we really understand something of the subject: the truth is that we understand nothing. Matter and mind are known to us by certain properties; these properties are quite distinct from each other: but in regard to both it is entirely out of the reach of our faculties to advance a single step beyond the facts which are before us. Whether in their *substratum* or ultimate essence they are the same, or whether they are different, we know not

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* Very few of those termed materialists believe that the mind is material.

and never can know in our present state of being. We know nothing of the nature, or the essence of mind; but whatever may be its essence, and whatever may be the nature and extent of that mysterious connexion, which the Deity has established between it and our bodily organization, these points have no reference whatever to the great question of its future existence.'

Marat, the celebrated revolutionist, in a treatise on physiology, after asserting that man is composed of two distinct parts, body and mind, adds, that he shall not stop to prove so well established a truth, and that, if any of his readers entertain the least doubt, they may dispense with the perusal of his work; as he did not write for the benefit of such persons. Abercrombie does not speak so positively, but it may be easily gathered from his observations, that, like the greatest portion of mankind, he believes the doctrine of the immaterialists, that the mind and body are very distinct from each other. Indeed, in his definition of mind we perceive, that he discards the ideas of those who consider this faculty as a result of organization. 'The mind,' says he, 'is that part of our being, which thinks and wills, remembers and reasons.'*

The unionist considers that thoughts are what constitutes the mind, that they are the mind, and believes that they result necessarily from the organization of the body. The immaterialists, with Abercrombie, take for granted, that there is an invisible power that thinks; the unionists take for granted, that thoughts are the natural result of our organization. Both leave the ground of philosophical inquiry, to speculate. Both agree that there must be an agent to produce the thoughts: the one class suppose the agent to be one thing, and the other class another. Abercrombie supports the doctrines of the immaterialists, in this respect, by these considerations. 'The term, *matter*, is a name which we apply to a certain combination of properties, or to certain substances which are solid, extended, and divisible, and which are known to us only by these properties. The term *mind*, in the same manner, is a name which we apply to a certain combination of functions, or to a certain power which we feel within, which thinks and wills and reasons, and is known to us only by these functions. The former we know only by our senses, the latter only by our consciousness. In regard to their essence or occult qualities, we know quite as little about matter as we do about mind, and, as far as our utmost conception of them extends, we have no ground for believing that they have any thing in common.' The true object of philosophy is simply to investigate the facts in regard to both, and materialism is to be viewed not only as unsound reasoning, but as a logical absurdity, and a total misconception of the first principles of philosophical inquiry. Does the materialist tell us that the principle which thinks is material, or the unionist that it is the result of organization? we have only to ask him, what light he expects to throw upon the subject by such an assertion. For the principle which thinks is known to us only by thinking, and the substances which are solid and extended are known to us only by their solidity and extension. When we say of the former, that it is immaterial, we simply express the fact that it is known to us by properties altogether distinct from the properties to which we have given the name of matter, and, as far as we know, has nothing in common with them. Beyond these properties, we know as little about matter as we do about mind, so that materialism is scarcely less extravagant than would be the attempt to explain any phenomenon, by referring it to some other, altogether distinct and dissimilar: to say, for example, that color is a modification of sound, or gravity a species of fermentation. The assertion, indeed, would be fully as plausible, and calculated to throw as much light upon the subject, were a person, anxious to explain the nature of matter, to tell us that it is the result of a particular manifestation of mind. Something analogous to this, in fact, seems to be the foundation of the theory of Boscovich, who conceives that all bodies consist of extended atoms, or mathematical points, endowed with a certain power of repulsion, and consequently makes the essence of matter to consist merely in the property of resistance. We have, in truth, the same kind of evidence for the existence of mind, that we have for the existence of matter: namely, from its properties; and of the two, there seems to be the least chance for deception in regard to the former. 'Of all the truths we know,' says Mr. Stewart, 'the existence of mind is the most certain. Even the system of Berkeley concerning the non-existence of matter is far more conceivable, than that nothing but matter exists in the universe.'

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* We shall term these unionists, to distinguish them from those whom Abercrombie calls materialists.

'A similar mode of reasoning may be applied to the modification of materialism, more prevalent in modern times, by which the mind is considered as a result of organization, or in other words, a function of the brain; and upon which has been founded the conclusion that, like our bodily senses, it will cease to be, when the bodily frame is dissolved. The brain, it is true, is the centre of that influence, on which depend sensation and motion. There is a remarkable connexion between this organ and the manifestations of mind; and by various diseases of the brain, these manifestations are often modified, impaired, or suspended. We shall, hereafter, see that these results are very far from being uniform; but even if they were uniform, the facts would warrant no such conclusion respecting the nature of mind: for they accord equally with the supposition that the brain is the organ of communication between the mind and the external world. When the materialist advances a single step beyond this, he plunges at once into conclusions, which are entirely gratuitous and unwarranted. We rest nothing more upon this argument, than that these conclusions are unwarranted; but we might go farther than this, and contend that the presumption is clearly on the other side, when we consider the broad and obvious distinction which exists between the peculiar phenomena of mind, and those functions which are exercised through the means of bodily organization.'

It is clearly to be perceived that the main part of this argument is brought against the doctrines of the materialists, or those who maintain that the mind is material;—doctrines with which we do not pretend to be well acquainted, but which we should suppose, from what we know of them, to be too absurd to need refutation. The principles of the unionists, however, (of which Abercrombie has an obscure idea) are entitled to respect and a careful examination, not only from the strong arguments advanced in support of them, but also from the fact of their adoption by some of the most celebrated scholars, among whom we may reckon the Count de Tracy, Cabanis, Richerand, and Jeremy Bentham. Although the writers of this school should be in error in this particular instance, yet in many of their productions they are noted for a rigid adherence to the principles of legitimate deduction; and, notwithstanding some irregular inferences, to which we are all liable from our nature, we may safely conclude that their profound meditations will be read and admired through succeeding ages.

We are probably not at present in possession of the means to decide positively by argument whether there is an occult principle which thinks, or whether our thoughts are a necessary consequence of our organization and situation. Nor do we perceive, what important results would follow from the discovery of the truth of either theory, though we acknowledge that many valuable facts are often brought to light from the resolution of some obscure and apparently insignificant question. But when we consider, that the objects of this science are so numerous, and its branches so extensive; and observe that it is as yet scarcely more than a collection of crude facts, whose authenticity, in some instances, is not fully determined, and whose connexion and relations we have hardly attempted to trace, it seems unprofitable to waive the discussion of the most important principles, in order to dispute concerning a question, the determination of which, if possible, would be attended with no certain advantage.

It is, perhaps, very proper sometimes to indulge in speculations to a reasonable extent, concerning points like this; but then we must always recollect that they are mere speculations, and the conclusions to which we arrive must be regarded as only probable, and not as results, obtained by a course of rigid reasoning. As we have given the arguments of Abercrombie and the immaterialists to support their theory, or rather to destroy the theory of their opponents concerning the mind, it is proper to notice the reasoning of the unionists on this head.

They contend that the objects of this science, like those of every other, are to connect and extend our ideas of its various branches; that the main object is to correct any improper opinions, which are common or universal; that is, to show by a course of careful reasoning, wherein they are incompatible with things which are known to be facts. Now, say they, as the immaterialists take for granted, that the opinions which are generally prevalent, however indefinite and confused, are true, and build their science on these common impressions, it follows that mental philosophy, as it is considered by them, and understood by us, are two sciences as distinct as ancient astronomy, which was built upon opinions which were not only common and prevalent, but universal and natural, and modern astronomy, in which nothing is taken for granted, and all erroneous impressions are exposed.

If the reasoning of the immaterialists is proper, when they contend that their definition of mind is correct, and agreeable to the dictates of common sense, because it is generally understood to be what they describe it, although not one man in a thousand has ever thought with much care on the subject, we are perfectly in the right to say that the arguments of the ancient astronomers were legitimate, and that their doctrines were correct, since the things on which their science was founded, were universally believed. So much for preliminaries. Now, argues the unionist, our belief that the mind is a result of the organization of the body, and is not distinct and wholly unaffected by it, proceeds from these facts. In the early stage of our being, we are wholly without ideas. This is universally admitted, and indeed cannot be denied, as we were not sensible of any ideas, which is the same as having none. It is also admitted by all, and proved, that all our simple ideas are formed, and known to us by our sensations, properly so called. Thus we have the sensation or simple idea of smooth and rough from our feeling, of the various colors and figures from our sight, of sour, sweet, bitter, &c., from our taste, and so on of all simple ideas. We are, therefore, certain that these are the results of our organization.* For if the proper organization of my hand never existed, or were destroyed at an early period, if I moved it on a surface, I could not gain the idea of rough, smooth, &c., and so of the rest of my body. Likewise, if the regular organization of my eyes never existed, or were destroyed before I had used them, I could never have the ideas of color and figure. The same may be said of the other senses.

But, answer the immaterialists, we grant all this: it is a part of our own doctrine; we well know, that the simple ideas are gained by our proper sensations, and are the result of our organization, if you would have us speak in that manner; we believe that the senses are the inlets of the ideas, but we consider the mind as a power that obtains a conception of these ideas, retains them, and forms compound ideas of them by means of certain operations, such as abstraction, concretion, association, comparison, judgment, reflection, imagination, attention, reasoning, memory, reminiscence, volition.

The unionists reply: it has been proved, as you acknowledge, that the simple ideas are the result of organization, now let us see if we cannot infer from some circumstances that the operations mentioned, and the retention of all ideas, are also the result of organization. To take a common and familiar occurrence; if a man receive a violent blow upon the head, all his senses, ideas, and the operations above mentioned are temporarily or permanently destroyed. He recovers them if nature or art produces a reorganization in the parts affected, but if this is not the case, he is reduced to a state of idiocy, or remains perfectly senseless to his death. It is therefore a fair and regular deduction, that the ideas and all the operations by which they are modified, are consequences of organization, inasmuch as they are suspended or annihilated, when the organization of the more noble parts, where they have their seat, is temporarily or permanently deranged, and are reproduced, when art or nature causes a reorganization.

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* By this is meant our organization in connexion with surrounding objects.

Again, they add, in answer to the arguments of the immaterialists, that if the mind is a principle distinct from the body that possesses the ideas, or which amounts to the same thing, that perceives or feels the ideas, and the operations which are performed on them, or which it performs on them, and if certain injuries to the body cause the mind to lose all ideas, or to lose the perception of them temporarily or permanently, the mind, in such a case, exists without perceiving any thing. Let us, say they, push this reasoning a little farther. Many times some injuries of the body remove a person from a sound condition of mind to a state of *complete idiocy,* when, although he possesses his bodily senses perfectly, every operation and sensation of the mind are obliterated. He retains none of the simple perceptions or simple ideas which his bodily senses receive, and has no remembrances, judgments or desires. We therefore know from experiment, not only that a disorganization of the body many times removes all ideas from the mind, which then must exist, if it is in being, without perception, but also at the same time, often removes the faculty of acting on the simple impressions, which the person may receive. The mind in such a case has no attribute, and a thing without any attribute is nothing.

Sometimes a person in the state just mentioned, by the operation of surgery, medicine, or nature, or of all three, recovers from his bodily injury, and his mind returns to its former condition. It is therefore proved, that our ideas or thoughts depend on organization: that is, when the system is properly organized, they are perceived, and when it is disorganized, in some respects, they are not perceived; and that if there is a principle, which performs the operations of thinking, that principle is destroyed by the disorganization of some parts of the system, and is reproduced or results from a proper organization. Therefore all our thoughts or ideas result from our organization.

These are some of the arguments employed by the unionists, many of whom, like Abercrombie and some other immaterialists, profess to draw no conclusion from their reasoning, except that the hypotheses of their opponents are incorrect and absurd. Their theories, whether true or false, should not hinder us from profiting by the valuable information brought to light by the discussion of this subject, nor from duly appreciating the ingenuity which is shown in conducting their inquiries.

Most of our readers have heard of the doctrine maintained by some talented and celebrated men, that particular qualities of mind are discovered by the appearances of minute portions of the skull. This theory carries the speculations of the unionists, concerning the connexion of the corporeal system and the intellect, farther than we should suppose could be warranted by facts. We ought not, however, to judge rashly of opinions which are maintained by a constant reference to facts, and to facts alone, for proof; for experience has many times shown us that what has been deemed most improbable, has after a careful examination been found true, and that which all mankind had for ages firmly believed, has been proved fallacious, and universally rejected.

Dr. Abercrombie, we think, is more successful in illustrating those things that are known and admitted, than in supporting or opposing the theories of any particular sect of philosophers. He rarely cuts his way through an untrodden path, but contents himself with giving strong elucidations of general principles. Speaking of the influence of habit or attention, he observes,

> 'In teaching such arts as music or arithmetic, this principle is also illustrated; for the most expert arithmetician or musical performer is not necessarily, and perhaps not generally the best teacher of the art, but he who with a competent knowledge of it directs his attention to the individual minute combinations, through which it is necessary for the learner to advance.

In processes more purely intellectual, we find the influence of habit brought under our view in a similar manner, particularly in following the steps of a process of reasoning. A person little accustomed to such a process advances step by step, with minute attention to each as he proceeds, while another perceives at once the result, with little consciousness of the steps by which he arrived to it. For this reason, also, it frequently happens that in certain departments of science, the profound philosopher makes a bad teacher. He proceeds too rapidly for his audience, and without sufficient attention to the intermediate steps, by which it is necessary for them to advance; and they may derive much more instruction from an inferior man, whose mental process approaches more nearly to that which in the first instance must be theirs. We remark the same difference in public speaking, and in writing: and we talk of a speaker or a writer who is easily followed, and another who is followed with difficulty. The former retards the series of his thoughts, so as to bring distinctly before his hearers or his readers every step in the mental process. The latter advances without sufficient attention to this, and consequently can be followed by those only who are sufficiently acquainted with the subject to fill up the intermediate steps, or not to require them.'

This principle, which has been so often observed, is strikingly exemplified by the difference with which the language of a foreign country is learned from a native of that country, and from a person who has pursued the same steps in acquiring it as are necessary for the scholar. The latter is familiar with all the difficulties to be overcome, and can refer the peculiarities of construction to a few general principles, which are easily understood. The former can teach the pronunciation, and correct any error in composition or expression, but although every mode of speech in his language is familiar to him, he cannot so well explain the peculiarities of construction, for there seems to him to be no peculiarity in his own tongue. He therefore instructs his scholar rather in detached facts, than in the principles of the language.

We have introduced the above quotation, and adduced this example, not merely with an intention of illustrating the manner of our author, or the influence of habit, or attention; but also in order to support the view which we took of mental philosophy, in the commencement of this article. We there maintained that this science, like all others which are not purely descriptive from their nature, such as anatomy or natural history, should be built on a few general principles; and we find new reasons starting up on every side to favor this manner of considering the subject, which has also been adopted by some of the greatest philosophers. In the quotation, he says, 'it frequently happens that in certain departments of science, the profound philosopher makes a bad teacher.' Now to what is this owing? It seems to be to this, that the profound philosopher is incapable of explaining how the several facts of the science to which he devotes himself, are inferred from some general principles; so that the relations subsisting between them, showing how the knowledge of some is derived from others, are but faintly perceived. He remembers, distinctly, only the great leading facts; and when he instructs, he is necessarily bounded to the enunciation of these facts, with remarks and occasional deductions. The learner perceives with difficulty the connexion which one idea advanced has with another; and being unable to see how some of them are derived from the rest, is obliged to depend almost solely on his memory, for the retention of each fact. But isolated facts, especially abstract ones, are forgotten almost as soon as acquired; for being associated with nothing, they have nothing to suggest them, and when once lost, are lost forever.

It is reasonable, therefore, that the newly initiated should be best qualified to teach; as they have distinctly before their minds all the steps by which the facts are drawn from primary truths, and recollect all the relations by which they are connected among themselves. The learner in this case has to exert his memory scarcely more than to retain the first principles; all the facts are shown to follow from these, of course, and should any one be forgotten or remembered indistinctly, he has merely to go back and determine it with accuracy. The profound philosopher does not succeed because he pursues a bad method, the other does, because he follows the method which we have before indicated to be the best, whether his instructions are delivered orally, or in a written treatise.

Dr. Abercrombie has handled some of Mr. Hume's doctrines rather closely, under the article of testimony. We are happy to observe that he has confined himself to the overstrained theory concerning miracles, and to the other vulnerable positions of that writer. Some metaphysicians consider themselves warranted in attacking any of the conclusions of that writer on account of his skeptical opinions, but for that very reason it is proper to treat his arguments, when they are noticed, with all the respect which they deserve. For if his correct opinions are disputed and opposed, it leads many persons to suppose that equal injustice is done when his ideas, which are incorrect, and which have a demoralizing influence, are controverted. Our author appears to comprehend the truth of this observation in all its bearings; and also probably thinks himself capable of acquiring a niche in the temple of fame, without destroying the statue of any of his predecessors. It is certainly the characteristic of a noble mind to pursue an independent course, without stopping to consider every sentiment of others, the truth of which is not comprehended at first sight; and yet many metaphysicians, of as much celebrity as Abercrombie, encumber their works with attempted refutations of certain opinions, which would be adopted by them, if they were thoroughly examined.

Abercrombie follows a method of his own, in considering the various operations of the mind. Most of the philosophers of the Edinburgh school, as well as some French metaphysicians, appear to collect all the words referring to our thoughts which come to mind, and give a description of the mental operations which are performed under each of them. Condillac considers the human intellect as composed of understanding and volition. He then decomposes the understanding into attention, comparison, judgment, reflection, imagination, reasoning, memory and reminiscence; and volition into want, uneasiness, inquietude, desire, passions, hope and volition, properly so called,—to which if we add abstraction, concretion, generalization, conception, perception, association, and some others, which have as good a right to a place as the foregoing, we shall have a tolerable list, as incongruous as it is extensive.

Abercrombie deserves some credit for not proceeding in this manner, though his method is, perhaps, not the best that can be imagined. He thus explains the ideas, which induced him to pursue the course which he has taken in this respect.

> 'Through the various sounds referred to in the preceding observations, we acquire the knowledge of a certain number of facts, relating either to the mind itself or to things external to it. The next part of our inquiry refers to the operations (to use a figurative expression,) which the mind performs upon the facts

thus acquired. The term functions, or powers of mind, has often been applied to these operations; but as we are not entitled to assume that they are not in fact separate functions, in the usual acceptation of that expression, it is perhaps more correct, and accords better with our limited knowledge of mind, to speak simply of the operations which it is capable of performing upon a given series of facts. These seem to be chiefly referable to the following heads.

'I. We remember the facts, and we can also recall them into the mind at pleasure. The former [operation] is memory, and the latter is that modification of it which is called recollection. But besides this simple recollection of facts, we can recall a perception: that is, the impression of an actual scene, which has been witnessed, or a person who has been seen, so as to place them as it were before the mind, with all the vividness of the original perception. This process is called conception. It is often described as a distinct power, or a distinct operation of the mind; but it seems to be so nearly allied to memory, that it may be considered as a modification of it. It is the memory of a perception.

II. We separate facts from the relation in which they were originally presented to us, and contemplate some of them apart from the rest: considering, for example, certain properties of bodies apart from their former properties. Among a variety of subjects, we thus fix upon qualities, which are common to a certain number of them, and we arrange them into genera and species. This process is usually called abstraction.

III. We separate scenes or classes of facts into their constituent elements, and form these elements into new combinations, so as to represent to ourselves scenes or combinations of events, which have no real existence. This is imagination.

IV. We compare facts with each other, observe their relations and connexions, and trace the results which follow particular combinations of them. We also observe their general characters, so as to deduce from the whole general facts or general principles. This is reason or judgment.

In this arrangement, it will be observed, I confine myself entirely to facts. I do not say that the mind possesses distinct faculties, which we call memory, abstraction, imagination, and judgment, for this at once leads into hypothesis, but simply, that in point of fact, the mind remembers, abstracts, imagines, and judges. These processes appear to constitute distinct mental acts, which every one is conscious of who attends to the phenomena of his own mind. But beyond the simple facts, we know nothing, and no human ingenuity can lead us one step farther.

Some of the followers of Dr. Reid appear to have erred in this respect, by ascribing to the mind distinct faculties or functions, somewhat in the manner in which we ascribe to the body distinct senses. Dr. Brown, on the other hand, has shown much ingenuity in his attempts to simplify the arrangement of the mental processes, by referring them all to his two principles of simple and relative suggestion. But without inquiring what has been gained to the science by this new phraseology, and avoiding entirely any system which seems to suppose distinct functions of mind, I confine myself to facts, respecting the actual mental operations; and it appears to answer best the purposes of practical utility, to speak of these operations in the arrangement, and by the names, which are commonly used by the generality of mankind.'

Most authors of the Edinburgh school reason in the same way concerning functions and operations of the mind. Their meaning is not very obvious; but we think that they argue much in the same way as a mathematician, who, in an introduction to a treatise on mechanics, should inform his readers that he should avoid entirely any system that seemed to suppose distinct manners in which motions acted, and therefore should not treat of the theoretical functions of motion in the mechanical powers, but should confine himself to facts respecting actual mechanical operations. In such a case it would be necessary to describe all the machines in use, in order to give a complete treatise. But to complete the analogy between these philosophers and the mathematician, the latter should take certain things which happen to come to his memory, such as a steam-engine, a clock, a stair-case, a skate, a clepsydra, a top, a windmill, and a few other things of such a nature, (if they really have any thing in common,) and after repeating over and over again, that he shall pursue no system, and shall confine himself wholly to facts, should describe these things, and call this description an elementary treatise on mechanics.

If a mathematician should write an elementary work on mechanics in such a manner, at this day, would he not pass for a madman? And yet a stair-case, a skate, and a top, are in our opinion more deserving the name of machines, than recollection, abstraction, or attention, are of distinct operations of the mind, to say nothing of hope, the passions, &c. Should a mathematician describe all the actual mechanical operations, or even only those which are very important, when he treats of the science of motion, the subject would be extended almost to infinity. So, if a metaphysician should attempt to describe all the important mental operations, as the philosophers of the Edinburgh school profess to do, he would find the labor endless.

When the essays of the metaphysicians of whom we are speaking are examined, we find that many of the operations of the mind, which are there described, are no more deserving of notice than hundreds, and in fact thousands, which are not named. We may observe here, by the way, that an operation of the mind is just as much so, if it is expressed in our language or in any other by one word, or by a dozen or twenty.

The writer on mechanics analyzes all possible machines, and finds that they are combinations of a few simple ones, which can be decomposed into no others; and the science of mechanics consists in the description of these *simple* machines. A person who understands this description can calculate the effect of any machine, however complicated. We see no good reason, why the science of ideas should not be pursued in the same manner. The operations of the mind should be analyzed, till we arrive at some which admit of no decomposition. These will be the simple elementary operations. But what are these operations? They appear to be memory, judgment, or the perception of relations, and volition.* The last-mentioned operation produces a greater or less effect on our thoughts, and the actions of our body. Why these effects follow from the existence of any desire, or volition, we do not know, but the fact is certain.

Let us now see, if all the mental acts cannot be decomposed into those which we have named.

1. Attention.—I attend a public meeting; I judge that, in order to understand the speaker, I must think of nothing but what he advances. This is a judgment. I desire to understand him, and to think only of his words. This is a desire, and generally produces a proper effect on my thoughts. Attention is nothing else. The Count de Tracy answers all objections to this reasoning. 'But,' says one, 'when I pay *atten-*

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* We do not call a simple sensation an operation of the mind, though we think that would be correct. This has no bearing on what we have to advance.

tion to a sensation, I feel it, and all the rest disappears.' In this case, you do not perceive anything else, and you have a sensation: that is all. You would have the perception of a remembrance, a relation, or a desire in the same manner. Another answers, 'attention becomes all these. In that case it is composed of these elements, and is nothing by itself.'

2. Comparison.—In comparing two or more things, we either perceive those things, or more properly the qualities of those things, with our senses; or recollect them, and feel the relation between them.

3. Judgment.—This is a simple operation. When we perceive a relation, that is a judgment: a perception of a relation and a judgment are the same thing. When I judge that a man is handsome, I perceive a relation existing between the idea of that man, and the idea of beauty.

4. Reflection.—When we desire to discover the truth with regard to a certain thing, in consequence of this desire we endeavor to recall or recollect ideas, relating to the subject, so as to perceive relations between these ideas, and form a series of judgments. This is reflection; it is merely to remember and judge.

5. Imagination.—Let us take an instance of the exercise of this operation. Suppose I have the desire of creating a curious, fantastical house in my fancy, or imagination, I recall to mind, or in other words, I recollect certain parts of houses and buildings, which I have seen. By the exercise of volition, I associate these parts in any manner I please, or in other words, I recollect them at the same time, and in any disposition, which my judgment directs as best for the purpose I have in view. I then have the idea of a house in my mind. When I recollect a thing so strongly that I even believe it present, it is only a lively exercise of memory.

6. Reasoning is a series of judgments.

7. Reminiscence.—This is defined as being a remembrance, with a knowledge that it is a remembrance. It is then a remembrance and a judgment.

8. Want.—This feeling is the desire of something.

9. Uneasiness and inquietude are states caused by some desire.

10. Passions are desires of producing pleasure or pain to some being. Some result directly from organization, and some do not.

11. Abstraction.—Volition or desire enables us to direct our mind to such ideas, as we choose. Abstraction therefore is nothing but the exercise of these powers.

12. Concretion and generalization are the same as abstraction.

13. Conception is simple memory.

14. Perception is either a sensation, properly so called, or a remembrance.

15. Association is a relation existing, or more properly speaking, perceived between ideas.

We might continue and decompose all the operations of the human mind into the elementary ones of memory, judgment, and desire, or volition. It is not intended to maintain, however, that these are *distinct faculties :* we believe as firmly as Abercrombie, that such is not the case ; that they are intimately connected ; and further we doubt whether a being can have any one of them, without possessing the others in a greater or less degree. We say in a greater or less degree, for some of the operations may be in lively exercise, and another almost null, of which we have many instances, but not quite so, for if any one of these faculties were perfectly destroyed, it is probable that the others would be annihilated. Nor do we intend to maintain, that it is wholly without advantage to describe some of the complex mental operations. There is a strict analogy in this respect, between the science of mechanics, and the one which we are considering. In that, we find it advantageous to give a description of the wheel and axle, the screw, and the wedge, as simple elementary machines, although the first may be referred to the lever, the second to the lever and inclined plane, and the last to the inclined plane. It is also very convenient to use words, as they are generally adopted. If Abercrombie had banished conception and recollection from his list of mental operations, added volition, and built the science of ideas on the operations thus expressed, his method would have been little different from that which we should consider the best. The science of mechanics has been spoken of in connexion with mental philosophy, more in order to refer the latter to some *certain* science, than because mechanics have any analogy with it, which is not possessed by others.

The manner in which we have analyzed the operations of the mind, is not original with us. Something like it was adopted by Count de Tracy, in his treatise on intellectual philosophy. It seems to be free from objections. His work, notwithstanding many errors, some of which have been observed by the Baron Degerando in his *Histoire comparée des Systèmes de Philosophie*, contains many valuable investigations.

In the study of the human intellect, as well as in all others, we think that nothing should be taken for granted. When things are considered as true in the certain sciences, because they appear to be facts, we are much less liable to error than in the uncertain sciences, where appearances are almost as often fallacious as the contrary. But ought any science to be founded on suppositions and appearances? We doubt it: although Dr. Abercrombie and many others are of a different opinion.

Abercrombie has given a list of what he calls first truths, which he believes incapable of explanation. He introduces them in the following manner, at the commencement of the article on Reason.

'In applying our reason to the investigation of truth in any department of knowledge, we are, in the first place, to keep in mind, that there are certain intuitive articles of belief, which lie at the foundation of all reasoning. For in every process of reasoning, we proceed by founding one step upon another which has gone before it, and when we trace such a process backward, we must arrive at certain truths, which are recognised as fundamental, requiring no proof, and admitting of none: these are usually called first truths. They are not the result of any process of reasoning, but force themselves with a conviction of infallible certainty upon every sound understanding, without regard to its logical habits or powers of induction. The force of them is accordingly felt in an equal degree by all classes of men; and they are acted upon with absolute confidence in the daily transactions of life. This is a subject of great and extensive importance. The truths or articles of belief, which are referable to it, are chiefly the following.

'1. A conviction of our own existence as sentient and thinking beings, and of mind as something distinct from the functions of body. From the first exercise of perception we acquire a knowledge of two things: namely, the thing perceived, and the being who perceives it. In the same manner, from the exercise of any mental operation, such as memory, we acquire an impression of the thing remembered, and of an essence or principle which remembers it, and of this essence as something entirely distinct from any function of the body. The last conviction must be considered as a first truth, or intuitive article of belief, standing on the same ground with the other truths which are referable to this class. It does not, as was formerly stated, rest upon any metaphysical or physiological argument, but upon an appeal made to the conviction of every man, who attends to what is passing within. It resolves itself into the consciousness of the various mental processes, impressions, and emotions, as referable to one permanent and unchanging essence, while the body is known to be in a constant state of change; and of these processes, as being exercised without any necessary dependence upon present impressions from external things. Like other truths of this class, it is consequently unaffected by sophisms which are brought against it, and the answer to these does not properly consist in any process of reasoning, but in this appeal to every man's absolute conviction. If brought into comparison, indeed, the evidence which we have for the existence of mind is perhaps less liable to deception, than that which we have for the existence of matter.

II. A confidence in the evidence of our senses, in regard to the existence and properties of external things, or a conviction that they have a real existence independent of our sensations. We have formerly referred to a celebrated doctrine, by which it was maintained that the mind perceives only its own ideas or impressions, and that, consequently, we derive from our senses no evidence of the existence of external things. The only answer to such a sophism is, that a confidence in the evidence of our senses is a first truth, or intuitive principle of belief, admitting of no other proof than that which is derived from the universal conviction of mankind.

III. A confidence in our own mental processes; that facts, for example, which are suggested by our memory, really occurred.

IV. A belief in our personal identity. This is derived from the combined operation of our consciousness and memory, and it consists in remembrance of past mental feelings, as belonging to the same sentient being. There were formerly many disputes on this subject; some maintaining that the notion of personal identity is inconsistent with the different states in which the mind exists at different times; as love and hatred, joy and sorrow, and also with the remarkable changes of character which often take place at different periods of life. This was one of the sophisms of the schools, founded upon an obscure analogy with changes which take place in material things, and is not at all applicable to mind. The only answer to the paradox is, that every man, under every variety of mental emotions, and every possible change of character, retains an absolute conviction that the sentient being, whom he calls himself, remains invariably the same, and that, in all the affairs of life, whether referring to the past or the future, every man acts upon this conviction.

V. A conviction that every event must have a cause, and a cause adequate to the effect ; and that appearances, showing a correct adaptation of means to an end, indicate design and intelligence in the cause. These, as fundamental truths, are quite distinct from the question relating to the connexion of any two specified events as cause and effect. The latter belongs to another part of our inquiry.

VI. A confidence in the uniformity of nature, or that the same substance will always exhibit the same characters, and that the same cause, under the same circumstances, will be followed by the same effect. This, as a first truth, is a fundamental and instinctive conviction. The province of experience, we have already seen, is to ascertain the particular events which are so connected as to be included under the law.'

In the practical concerns of life it is necessary for us to act upon certain facts with absolute confidence, although we have never explained them, nor been able to prove or demonstrate their reality. *But it is by no means certain that every fact cannot be explained, proved, demonstrated.* The contrary is often asserted ; but mere assertions are not to be received as truths, even when they come from such distinguished scholars as Dugald Stewart, or John Abercrombie. That many persons have attempted to explain certain things, and have failed, is undeniable, but this only shows that their reasoning has been imperfect, and not that they have been unsuccessful from the nature of the things which they considered. If Archimedes, and other geometricians had regarded the unfruitful efforts of their predecessors in certain branches of science, as a proof that they could never extend their researches beyond a point which had already been attained, we should be at present entirely ignorant of innumerable facts, which have had an important, we had almost said, an all-important effect on the destinies of the human race.

It may be answered, that when things are known,—are self-evident, that it is a waste of labor to attempt to explain them. That may be ; but is it a waste of labor, to explain why their truth is perceived as soon as they are stated ? If so, we would inquire if it is not perfectly plain to every sound understanding, that when two straight lines cut each other, the opposite angles at the vertex are equal ; that when two straight lines are cut by a third at right angles, these two lines cannot meet each other if produced. Is it useless, and worse than useless to explain, —prove,—demonstrate why these propositions and all others of the same kind are known to be true? Why then are not all our mathematical works consigned to the flames, and others substituted, so that none of our precious time may be thrown away?

We know that some things are usually enunciated as self-evident in mathematical works; but it is also well to observe that most of the self-evident things, the axioms of ancient authors, are demonstrated in modern improved works, and that they are all susceptible of proof. Let us see, if the axioms admitted by the late writers, cannot be demonstrated. To take the most difficult. 'Two magnitudes, whether they be lines, surfaces, or solids, are equal when, being applied the one to the other, they coincide with each other entirely; that is, when they exactly fill the same space.' In that case all that can be said of one of the two things (abstraction made of every quality of physical things except magnitude), can be said of the other; these two magnitudes are therefore precisely the *same*, and of course are equal. This little demonstration may appear minute, but we can assure our readers that the axiom stated is not self-evident to young persons, little accustomed to compare theories of things.

It is not so dangerous to use axioms in the certain sciences, as in those which are uncertain, like mental philosophy; for in the first case, though they be obscurely stated, and should indeed be false (which is not likely to happen, as the ideas of the most uninstructed person on *extent* are remarkably clear and precise,) they lead to some manifest absurdity when they are applied, so that their fallacy may be detected. But if they should be false in the second case, we can never tell how far they may lead us astray.

It is well to recollect, moreover, that a thing is not true, because we believe it so, nor because a conviction of its reality forces itself upon every sound understanding, even in the certain sciences. The whole of the human race may regard a thing as a fact beyond all doubt for thousands of years, and yet be wretchedly mistaken, as experience has shown in many instances. We ought also to keep constantly in mind, that there is no fact which is known, however simple or complicated it may be, the truth of which cannot be demonstrated. This assertion must not be misunderstood ; we do not pretend to say that a thing which is *unknown* can be explained,—that its reality can be demonstrated. We speak only of things which are *known*. We know that the grass grows; the fact can be explained, and demonstrated with all precision, but how it grows, or why it grows, we do *not know*, and of this can give no explanation. We know that our will causes motions of our body ; we can prove it, but how or why it operates in this manner, is unknown, and inexplicable.

Most persons recognise numberless facts, of the truth of which they can give no account, except that they know them: indeed there are few persons who can explain all their ideas. But the man of a cultivated mind analyzes most of or nearly all his thoughts, while the rustic contents himself with asserting that things are so and so, ridicules those who are unwilling to govern themselves by appearances, and stigmatizes, as deranged, the man who opposes one of his dogmas.

We can regard it as nothing but an appeal to vulgar prejudices, when we hear an assertion like the following. 'In every process of reasoning, we proceed by founding one step upon another, which has gone before it, and when we trace such a process backwards, we must arrive at certain truths, which are recognised as fundamental, *requiring no proof and admitting of none.*'

Let us consider some of the primary truths of Abercrombie. The first fact that we know, is our own existence as sentient or thinking beings : this is the foundation of all our other knowledge. At what period do we know our existence, and how is it discovered ? Abercrombie does not pretend, and cannot pretend that a knowledge of that period is a first truth, nor that the manner in which we first discover that we exist, is a first truth. These two curious questions are then left by him open to discussion. In order to decide them, we must determine with precision in what our existence consists,—our existence as sentient or thinking beings. It obviously consists in nothing else than in having sensations or thoughts : for if we had no sensations or thoughts, we should not be sentient or thinking beings. The moment therefore that we have a sensation, properly so called, a remembrance, a judgment or a desire, that moment we are *sensible of* our existence. In other words, from that moment it is demonstrated to us that we exist.

Although we have here not directly considered any of the first truths of Abercrombie, it is evident that one of them is demonstrated, if we have succeeded in what we attempted. But, says one, our sensations or simple ideas are sometimes illusions, and we do not know that they are not so in this case, as well as in every other. This assertion we deny. Our sensations or simple ideas are never illusions. If I see a spectre, I certainly have a sensation; though it may be the same as that which I receive from a real being, and though I attribute it to a wrong cause. If a white house, from being seen in the night, or from some other cause, appears black, I have the sensation,—the simple idea of black; experience proves the fact; but if I attribute the quality black to the house, I form a compound idea of this house, which is false. The disciple of Abercrombie may maintain, that since we have shown that our existence consists in having sensations or feelings, in order to prove that we really exist, we should demonstrate that we have a feeling that we *know* the fact. We answer,—that we have feelings is a truth of experience, inaccessible to error,—it is not taken for granted, but is *proved by experience;* to have a feeling and to know that we have it is the same thing. If we attribute the quality of feeling, which we possess, whether of simple or compound ideas, to an immaterial essence, or to our organization, we form a compound idea, which may be true, or which may be false.

The celebrated Descartes proved our existence somewhat in the same manner, but gave no explanation. 'I think,' said he, 'therefore I exist.' The metaphysicians of the Edinburgh school suppose that he begged the question in this case. But we think that the sentiments of so profound a philosopher as Descartes should be examined with a little attention, before coming to such a conclusion. We should not be deceived by the *form* of his argument. It is evident that he considered our existence to consist in thinking; our simple thoughts or ideas he knew, and supposed his readers understood, to be more clearly and unerringly demonstrated to us by experience. He therefore very naturally and correctly concluded that he had proved our existence.

We have given some of the arguments of the unionist concerning the second part of Abercrombie's first primary truth, and we apprehend that those of his school will find it much easier to call them fallacious, sophistical, reasonings in a circle, &c., than to demonstrate their obscurity. The other primary truths, which he recognises, are very complicated ideas, and we think they ought not to be stated in a treatise on intellectual philosophy, where the professed object is to explain the origin of our thoughts, unless they are also analyzed, and their truth or falsity, or more properly, the reasons of their truth or falsity determined. For, we repeat it, the belief of one man, of a thousand men, or of all mankind, is no proof: though it may be entitled, from its prevalence, to a careful consideration,—to a consideration sufficient to determine the grounds of its certainty or fallacy.

On the whole, the work of Dr. Abercrombie must be considered as containing much useful information. The method of communicating the result of his researches, may not be the one best calculated to improve the science of ideas ; but we have many valuable facts stated, which are especially important for the profession of which he is a member. With the exception of a few addresses to the passions and prejudices of the multitude, he pursues the course of a lover of truth, who is willing to have the sentiments which he adopts stand or fall by their merits. For the humble spirit of a Christian, which appears in many parts of his writings, he merits the respect of all. If some of his arguments are formed with little attention to vigor, we must remember that he did not write for the instruction of professors, but for many who cannot appreciate a course of reasoning that is not conducted in a popular manner. And besides, his inquiries were pursued, during the short and irregular intervals of his practice. There are many interesting anecdotes interspersed throughout the work, which afford amusement, and give a relief to the whole. The articles on reason, and the application of the rules of philosophical investigation to medical science, we propose to notice hereafter.

Art. X.—*Swallow Barn.*

Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia. 1832.

This is a work of great merit and promise. It is attributed to a gentleman of Baltimore, already advantageously known to the public by several productions of less compass, and in various styles, but all excellent in their respective ways. The present attempt proves that he combines, with the talent and spirit which he had previously exhibited, the resource, perseverance and industry, that are necessary to the accomplishment of extensive works. We do not know that we can better evince our friendly feeling for him than by expressing the wish, that the success which this production has met with may induce him to withdraw his attention from other objects, and devote himself entirely to the elegant pursuits of polite literature, for which his taste and talent are so well adapted, and in which the *demand for labor*,—to borrow an expression from a science, to which he is no stranger,—is still more pressing than in law, political economy, or politics.

The object of the work before us is to give, in the form of a novel, a description of the manners and customs of the ancient Commonwealth of Virginia: or, in the favorite phrase of its inhabitants,—the Old Dominion. Its value lies in the truth and spirit with which this purpose is effected. The texture of the fable is natural, and sufficiently ingenious, though from the nature of the plan, it does not excite a very deep and strong interest. Swallow Barn is the residence of Frank Meriwether, a wealthy Virginian landholder. An introductory epistle, which is addressed from this place by Mark Littleton to his correspondent Francis Huddlestone, Esq., at Preston Ridge, New York, informs us, that Mark, ‘at the strong instance of his cousin, Ned Hazard, has been induced to come and spend some little fragment of his life among his Virginia relations.’ It also gives the particulars of his travels from Longsides on the North River, where he had previously been residing with his mother and sisters, to the neighborhood of Jamestown, where Mr. Meriwether's estate is supposed to be situated. The opening chapters of the work make us acquainted with this personage and the several subordinate characters, male and female, who compose his family: his wife Lucretia, his son Rip, his daughters Lucy and Victorine, his sister Prudence, the house-keeper, Mrs. Barbara Winkle, the Presbyterian tutor, Mr. Chub, and last, though not least, a 'pragmatical old negro named Carey,' who seems, for many purposes, to be a sort of Viceroy over his master. We are next introduced, at some length, to Ned Hazard, the *compagnon de voyage* of the author, and the humorist and lover of the plot, after which the scene changes to *The Brakes*,—a neighboring plantation occupied by Mr. Isaac Tracy, whose daughter *Bel* turns out to be the heroine. The two principal characters of the work, considered as a mere novel, are thus brought into presence, and the art of the writer consists as usual in inventing expedients to keep them separate for the space of two volumes, and thus prevent, for the necessary length of time, a consummation that would bring the work to a premature close. We will not diminish the interest, which our readers will feel in following out the development of the story, by entering into a detail of the nature of these expedients, which are of a very natural and simple description. The difficulties that are brought into action for the purpose of obstructing the course of true love between the principal personages, which, in a novel, never can or ought to run smooth, as in real life we know that it never does, are in part their own wayward humors, they being little better than a modern Benedict and Beatrice, and in part a lawsuit of long standing between the parents. After a series of incidents and adventures, which are so contrived as to exhibit the life of a country gentleman in Virginia under almost all its aspects, public and private, the hero and heroine make up their minds,—the lawsuit is adjusted by a reference,—Mr. Littleton returns to Longsides, and the work terminates in the usual way.

Such are the general object and character of this production; the style of the execution will best appear from a few extracts. The first chapter is occupied by the following very graphic and amusing description of the mansion which furnishes the title of the work.

> 'Swallow Barn is an aristocratical old edifice, that squats, like a brooding hen, on the southern bank of the James River. It is quietly seated, with its vassal out-buildings, in a kind of shady pocket or nook, formed by a sweep of the stream, on a gentle acclivity thinly sprinkled with oaks, whose magnificent branches afford habitation and defence to an antique colony of owls.

'This time-honored mansion was the residence of the family of Hazards; but in the present generation the spells of love and mortgage conspired to translate the possession to Frank Meriwether, who having married Lucretia, the eldest daughter of my late uncle, Walter Hazard, and lifted some gentlemanlike incumbrances that had been silently brooding upon the domain along with the owls, was thus inducted into the proprietary rights. The adjacency of his own estate gave a territorial feature to this alliance, of which the fruits were no less discernible in the multiplication of negroes, cattle and poultry, than in a flourishing clan of Meriwethers.

'The buildings illustrate three epochs in the history of the family. The main structure is upwards of a century old; one story high, with thick brick walls, and a double-faced roof, resembling a ship, bottom upwards; this is perforated with small dormant windows, that have some such expression as belongs to a face without eye-brows. To this is added a more modern tenement of wood, which might have had its date about the time of the Revolution: it has shrunk a little at the joints, and left some crannies, through which the winds whisper all night long. The last member of the domicil is an upstart fabric of later times, that seems to be ill at ease in this antiquated society, and awkwardly overlooks the ancestral edifice, with the air of a grenadier recruit posted behind a testy little veteran corporal. The traditions of the house ascribe the existence of this erection to a certain family divan, where—say the chronicles—the salic law was set at nought, and some pungent matters of style were considered. It has an unfinished drawing-room, possessing an ambitious air of fashion, with a marble mantel, high ceilings, and large folding doors; but being yet unplastered, and without paint, it has somewhat of a melancholy aspect, and may be compared to an unlucky bark lifted by an extraordinary tide upon a sand-bank: it is useful as a memento to all aspiring householders against a premature zeal to make a show in the world, and the indiscretion of admitting females into cabinet councils.

'These three masses compose an irregular pile, in which the two last described constituents are obsequiously stationed in the rear, like serving-men by the chair of a gouty old gentleman, supporting the squat and frowning little mansion which, but for the family pride, would have been long since given over to the accommodation of the guardian birds of the place.

'The great hall door is an ancient piece of walnut work, that has grown too heavy for its hinges, and by its daily travel has furrowed the floor with a deep quadrant, over which it has a very uneasy journey. It is shaded by a narrow porch, with a carved pediment, upheld by massive columns of wood sadly split by the sun. A court-yard, in front of this, of a semi-circular shape, bounded by a white paling, and having a gravel road leading from a large and variously latticed gate-way around a grass plot, is embellished by a superannuated willow that stretches forth its arms, clothed with its pendant drapery, like a reverend priest pronouncing a benediction. A bridle-rack stands on the outer side of the gate, and near it a ragged, horse-eaten plum tree casts its skeleton shadow upon the dust.

'Some lombardy poplars, springing above a mass of shrubbery, partially screen various supernumerary buildings around the mansion. Amongst these is to be seen the gable end of a stable, with the date of its erection stiffly emblazoned in black bricks near the upper angle, in figures set in after a fashion of the work in a girl's sampler. In the same quarter a pigeon box, reared on a post, and resembling a huge tee-totum, is visible, and about its several doors and windows a family of pragmatical pigeons are generally strutting, bridling and bragging at each other, from sunrise until dark.

'Appendant to this homestead is an extensive tract of land that stretches for some three or four miles along the river, presenting alternately abrupt promontories mantled with pine and dwarf oak, and small inlets terminating in swamps. Some sparse portions of forest vary the landscape, which, for the most part, exhibits a succession of fields clothed with a diminutive growth of Indian corn, patches of cotton or parched tobacco plants, and the occasional varieties of stubble and fallow grounds. These are surrounded with worm fences of shrunken chestnut, where lizards and ground squirrels are perpetually running races along the rails.

'At a short distance from the mansion a brook glides at a snail's pace towards the river, holding its course through a wilderness of alder and laurel, and forming little islets covered with a damp moss. Across this stream is thrown a rough bridge, and not far below, an aged sycamore twists its complex roots about a spring, at the point of confluence of which and the brook, a squadron of ducks have a cruising ground, where they may be seen at any time of the day turning up their tails to the skies, like unfortunate gun-boats driven by the head in a gale. Immediately on the margin, at this spot, the family linen is usually spread out by some sturdy negro women, who chant shrill ditties over their wash tubs, and keep up a spirited attack, both of tongue and hand, upon sundry little besmirched and bow-legged blacks, that are continually making somersets on the grass, or mischievously waddling across the clothes laid out to bleach.

'Beyond the bridge, at some distance, stands a prominent object in this picture,—the most time-worn and venerable appendage to the establishment:—a huge, crazy and disjointed barn, with an immense roof hanging in penthouse fashion almost to the ground, and thatched a foot thick, with sun-burnt straw, that reaches below the eaves in ragged flakes, giving it an air of drowsy decrepitude. The rude enclosure surrounding this antiquated magazine is strewed knee-deep with litter, from the midst of which arises a long rack, resembling a chevaux-de-frise, which is ordinarily filled with fodder. This is the customary lounge of four or five gaunt oxen, who keep up a sort of imperturbable companionship with a sickly-looking wagon that protrudes its parched tongue, and droops its rusty swingle-trees in the hot sunshine, with the air of a dispirited and forlorn invalid awaiting the attack of a tertian ague: While, beneath the sheds, the long face of a plough-horse may be seen, peering through the dark window of the stable, with a spectral melancholy; his glassy eye moving silently across the gloom, and the profound stillness of his habitation now and then interrupted only by his sepulchral and hoarse cough. There are also some sociable carts under the same sheds, with their shafts against the wall, which seem to have a free and easy air, like a set of roysters taking their ease in a tavern-porch.

'Sometimes a clownish colt, with long fetlocks and dishevelled mane, and a thousand burs in his tail, stalks about this region; but as it seems to be forbidden ground to all his tribe, he is likely very soon to encounter his natural enemy in some of the young negroes, upon which event he makes a rapid retreat, not without an uncouth display of his heels in passing; and bounds off towards the brook, where he stops and looks back with a saucy defiance, and, after affecting to drink for a moment, gallops away, with a hideous whinnowing, to the fields.'

The account of the owner of this residence, in the following chapter, is equally good.

'Frank Meriwether is now in the meridian of life;—somewhere close upon forty-five. Good cheer and a good temper both tell well upon him. The first has given him a comfortable full figure, and the latter certain easy, contemplative habits, that incline him to be lazy and philosophical. He has the substantial planter look that belongs to a gentleman who lives on his estate, and is not much vexed with the crosses of life.

'I think he prides himself on his personal appearance, for he has a handsome face, with a dark blue eye, and a high forehead that is scantily embellished with some silver-tipped locks, that, I observe, he cherishes for their rarity: besides, he is growing manifestly attentive to his dress, and carries himself erect, with some secret consciousness that his person is not bad. It is pleasant to see him when he has ordered his horse for a ride into the neighborhood, or across to the Court House. On such occasions, he is apt to make his appearance in a coat of blue broadcloth, astonishingly new and glossy, and with a redundant supply of plaited ruffle strutting through the folds of a Marseilles waistcoat: a worshipful finish is given to this costume by a large straw hat, lined with green silk. There is a magisterial fullness in his garments that betokens condition in the world, and a heavy bunch of seals, suspended by a chain of gold, jingles as he moves, pronouncing him a man of superfluities.

'It is considered rather extraordinary that he has never set up for Congress: but the truth is, he is an unambitious man, and has a great dislike to currying favor,—as he calls it. And, besides, he is thoroughly convinced that there will always be men enough in Virginia willing to serve the people, and therefore does not see why he should trouble his head about it. Some years ago, however, there was really an impression that he meant to come out. By some sudden whim, he took it into his head to visit Washington during the session of Congress, and returned, after a fortnight, very seriously distempered with politics. He told curious anecdotes of certain secret intrigues which had been discovered in the affairs of the capital, gave a pretty clear insight into the views of some deep laid combinations, and became, all at once, painfully florid in his discourse, and dogmatical to a degree that made his wife stare. Fortunately, this orgasm soon subsided, and Frank relapsed into an indolent gentleman of the opposition; but it had the effect to give a much more decided cast to his studies, for he forthwith discarded the Whig, and took to the Enquirer, like a man who was not to be disturbed by doubts; and as it was morally impossible to believe what was written on both sides, to prevent his mind from being abused, he, from this time forward, gave an implicit assent to all the facts that set against Mr. Adams. The consequence of this straight forward and confiding deportment was an unsolicited and complimentary notice of him by the executive of the State. He was put into the commission of the peace, and having thus become a public man against his will, his opinions were observed to undergo some essential changes. He now thinks that a good citizen ought neither to solicit nor decline office; that the magistracy of Virginia is the sturdiest pillar that supports the fabric of the Constitution; and that the people, " though in their opinions they may be mistaken, in their sentiments they are never wrong,"—with some other such dogmas, that, a few years ago, he did not hold in very good repute. In this temper, he has of late embarked upon the mill-pond of county affairs, and, notwithstanding his amiable and respectful republicanism, I am told he keeps the peace as if he commanded a garrison, and administers justice like a cadi.

'He has some claim to supremacy in this last department; for during three years of his life he smoked cigars in a lawyer's office at Richmond; sometimes looked into Blackstone and the Revised Code; was a member of a debating society that ate oysters once a week during the winter; and wore six cravats and a pair of yellow-topped boots as a blood of the metropolis. Having in this way qualified himself for the pursuits of agriculture, he came to his estate a very model of landed gentlemen. Since that time his avocations have had a certain literary tincture; for having settled himself down as a married man, and got rid of his superfluous foppery, he rambled with wonderful assiduity through a wilderness of romances, poems and dissertations, which are now collected in his library, and, with their battered blue covers, present a lively type of an army of continentals at the close of the war, or a hospital of veteran invalids. These have all, at last, given way to the newspapers,—a miscellaneous study, very enticing to gentlemen in the country,—that have rendered Meriwether a most discomfiting antagonist in the way of dates and names.

'He has great suavity of manners, and a genuine benevolence of disposition, that makes him fond of having his friends about him: and it is particularly gratifying to him to pick up any genteel stranger within the purlieus of Swallow Barn, and put him to the proof of a week's hospitality, if it be only for the pleasure of exercising his rhetoric upon him. He is a kind master, and considerate towards his dependants, for which reason, although he owns many slaves, they hold him in profound reverence, and are very happy under his dominion. All these circumstances make Swallow Barn a very agreeable place, and it is accordingly frequented by an extensive range of his acquaintances.

'There is one quality in Frank that stands above the rest. He is a thorough-bred Virginian, and consequently does not travel much from home, except to make an excursion to Richmond, which he considers emphatically as the centre of civilization. Now and then, he has gone beyond the mountains, but the upper country is not much to his taste, and in his estimation only to be resorted to when the fever makes it imprudent to remain upon the tide. He thinks lightly of the mercantile interest, and in fact undervalues the manners of the cities generally;—he believes that their inhabitants are all hollow-hearted and insincere, and altogether wanting in that substantial intelligence and honesty, that he affirms to be characteristic of the country. He is a great admirer of the genius of Virginia, and is frequent in his commendation of a toast, in which the State is compared to the mother of the Gracchi :—indeed, it is a familiar thing with him to speak of the aristocracy of talent as only inferior to that of the landed interest,—the idea of a freeholder inferring to his mind a certain constitutional pre-eminence in all the virtues of citizenship, as a matter of course.

'The solitary elevation of a country gentleman, well to do in the world, begets some magnificent notions. He becomes as infallible as the Pope ; gradually acquires a habit of making long speeches ; is apt to be impatient of contradiction, and is always very touchy on the point of honor. There is nothing more conclusive than a rich man's logic any where, but in the country, amongst his dependants, it flows with the smooth and unresisted course of a gentle stream irrigating a verdant meadow, and depositing its mud in fertilizing luxuriance. Meriwether's sayings, about Swallow Barn, import absolute verity—but I have discovered that they are not so current out of his jurisdiction. Indeed, every now and then, we have some obstinate discussions when any of the neighboring potentates, who stand in the same sphere with Frank, come to the house ; for these worthies have opinions of their own, and nothing can be more dogged than the conflict between them. They sometimes fire away at each other with a most amiable and unconvinceable hardihood for a whole evening, bandying interjections, and making bows, and saying shrewd things with all the courtesy imaginable : but for unextinguishable pertinacity in argument, and utter impregnability of belief, there is no disputant like your country gentleman who reads the newspapers. When one of these discussions fairly gets under weigh, it never comes to an anchor again of its own accord—it is either blown out so far to sea as to be given up for lost, or puts into port in distress for want of documents,—or is upset by a call for the boot-jack and slippers,—which is sometimes like the previous question in Congress.

'If my worthy cousin be somewhat over-argumentative as a politician, he restores the equilibrium of his character by a considerate coolness in religious matters. He piques himself upon being a high-churchman, but he is only a rare frequenter of places of worship, and very seldom permits himself to get into a dispute upon points of faith. If Mr. Chub, the Presbyterian tutor in his family, ever succeeds in drawing him into this field, as he occasionally has the address to do, Meriwether is sure to fly the course:—he gets puzzled with Scripture names, and makes some odd mistakes between Peter and Paul, and then generally turns the parson over to his wife, who, he says, has an astonishing memory.

'Meriwether is a great breeder of blooded horses; and, ever since the celebrated race between Eclipse and Henry, he has taken to this occupation with a renewed zeal, as a matter affecting the reputation of the State. It is delightful to hear him expatiate upon the value, importance, and patriotic bearing of this employment, and to listen to all his technical lore touching the mystery of horse-craft. He has some fine colts in training, that are committed to the care of a pragmatical old negro, named Carey, who, in his reverence for the occupation, is the perfect shadow of his master. He and Frank hold grave and momentous consultations upon the affairs of the stable, in such a sagacious strain of equal debate, that it would puzzle a spectator to tell which was the leading member in the council. Carey thinks he knows a great deal more upon the subject than his master, and their frequent intercourse has begot a familiarity in the old negro, that is almost fatal to Meriwether's supremacy. The old man feels himself authorized to maintain his positions according to the freest parliamentary form, and sometimes with a violence of asseveration that compels his master to abandon his ground, purely out of faint-heartedness. Meriwether gets a little nettled by Carey's doggedness, but generally turns it off in a laugh. I was in the stable with him, a few mornings after my arrival, when he ventured to expostulate with the venerable groom upon a professional point, but the controversy terminated in its customary way. "Who sot you up, Master Frank, to tell me how to fodder that 'ere cretur, when I as good as nursed you on my knee?" "Well, tie up your tongue, you old mastiff," replied Frank, as he walked out of the stable, "and cease growling, since you will have it your own way;" and then, as we left the old man's presence, he added, with an affectionate chuckle—"a faithful old cur, too, that licks my hand out of pure honesty; he has not many years left, and it does no harm to humor him!"'

The chapter, in which the lover and heroine of the story are first brought into company, and which is entitled an Eclogue, will give a sufficient notion of their respective characters, and of the talent of the author for the management of dialogue.

'Having now disposed of all those preliminary sketches with which I have thought it necessary to entertain my reader, it is my design to favor him with some insight into certain particulars of a domestic nature, which came under my observation during my visit. These have no other merit than being faithful narratives of events that are apt to escape the eye of the world, and which, nevertheless, contribute in a conspicuous degree to illustrate some pleasing points in the characters of individuals.

'Hazard and myself were in the habit of taking frequent rambles together; and it was now on the morning of the first of July, that we had walked some distance on the road leading down the river. In these idle roamings we sometimes fell into strange caprices. The tide of animal spirits, in this unobserved and unfettered intercourse, is apt to rise into exhibitions that would be called childish, by a spectator who was ignorant of the gradual scale by which the feelings may be elevated into the empyrean of foolery. We accordingly, when we got into the woods, practised ludicrous caricatures of the drama, which Ned called imitations of the most distinguished actors. Sometimes we delivered pompous harangues, as if we were in the midst of a senate,and sustained a mock debate in a very impressive way, with abundance of action.

'This day Ned was more buoyant than usual, and strained the strings of propriety until they were ready to crack. In the midst of these grave and sensible pastimes, we frequently stopped to laugh at each other, and Ned would exclaim, "Are we not a pair of most immeasurable fools!" to which there being a free assent, we immediately resumed our antics. After one of these pauses, Ned commenced the following lecture, which was delivered with a countenance of severe gravity.

"Mark, I am astonished that you can find amusement in this silly merriment. As for myself, you are my guest, and I am obliged out of politeness to accommodate myself to your follies. Are you not aware that you make a shocking compromise of your dignity by bawling in this fashion in the woods, until you scare the crows from their perches? What a frivolous witling would you be thought, if, perchance, any sober and solemn sort of person should be on the highway to overhear your nonsense! Your voice is cracked, especially in its upper tones,—Your manner is bad, and your melody execrable. Now, if you want instruction, listen to this."—

'Here Ned set up a vociferous stave, which he drew out into a multitude of quavers.

'"What do you think of that?" said he.

'"Tut," I replied; "that's a mere squall: it is an affected and servile imitation of the Signorina: it wants both force and majesty. Lend me your ears, and hearken to this."—

‘ And here I gave him another flourish, greatly improving on his style. “Now,” said Ned, “I know, Mark, you are vain of that; so sit down here, upon this large root, and give me an attentive hearing.”

‘I sat down upon the root, as directed.

‘ “Let me have no clapping,” he continued, “restrain your transports, and bestow all your thoughts upon the expression and pathos of this strain. I challenge criticism. So be attentive.”

‘With this prelude, Ned threw himself into the attitude of a singer, pressing his hands passionately upon his bosom, and making a great many gesticulations of his body, while he poured forth a loud and long bravura strain, that made the woods re-echo from many distant points.

‘It is necessary here to mention, that our previous conversation this morning had dwelt much upon the character of the family at The Brakes, in which Ned had communicated a good deal of what I have detailed in the last chapter. Bel Tracy had been alternately the subject of his satire and his praise. Amongst other things, he had mentioned her skill in music, and her fine voice, which, however, he qualified by some strictures upon her over-refined style of singing, and her attachment to Italian songs in preference to those in her own tongue. All our volunteer effusions had been sung to words of our own, which were ridiculous enough. In this last flourish of Ned’s, he expended all the variations of his voice upon the doggerel couplet,—

Bel Tracy against the field!
Against the field Bel Tracy!

‘ And the concluding words, “Bel Tracy,” were reverberated through the woods to a thousand reduplications, and with every conceivable intonation and inflexion of his strong and somewhat musical voice,—increasing in vigor and animation as he repeated the words,—and bringing his solo to a close with a multitude of fantastical trills, and violently magnified gestures.

‘ “A merry morning you make of it, Mr. Hazard,” said Bel Tracy, reining up her horse immediately at Ned’s back. “You call up spirits from the woods,—and they are here. But I think you need not have been so violent in your invocations.”

‘ “My sister Bel has reason to be thankful,” said Catharine, who was close beside her sister, “for your teaching her name so familiarly to the river-gods. The lute of Orpheus was certainly not more potent in its enchantment.”

‘ “The devil!” said Ned to me, in amazement, “what a surprise!”

‘ “That was decidedly the most languishing assault upon poor

Bel's heart that was ever made upon it," said Harvey Riggs, a gentleman who was in the train of the two ladies.

'"It was as good as a dozen dogs treeing an opossum," said Ralph Tracy, who made up a fourth in the party.

'This cavalcade had been galloping along the sandy and noiseless road, until they came within hearing of Hazard's voice, when they had halted unobserved, and listened to the whole of Ned's unlucky strain; and, as he drew to a close, had advanced stealthily upon us, and effected the surprise I have related.

'Ned was utterly confounded. His arms dropped to his sides, and he wheeled suddenly round on his heel to front the group, who were bearing him down with peals of laughter. He looked sheepishly about him, and when the laugh had in some degree subsided, he introduced me to the company, saying, after he had done so,—

'"Mr. Littleton and myself, Bel, were only practising a serenade with which we intended to regale you at The Brakes. But as you have heard the rehearsal, you will spare us the midnight visit we had designed."

'Bel was somewhat piqued with this profane use of her name, and scarcely concealed the feeling which it had provoked, notwithstanding the merriment that it excited at the moment. She replied,

'"Perhaps we have mutual reason to rejoice in this meeting then, for my father, I think, is not fond of such refined and delicate strains."

'"It was in your own best style," said Ned, with provoking want of address, "it was a genuine Italian flight—."

'"Is'nt it a pity, Mr. Littleton," said Bel, "that Edward Hazard should be so merciless upon his friends?"

'"Hazard has already created so strong an interest in me to make your acquaintance, Miss Tracy, that I scarcely regret the ludicrous accident that has brought it about so soon," I replied.

'"Come, Bel, forgive me," said Hazard, collecting himself,—for he had been strangely fluttered through the former part of this dialogue. "I own I am the most egregious buffoon, and certainly the most unlucky one, in this country. Littleton and myself have been running riot all the morning, and, whether in jest or earnest,"—he continued in a lower voice,—"your name is constantly upon my lips."

'As Ned said this, he had approached familiarly to Bel's stirrup, and offered her his hand, which she took with great kindness,—and then remarked, that they were on their road to Swallow Barn, and would not longer interrupt our studies. Upon this Harvey Riggs and Bel rode forward at a gallop, the former looking back over his shoulder, and calling out to Ned,—

'"We shall give a good account to Meriwether of your morning occupation. I will take care to have justice done you, Ned."

'"The devil take your justice," said Hazard, as they rode away.

'Catharine and Ralph followed them, at a more leisurely pace. Ned stood looking along the road at the retreating party, for some moments. Bel was mounted on a beautiful sleek bay mare, which sprang forward with an uncommonly spirited motion. Her figure showed to great advantage on horseback, being graceful and easy. Her dress was a riding habit of nankeen, fancifully trimmed with green, and fitting her shape with accurate adaptation. She wore a light hat of the same color as her dress, sufficiently prominent in front to guard her face from the sun, without concealing it; and over her right shoulder floated a green veil, that descended from the hat, and fluttered in the breeze as she moved forward.

'"Was there ever," said Ned, turning round to me, after this troop had disappeared, "was there ever a more unlucky discovery than that! of all persons in the world, to be caught in the height of our tom-foolery by that little elf Bel Tracy! Just to be taken in the high flood of our nonsense! And with her name, too, most sacrilegiously burlesqued to these silly woods! I should scarcely have regarded it if it had happened with any body else; but she has such a superserviceable stock of conceit about elegance and refinement in her mind, that I don't doubt she will find in this cursed adventure a pretext to abuse me in her prayers for the next twelvemonth. And then, she will go home and tell that stiff old curmudgeon, her father, that I am the very antipodes of a polished man. Faith, she has said that before! And Harvey Riggs," added Ned, musing, "will not improve the matter, because he will have his joke upon it. And then, sister Kate,—Heaven save the mark! who is like a simpering, stately mother abbess, will pronounce my conduct undignified; that's *her* word: and so will Bel, for that matter. Why, Mark, in the name of all the trumpery devils! had'nt you your eyes about you?"

'"Egad," said I, "they surprised our camp without alarming the sentinels. But after all, what is it? They can only say they met a pair of 'fools in the forest,' and, certainly, they need not travel far to do that, any day!"

'"By the by, Mark," said Ned, changing his mood, and brightening up into a pleasanter state of feeling, "did you note Bel's horsemanship,—how light, and fearless, and debonair she rides? And, like a fairy, comes at your bidding, too! She studies postures, sir, from the pictures; reads descriptions of the ladies of chivalry, and takes the field in imitation of them. Her head is full of these fancies, and she almost persuades herself that this is the fourteenth century. Did you observe her dainty fist, ' miniardly begloved,'—as the old minstrels have it ? —she longs to have a merlin perched upon it, and, is therefore endeavoring to train a hawk, that, when she takes the air, she may go in the guise of an ancient gentlewoman. She should be followed by her falconer."

' " And have a pair of greyhounds in her train," said I.

' " Aye, and a page in a silk doublet," added Ned.

' " And a gallant cavalier," I rejoined, " to break a lance for her, instead of breaking jokes upon her. I am almost tempted to champion her cause, against such a lurdan as you, myself. But let us hasten back to Swallow Barn, for our presence will be needed."

' After this adventure we returned to the mansion-house, with some misgiving on the part of Hazard. He talked about it all the way, and dwelt somewhat fearfully upon the raillery of Harvey Riggs and Meriwether, who, he observed, were not likely to drop a joke before it was pretty well worn.

' The servants were leading off the horses as we arrived at the gate, and the family, with their visiters, were collected in the porch, with all eyes turned to us as we approached. There was a general uproar of laughter at Ned, who took it in good part, though with not many words.

' When the mirth of the company had run through its destined course, Bel called Hazard up to her, and said:

' " You are a shabby fellow, Edward. I have two causes of quarrel with you. You have not been at The Brakes for a week or more,—and you know we don't bear neglect:—and secondly, I don't think you have a right to be frightening Mr. Littleton with my name, however lawful it may be to amuse the gentle geese of the James River with it."

' " Bel," replied Hazard, " upon my honor, I never was more solemn in my life than at the very moment you rode upon us. And as to my remissness, I have had no sentiment on hand since Mark Littleton has been with me, and I did not know what I should say to you. Besides, I have a regard for Mark's health, and I was not disposed to interrupt it with one of your flirtations. He is a little taken already, for he has been praising you and your mare ever since you passed us. If he knew what a jockey you were, in all things, he would give you very little encouragement."

' " Pray heaven," said Bel, " if he be a virtuous man, he be not spoiled by such a madcap jester as yourself! Mr. Littleton, I hope you will not believe Edward, if he has been telling you any thing to my disadvantage;—I am never safe in his hands."

'"I will tell you what I told him, Bel," said Hazard, getting round close to her ear, where he whispered what was too low to be heard.

'"You are incorrigible!" cried Bel, laughing and at the same time shaking her riding-whip at him. And with these words she ran into the hall, and thence up stairs at full speed, followed by the rest of the ladies.

'"Is'nt she a merry creature?" said Ned to me, in an affectionate tone, as we entered the door in the rear of the party.'

Among the rural sports described in this work, are those of Falconry and Opossum-hunting. The former, we suspect, is a little out of nature:—as far at least as our experience or knowledge extend. We have no reason to think that this once favorite recreation of our feudal forefathers, which is nearly or quite obsolete even in Europe, has ever been practised in any part of this country. The chapter on the subject is rather too direct an imitation of a similar one in Bracebridge-Hall, which is itself far from being the best part of that work. The account of the Opossum hunt, although we have had no opportunity of verifying it by our own observation, appears, from the internal evidence which it carries with it, to be an accurate as well as spirited and striking picture from real life.

'When Carey came into the parlor, he pulled off his hat and made a profound bow; and then advanced to the back of Ned's chair, where, in a low and orderly tone of voice, he made the following grave and interesting disclosure: namely, that the boys,—meaning some of the other negroes that belonged to the plantation,—had found out what had been disturbing the poultry-yard for some time past: that it was not a mink, as had been given out, but nothing less than a large old *'possum* that had been traced to a gum-tree over by the river, about a mile distant: that the boys had *diskivered* him (to use Carey's own term) by some feathers near the tree; and, when they looked into the hollow, they could see his eyes shining "like foxfire." He said they had been trying to screw him out, by thrusting up a long stick cut with a fork at the end, (an approved method of bringing out squirrels, foxes and rabbits from their holes, and much in practice in the country,) and tangling it in his hair, but that this design was abandoned under the supposition that, perhaps, Master Edward would like to hunt him in the regular way.

'Ned professed a suitable concern in the intelligence; but inquired of Carey, whether he, as an old sportsman, thought it lawful to hunt an opossum at midsummer. This interrogatory set the old negro to chuckling, and afterwards, with a wise look, to putting the several cases in which he considered a hunt at the present season altogether consonant with prescriptive usage. He admitted that *'possums* in general were not to be followed till persimmon time, because they were always fattest when that fruit was ripe; but, when they could'nt get persimmons, they were "mighty apt" to attack the young fowls and cut their throats: That it was good law to hunt any sort of creature when he was known to be doing mischief to the plantation. But even then, Carey affirmed with a "howsomdever," and "nevertheless," that if they carried young, and especially a "*'possum*," (which has more young ones than most other beasts,) he thought they ought to be let alone until their appropriate time. This, however, was a large male opossum, that was known to be engaged in nefarious practices; and, moreover, was "shocking fat;" and therefore, upon the whole, Carey considered him as a lawful subject of chase.

'To this sagacious perpending of the question, and to the conclusion which the veteran had arrived at, Ned could oppose no valid objection. He, therefore, replied that he was entirely convinced that he, Carey, had taken a correct view of the subject; and that if Mr. Riggs and Mr. Littleton could be prevailed upon to lend a hand, nothing would be more agreeable than the proposed enterprise.

'We were unanimous on the proposition. Harvey agreed to defer his return to the Brakes until the next morning; and it was arranged, that we should be apprized by Carey when the proper hour came round to set out on the expedition. Carey then detailed the mode of proceeding: A watch was to be set near the hen-roost, the dogs were to be kept out of the way, lest they might steal upon the enemy unawares, and destroy him without a chase; notice was to be given of his approach; and one or two of those on the watch were to frighten him away; and after allowing him time enough to get back to the woods, the dogs were to be put upon the trail and to pursue him until he was *treed.*

'Having announced this, the old servant bowed again and left the room, saying, that it would be pretty late before we should be called out, because it was natural to these thieving animals to wait until people went to bed; and that a *'possum* was one of the cunningest things alive.

'Midnight arrived without a summons from our leader: the family had long since retired to rest; and we began to fear that our vigil was to end in disappointment. We had taken possession of the settees in the hall, and had almost dropped asleep, when, about half past twelve, Carey came tiptoeing through the back door and told us, in a mysterious whisper, that the depredator upon the poultry-yard had just been detected in his visit: that big Ben (for so one of the negroes was denominated, to distinguish him from little Ben,) had been out and saw the animal skulking close under the fence in the neighborhood of the roost. Upon this intelligence, we rose and followed the old domestic to the designated spot.

'Here were assembled six or seven of the negroes, men and boys, who were clustered into a group at a short distance from the poultry-yard. Within a hundred paces the tall figure of big Ben was discerned, in dim outline, proceeding cautiously across a field until he had receded beyond our view. A nocturnal adventure is always attended with a certain show of mystery: the presence of darkness conjures up in every mind an indefinite sense of fear, faint, but still sufficient to throw an interest around trivial things, to which we are strangers in the daytime. The little assembly of blacks that we had just joined were waiting in noiseless reserve for some report from Ben; and, upon our arrival, were expressing in low and wary whispers, their conjectures as to the course the game had taken, or recounting their separate experience as to the habits of the animal. It was a cloudless night; and the obscure and capacious vault above us showed its thousands of stars, with a brilliancy unusual at this season. A chilling breeze swept through the darkness, and fluttered the neighboring foliage with an alternately increasing and falling murmur. Some of the younger negroes stood bareheaded, with no clothing but coarse shirts and trowsers, shivering amongst the crowd; and, every now and then, breaking out into exclamations, in a pitch of voice that called down the reproof of their elders. Ned commanded all to be silent and to seat themselves upon the ground; and while we remained in this position, Ben reappeared and came directly up to the circle. He reported that he had detected the object of our quest near at hand; and had followed him through the weeds and stubble of the adjoining field, until he had seen him take a course, which rendered it certain that he had been sufficiently alarmed by the rencounter to induce him to retire to the gum. It was, therefore, Ben's advice that Ned, Harvey, and myself should take Carey as a guide, and get, as fast as we could, to the neighborhood of the tree spoken of, in order that we might be sure to see the capture; and that he would remain behind, where, after a delay long enough to allow us to reach our destination, he would put the dogs, which were now locked up in the stable, upon the trail; and then come on as rapidly as they were able to follow the scent.

'Ben had the reputation of being an oracle in matters of woodcraft; and his counsel was, therefore, implicitly adopted. Carey assured us that "there was no mistake in him," and that we might count upon arriving at the appointed place, with the utmost precision, under his piloting. We accordingly set forward. For nearly a mile we had to travel through weeds and bushes; and having safely accomplished this, we penetrated into a piece of swampy woodland that lay upon the bank of the river. Our way was sufficiently perplexed; and, notwithstanding Carey's exorbitant boasting of his thorough knowledge of the ground, we did not reach the term of our march without some awkward mistakes,—such as taking ditches for fallen trees, and blackberry bushes for smooth ground. Although the stars did their best to afford us light, the thickness of the wood into which we had advanced wrapt us, at times, in impenetrable gloom. During this progress we were once stopped by Harvey calling out, from some twenty paces in the rear, that it was quite indispensable to the success of the expedition, so far as he was concerned, that Carey should correct a topographical error, into which he, Mr. Riggs, found himself very unexpectedly plunged; "I have this moment," said he, "been seized by the throat by a most rascally grape vine; and in my sincere desire to get out of its way, I find that another of the same tribe has hooked me below the shoulders: Meantime, my hat has been snatched from my head; and, in these circumstances, gentlemen, perhaps it is not proper for me to budge a foot."

'Notwithstanding these embarrassments, we at last reached the gum-tree, and "halting in his shade," if the tree could be said to be proprietor of any part of this universal commodity, patiently awaited the events that were upon the wing. The heavy falling dew had shed a dampness through the air, that had almost stiffened our limbs with cold. It was necessary that we should remain silent; and, indeed, the momentary expectation of hearing our followers advance upon our footsteps fixed us in a mute and earnest suspense. This feeling absorbed all other emotions for a time; when finding that they were not yet afoot, we began to look round upon the scene, and note the novel impressions it made upon our senses. The wood might be said to be vocal with a thousand unearthly sounds; for the wakeful beings of midnight, that inhabit every spray and branch of the forest, are endued with voices of the harshest discord. The grove, that in daylight is resonant with melody, is now converted into a sombre theatre of gibbering reptiles, screeching insects, and nightbirds of melancholy and grating cries: The concert is not loud, but incessant, and invades the ear with fiendish notes: it arouses thoughts that make it unpleasant to be alone. Through the trees the murky surface of the river was discernible, by the flickering reflections of the stars, with darkness brooding over the near perspective; in the bosom of this heavy shadow, a lonely taper shot its feeble ray from the cabin window of some craft at anchor; and this was reflected, in a long, sharp line, upon the water below it. The fretful beat of the waves was heard almost at our feet; and the sullen plash of a fish, springing after his prey, occasionally reached us with strange precision. Around us, the frequent crash of rotten boughs, breaking under the stealthy footstep of the marauder of the wood that now roamed for booty, arrested our attention and deceived us with the thought that the special object of our search was momentarily approaching.

'Still, however, no actual sign was yet given us that our huntsmen were on their way. Harvey grew impatient, and took our old guide to task for having mistaken his course; but Carey insisted that he was right, and that this delay arose only from Ben's wary caution to make sure of his game. At length, a deep-toned and distant howl reached us from the direction of the house.—

'"Big Ben's awake now," said Carey; "that's Cæsar's voice, and he never speaks without telling truth."

'We were all attention; and the *tonguing* of this dog was followed by the quick yelping of four or five others. Ned directed Carey to seat himself at the foot of the gum-tree, in order that he might prevent the opossum from retreating into the hollow; and then suggested that we should conceal ourselves under the neighboring bank.

'By this time, the cries of the dogs were redoubled, and indicated the certainty of their having fallen upon the track of their prey. Carey took his seat, with his back against the opening of the hollow, and we retired to the bank, under the shelter of some large and crooked roots of a sycamore that spread its bulk above the water. Whilst in this retreat, the halloos of Ben and his assistants, encouraging the dogs, became distinctly audible, and gradually grew stronger upon our hearing. Every moment the animation of the scene increased; the clamor grew musical as it swelled upon the wind; and we listened with a pleasure that one would scarce imagine could be felt under such circumstances, instantly expecting the approach of our companions. It was impossible longer to remain inactive; and, with one impulse, we sprang from our hiding-place, and hurried to the spot where we had left old Carey stationed as a sentinel at the door of the devoted quadruped's home. At this moment, as if through the influence of a spell, every dog was suddenly hushed into profound silence.

' "They have lost their way," said Ned, "or else the animal has taken to the brook and confounded the dogs. Is it not possible, Carey, that he has been driven into a tree nearer home?"

' "Never mind!" replied Carey, "that *'possum's* down here in some of these bushes watching us. Bless you! if the dogs had treed him, you would hear them almost crazy with howling. These *'possums* never stay to take a chase, because they are the sorriest things in life to get along on level ground;—they sort of hobble; and that's the reason they always take off,—as soon as they see a body,—to their own homes. You trust big Ben; he knows what he's about."

'The chase, in an instant, opened afresh; and it was manifest that the pursuers were making rapidly for the spot on which we stood. Carey begged us to get back to our former concealment; but the request was vain. The excitement kept us on foot, and it was with difficulty we could be restrained from rushing forward to meet the advancing pack. Instead, however, of coming down to the gum-tree, the dogs suddenly took a turn and sped, with urgent rapidity, in a contrary direction, rending the air with a clamor that far exceeded anything we had yet heard. "We have lost our chance!" cried Harvey. "Here have we been shivering in the cold for an hour to no purpose. What devil tempted us to leave Ben? Shall we follow?"

' "Pshaw, master Harvey!" exclaimed the old negro,—"don't you know better than that? It's only some *varmint* the dogs have got up in the woods. When you hear such a desperate barking, and such hard running as that, you may depend the dogs have hit upon a gray fox, or something of that sort, that can give them a run. No *'possum* there! Big Ben isn't a going to let Cæsar sarve him that fashion!"

'Ben's voice was heard, at this period, calling back the dogs and reproving them for going astray; and, having succeeded in a few minutes, in bringing them upon their former scent, the whole troop were heard breaking through the undergrowth, in a direction leading immediately to the tree.

' "Didn't I tell you so, young masters!" exclaimed Carey.

' "There he is! there he is!" shouted Ned. "Look out, Carey! Guard the hole! He has passed. Well done, old fellow! I think we have him now."

'This quick outcry was occasioned by the actual apparition of the opossum, almost at the old man's feet. The little animal had been lying close at hand; and, alarmed at the din of the approaching war, had made an effort to secure his retreat. He came creeping slily towards the tree; but, finding his passage intercepted, had glided noiselessly by, and, in a moment, the moving and misty object, that we had obscurely discerned speeding with an awkward motion through the grass, was lost to view. A few seconds only elapsed, and the dogs swept past us with the fleetness of the wind. They did not run many paces, before they halted at the root of a large chestnut that threw its aged and ponderous branches over an extensive surface, and whose distant extremities almost drooped back to the earth. Here they assembled, an eager and obstreperous pack, bounding wildly from place to place, and looking up and howling, with that expressive gesture that may be seen in this race of animals, when they are said to be baying the moon.

'This troop of dogs presented a motley assortment. There were two, conspicuous for their size, and apparently leaders of the company,—a mixture of hound and mastiff,—that poured out their long, deep and bugle-like tones, with a fullness that was echoed back from the farther shore of the river, and which rang through the forest with a strength that must have awakened the sleepers at the mansion we had left. Several other dogs of inferior proportions, even down to the cross and peevish terrier of the kitchen, yelped, with every variety of note,—sharp, quick and piercing to the ear. This collection was gathered from the negro families of the plantation; and they were all familiar with the discipline of the wild and disorderly game in which they were engaged. A distinguished actor in this scene was our old friend Wilful, who, true to all his master's pranks, appeared in the crowd with officious self-importance, bounding violently above the rest, barking with an unnecessary zeal, and demeaning himself, in all respects, like a gentlemanly, conceited, pragmatical and good-natured spaniel. This canine rabble surrounded the tree, and, with vain efforts, attempted to scale the trunk, or started towards the outer circumference, and jumped upwards, with an earnestness that showed that their sharp sight had detected their fugitive aloft.

'In this scene of clamor and spirited assault, Ben and our old groom were the very masters of the storm. They were to be seen every where exhorting, cheering and commanding their howling subordinates, and filling up the din with their no less persevering and unmeasured screams.

'"Speak to him, Cæsar!" shouted Carey in a prolonged and hoarse tone,—"Speak to him, old fellow!—That's a beauty!"

'"Howl, Boson!" roared Ben, to another of the dogs. "Whoop! Whoop! let him have it!—sing out!—keep it up, Flower!"

'"Wilful! you rascal," cried Ned. "Mannerly, keep quiet; would you jump out of your skin, old dog?—quiet, until you can do some good."

'A rustling noise was heard in some of the higher branches of the tree, and we became advised that our besieged enemy was betaking himself to the most probable place of safety. The moon, in her last quarter, was seen at this moment, just peering above the screen of forest that skirted the eastern horizon; and a dim ray was beginning to relieve the darkness of the night. This aid came opportunely for our purpose, as it brought the top of the chestnut in distinct relief upon the faintly illuminated sky. The motion of the upper leaves betrayed to Ben the position of the prey; and, in an instant, he swung himself up to the first bough, and proceeded urgently upward. "I see the *varmint* here in the crotch of one of the tip-top branches!" he exclaimed to us, as he hurried onward. "Look out below!"

'The terrified animal, on finding his pursuer about to invade his place of safety, speedily abandoned it; and we could distinctly hear him making his way to the remote extremity of the limb. As soon as he had gained this point he became visible to us all, clinging like an excrescence that had grown to the slender twigs that sustained him. Ben followed as near as he durst venture with his heavy bulk, and began to whip the bough up and down, with a vehement motion that flung the animal about through the air, like a ball on the end of a supple rod. Still, however, the way-laid freebooter kept his hold with a desperate tenacity.

'During this operation the dogs, as if engrossed with the contemplation of the success of the experiment, had ceased their din; and, at intervals only, whined with impatience.

'"He can never stand that," said Harvey, as if involuntarily speaking his thoughts. "Look out! he is falling. No, he has saved himself again!"

'Instead of coming to the ground, the dexterous animal, when forced at last to abandon the limb, only dropped to a lower elevation, where he caught himself again amongst the foliage, in a position apparently more secure than the first. The dogs sprang forward, as if expecting to receive him on the earth; and, with the motion, uttered one loud and simultaneous cry:—Their disappointment was evinced in an eager and impressive silence. The negroes set up a shout of laughter; and one of them ejaculated, with an uncontrolled merriment,—

'"Not going to get 'possum from top of tree at one jump, I know. He come down stairs presently. Terrible *varmint* for grabbing!—his tail as good as his hand,—Oh, oh!"

'Ben now called out to know how far he had dropped; and being informed, was immediately busy in the endeavor to reach the quarter indicated.

'A repetition of the same stratagem, that had been employed above, produced the same result; and the badgered outlaw descended still lower, making good his lodgment with a grasp instinctively unerring, but now rendered more sure by the frightful death that threatened him below. This brought him within fifteen feet of the jaws of his ruthless enemies.

'The frantic howl, screech, and halloo that burst from dog, man, and boy, when the object of their pursuit thus became distinctly visible, and their continued reduplications,—breaking upon the air with a wild, romantic fury,—were echoed through the lonely forest at this unwonted hour, like some diabolical incantation, or mystic rite of fantastic import, as they have been sometimes fancied in the world of fiction, to picture the orgies of a grotesque superstition. The whole pack of dogs was concentrated upon one spot, with heads erect and open mouths, awaiting the inevitable descent of their victim into the midst of their array.

'Ben, indefatigable in his aim, had already arrived at the junction of the main branch of the tree with the trunk; and there united in the general uproar. Hazard now interposed, and commanded silence; and then directed the people to secure the dogs, as his object was to take the game alive. This order was obeyed, but not without great difficulty; and, after a short delay, every dog was fast in hand. We took time, at this juncture, to pause. At Ned's suggestion, Wilful was lifted up by one of the negroes, with the assistance of Ben, to the first bough, which being stout enough to give the dog, practised in such exploits, a foothold, though not the most secure, he was here encouraged, at this perilous elevation, to renew the assault. Wilful crept warily upon his breast, squatting close to the limb, until he reached that point where it began to arch downward, and from whence it was no longer possible for him to creep farther. During this endeavor he remained mute, as if devoting all his attention to the safe accomplishment of his purpose; but as soon as he gained the point above mentioned, he recommenced barking with unwearied earnestness. The opossum began now to prepare himself for his last desperate effort. An active enemy in his rear had cut off his retreat, and his further advance was impossible, without plunging into the grasp of his assailants. As if unwilling to meet the irrevocable doom, and anxious to linger out the brief remnant of his minutes, even in agony,—showing how acceptable is life in its most wretched category,—the devoted quadruped still refused the horrid leap; but, releasing his fore feet, swung downwards from the bough, holding fast by his hind legs and tail,—the latter being endued with a strong contractile power and ordinarily used in this action. Here he exhibited the first signs of pugnacity; and now snapped and snarled towards the crowd below, showing his long array of sharp teeth, with a fierceness that contrasted singularly with the cowering timidity of his previous behaviour. In one instant more, Wilful, as if no longer able to restrain his impatience, or, perhaps, desirous to signalize himself by a feat of bravery, made one spring forward into the midst of the foliage that hung around his prey, and came to the ground, bringing with him the baffled subject of all this eager pursuit.

'Ned seized Wilful in the same moment that he reached the earth; and thus prevented him from inflicting a wound upon his captive. The opossum, instead of assaying a fruitless effort to escape, lay upon the turf, to all appearance, dead. One or two of those who stood around struck him with their feet; but, faithful to the wonderful instinct of his nature, he gave no signs of animation; and when Hazard picked him up by the tail, and held him suspended at arm's length with the dogs baying around him, the counterfeit of death was still preserved.

'More with a view to exhibit the peculiarities of the animal than to prolong the sport, Hazard flung him upon the ground and directed us to observe his motions. For a few moments he lay as quiet as if his last work had been done; and then slowly and warily turning his head round, as if to watch his captors, he began to creep, at a snail's pace, in a direction of safety; but, no sooner was pursuit threatened, or a cry raised, than he fell back into the same supine and deceitful resemblance of a lifeless body.

'He was at length taken up by Ben, who, causing him to grasp a short stick with the end of his tail, (according to a common instinct of this animal) threw him over his shoulders, and prepared to return homeward.

'It was now near three o'clock; and we speedily betook ourselves to the mansion, fatigued with the exploits of the night.

'"After all," said Harvey Riggs, as he lit a candle in the hall, preparatory to a retreat to his chamber, "we have had a great deal of toil to very little purpose. It is a savage pleasure to torture a little animal with such an array of terrors, merely because he makes his livelihood by hunting. God help us, Ned, if we were to be punished for such pranks!"

'"To tell the truth," replied Ned, "I had some such misgivings myself to-night, and that's the reason I determined to take our captive alive. To-morrow I shall have him set at liberty again; and I think it probable he will profit by the lesson he has had, to avoid molesting the poultry-yard!"'

The best drawn character in the work is perhaps that of Philpot Wart, Esq., a shrewd, practical, convivial and essentially good-humored, though eccentric, and occasionally somewhat coarse county-court lawyer. The heroine, Bel Tracy, is a bold, dashing Diana Vernon sort of personage, not much to our taste in real life, but when managed with skill, exceedingly effective and amusing in fiction. Without rivalling the charming Diana, Miss Bel is on the whole a very spirited and entertaining hoyden. Toward the close of the work, the author introduces a narrative of the early adventures of John Smith, the father and founder of the colony of Virginia, which, though rather too long, and too near the end of the story for a mere episode, is exceedingly interesting. It has all the essential characteristics of a romance of chivalry.

We have already remarked, that the chapter on Falconry appeared to be the result of a reminiscence of one on the same subject in Bracebridge Hall; and we may add that there are traces in the general plan, and in the style of the work, of a disposition to copy the manner of our distinguished countryman, Geoffrey Crayon. This is so natural that we cannot well complain of it; although we think that a *debutant* of real merit rather injures than improves his position, by bringing himself into direct comparison with a successful and popular living model. The talent of our author is probably not inferior to that of Mr. Irving. Some of the smaller compositions to which we have already alluded, and in which the author depends merely on his own resources, exhibit a point and vigor of thought, and a felicity and freshness of style, that place them quite upon a level with the best passages in the Sketch Book. In the present work, his genius, if our impression be not incorrect, is throughout partially rebuked by the consciousness that he is not proceeding entirely upon his own spontaneous impulses, but following, to a certain extent, at least, in the footsteps of another writer. It is quite natural, however, as we have already remarked, for an aspirant after literary distinction, to adopt in the first instance the fashionable forms, which are of course determined by the example of the most popular contemporary authors. When success has given him confidence, he may be expected to pursue his peculiar taste, and original trains of thought, with greater freedom. Our author says, in his preface, 'If this, my first venture, do well, the reader shall hear of me anon, and, much more, I hope, to his liking.' The returns of the *venture* before us have, we trust, been quite satisfactory enough to induce him to execute this engagement, and we think we can assure him, that when he shall tempt again the uncertain sea of public favor, he has only to launch forth boldly, and steer his course independently of all other guidance than the great lights of nature, and the compass of his own taste and judgment, in order to make a still more fortunate and productive voyage than the present. We hope that his *anon* will not be too long.

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